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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XIV.

ALICIA, it appeared, had come hurrying back from her errand to the upper village, and, finding no Roger awaiting her, looked half puzzled and half disturbed, until Esther told her that she had seen Mr. Carey drive by with "Miss Cecil." It was all right, if Roger were being entertained; but before she had time to speculate as to his return Philip came striding up the path and into the hall.

"Lys! where are you?" he called out so heartily that she knew, as she ran downstairs, that he knew — the one thing in the world worth knowing! "Carey wrote me about it," he said, "and I got off the stage at the gate to come in and tell you that he's a good fellow, but he'll have to do his best to be good enough for you!"

"Were n't you very much surprised, though, Philip?" she said, with a blush all over her happy face.

"Well, no, I can't say that I was *very* much surprised," Philip confessed, greatly amused.

"Oh, were n't you? I was," Alicia answered him, shy but serious. "Oh, Philip, you're laughing!"

But his face was so earnest and so tender that Lyssie forgave the laugh. Then he asked where Roger was, and, learning, had a suggestion to make. "Let's go over to East Hill and look at the mowers; you can watch the street from there, and see the carriage the moment it appears."

There was something in the simple way in which Philip took for granted the impatient and pretty folly of a lover that made Alicia full of happy ease. He had not that laugh in the eye which says, "Oh, it is sweet, it is pretty; but you'd better make the most of it while it lasts."

"I'll go and get Molly, and join you there," Philip said, when she had agreed to come as soon as she had seen whether her mother was quite comfortable.

But it takes a good while to make some people comfortable. Philip had been in the field ten minutes before Alicia, her face sobered, arrived. Mrs. Drayton had seized the opportunity to implant an arrow in the child's tender conscience, by speaking of Alicia's indecorous haste to see her lover, and her selfish indifference to her mother's loneliness.

"Here I sit all day long, and you never give a thought to what it is to me to be shut out from society," she sighed. "If it were not for the companionship of my blessed Bible, and my own thoughts of how I shall be recompensed some day for all I've borne here, I don't see how I could endure it!"

"Mother, dear, of course I won't go, if you want me to stay," Alicia protested.

But Mrs. Drayton shook her head. "I want you to *want* to stay, Lyssie. I don't care for unwilling service. Go, go! you'll be late." Then she drew in her breath in a meek sob. "Perhaps, though, you will be willing to wait one moment, if it's something for yourself?"

I want to pin this rose in your hair. Kneel down."

Alicia, with a little sigh, knelt down, and her mother put the rose against the soft coil of hair behind her ear. Mrs. Drayton did not declare that she was returning good for evil; but Lyssie felt the scorch of coals of fire, as her mother intended she should. Indeed, as an expression of pure malice, the heaping of coals of fire may be as telling as a blow; poor Lyssie, walking over to the meadow, feeling the soft touch of the rose upon her neck, heard the words about loneliness ringing in her ears, and asked herself again, with dismay, "What will she do when" —

The grass on the long slope of East Hill had been cut and stacked into cocks some days before, but in the level light the stubbly floor of the field, barred by long shadows from the buttonwood-trees that edged its western side, looked smooth and soft. There was the scent of new hay in the air; and the whole stretch of the valley, clasped by the far-off curve of the river, lay like a green cup, brimmed with warm and silent peace. Going from one small haymow to another was a cart drawn by two white steers; three men were loading it, and a woman, who had climbed into it, was forking and trampling the hay into place, her strong young figure standing out clear against the ochre glow of the sunset. Alicia perceived with amusement that one of the men was her brother-in-law; and then she caught sight of Molly, curled up against a little haystack, plaiting three stalks of grass to make a ring. Molly welcomed her eagerly.

"Aunt Lyssie, shall I have to say 'uncle Roger' to Mr. Carey?" she inquired.

"Oh, Molly, hush, you little goose!" said Lyssie, her face full of charming color. "Look at your father making hay; and is n't that Eliza Todd, raking, on the other side of the cart?"

"I saw father long ago," Molly an-

nounced. "Is n't it funny for father to work when he does n't have to? He did it once before, all day. Mamma said he was singular. What's 'singular,' aunt Lyssie?"

"What you are when you are remarkably good," Alicia said significantly.

Molly did not pursue the subject. She returned to braiding her bits of grass, and sang a strange rune to herself, something after this fashion: —

"Minnows, minnows, minnows.

Live in water.

Wriggling.

Wriggling.

The sun shines on 'em in the water.

They wriggle,

Up the stream.

Where the sun shines in the water,

The spotted minnows wriggle."

Alicia laughed under her breath, and motioned to Philip, who had joined her, to listen. They looked at each other, smiling. Philip, fanning himself with his hat, waited until Molly's song sank into a whisper, and then said, —

"The epic is in us all, is n't it? Have you been here long, Lys? Oh, Lyssie, this is the way to live! It is splendidly material, and a man takes to it so that I begin to think the other side of us is abnormal, the soul is an excrescence. Yes, I'd like to make hay or dig potatoes."

"I should n't like to work!" Molly exclaimed, coming to clamber over her father, and then settling comfortably down in his arms. "I'd rather play. Mamma said you were 'singular' to work, father. Mamma said" —

"Philip," Alicia broke in, with all the haste of embarrassment, "did Mr. Miller's work satisfy the judges?"

"No; I'm sorry, but it does n't warrant any further encouragement."

"Cecil said, if it did n't, she was going to send him some money," Lyssie said.

"She's awfully generous, is n't she?"

"She enjoys giving, I think," Philip answered briefly, and added, irrelevantly, that he thought the haymakers had

a pretty good time. "They are not 'harried by love of the best' — Oh, see that attitude!" he interrupted himself, sitting up straight, and putting on his glasses to look at the woman in the cart. She was standing, her weight on her left hip, her face crimsoning with exertion, the muscles of her arms, as she raised a forkful of hay and leaned backwards to balance it, lifting into swelling curves. The hay in its place and trodden down, she stopped to draw a full breath, and with her bare bent arm brushed back the hair that had fallen across her hot face. Even at this distance Alicia could see her splendid vigor. There was a certain superb well-being about her, as absolutely material as the warm scent of the grass, or the stretch of shadows over the clean field, or the faded colors in the stubble. Standing there knee-deep in the hay, flecking the sweat from her forehead with an impatient finger, she seemed as organic and unconscious as the rocks and trees. Philip, watching her, said again, whimsically, "Yes, yes, it's better so; she is n't going to tear her soul for any mere ideals!"

A sense of spiritual weariness came upon him; a longing for that life which is as far from sin as it is from virtue, — the life of some men and women, and of the beasts that perish.

Molly, who had trotted off to pick a flower, came running back out of the sunset with two red lilies, which she presented, in solemn childish fashion, to her father and aunt. "There's a man over there," she said, — "I guess his legs are sick; they wobble. Look, father."

"Oh, I fear his legs are sick," Philip agreed. "Poor Job! Lyssie, suppose you go along with Molly. I'm afraid he may be conversational."

"Oh, Philip, is n't he a little" —

"A little!" said Philip, as he caught Job's raised and stammering voice. "I should say so. Go, dear, go!" Then he picked himself up lazily, and brushed the hay from his coat, and lounged down to

the other side of the field, where he stood, his hands in his pockets, observing the situation. Cecil's carriage had just come in sight, but his back was towards the road, and he did not see it.

Job Todd was not an attractive object; he was drunk, but, unfortunately, not quite drunk enough to have passed the ugly stage. His poor brute face was dully purple, his small, cunning eyes swam in stagnant film, and his loose lips moved in thick, stumbling words.

"Where is that damned woman o' mine?" he demanded, putting his legs wide apart, to stand more steadily.

"Oh, Job!" quavered Eliza.

The girl who was forking the hay into place stopped and peered over at the scene, and the two men drew together, and said pacifically, "There, now, Job."

"Job, don't! Oh!" Eliza cried out, writhing away from the heavy hand he laid on her shoulder.

"You come home. You get my supper. I'll break your damned head if you don't tend up to your business!"

"Oh, I'll come, I'll come," she said tremulously, dropping her wooden rake, and walking along a little in front of him.

Philip walked in the same direction. "Hullo, Job," he said good naturedly. "Don't you think you'd better let Mrs. Todd go on with her work?"

But Job, with vast contempt, refused to notice Mr. Shore's remark; he stooped to pick up Eliza's discarded rake, and brandished it in the air, catching himself with a jerk as he lurched forward.

"The old woman," he called out to the group about the cart, "is" — Job's drunken fluency in regard to his wife made some one laugh, and the man, instantly infuriated, turned upon her and struck her, and then staggered and fell, tripped up neatly by Philip Shore's outstretched foot.

"Don't, sir!" the two mowers called out. "He ain't safe, Mr. Shore; don't meddle with him, sir!"

The shock made Job sober for an instant; he got on his legs with surprising quickness. "You want to fight, do you," he said, "you" — and added a string of epithets which made Philip laugh in spite of himself.

"What command of language you have, Todd! I'm not anxious to fight. Come, now, behave yourself. Don't be a fool."

"Whose wife is she?" roared Job. "I'm boss in my house. It's more 'an you are in yours, and for a good reason: your wife's worth two of you! But I keep *my* woman in order. Do you see *that*?" and he made a lunge at Eliza, who ducked and whimpered.

"I'll knock you down if you do that again," said Philip pleasantly, walking between Job and his wife.

"Ye will? Look a' there, then!"

A flame leaped to Philip's eyes. The men, calling wildly to him to "come off," to "stop it," saw him strip off his coat, and, holding up his left arm to guard his head from Job's rake, plant a blow under the drunken man's ear; and then there was an instant of really sharp struggle, until Philip's arm hooked about Job's neck and his right hand caught him under the chin. Todd roared and kicked for a moment, until Philip flung him on the ground.

"Do you want some more? The next time you strike a woman I'll give you some more!" he said, breathless, touching him contemptuously with his foot.

Roger Carey, who had come running down the field, had just reached him, disappointment in every feature.

"You've had it all to yourself!" he cried regretfully, and then gave Job a hand and pulled him to his feet. "Have you been bullragging Mrs. Todd, you brute?" he said. "I wish I'd been here in time to get a hand in."

As for Cecil Shore, after her first instant of quick admiration for her husband standing there in his shirt sleeves, his clenched hand drawn back as though

his very fingers were tingling with desire to leap at Job's throat, she thought of the man's mortification should he realize that she had witnessed his humiliation, and gave the order to drive on. "But Philip really did that well!" she said to herself, smiling. Then her face darkened, and she sighed; her vague dissatisfaction with Lyssie's engagement, or rather with Roger Carey's engagement, came back. She was half sullen and quite absorbed that evening, as poor little Molly learned to her cost. She came dancing into her mother's room while Cecil was dressing for dinner, and was kissed and cuddled to her heart's content, until Cecil pushed her away gently, and said, "Don't bother me, precious; mamma must dress. There! you can play with mamma's rings, if you want to."

Molly, enchanted, seized the small satin-lined box, and shook the rings into her lap in a shower of light. How beautiful they were, piled stiff upon her little fingers until she could not shut her hands! Then the charming thought occurred to her that she would string them all on a stalk of grass, and hang them around her mamma's lovely neck. The very joyousness of the plan kept her silent, and, gathering up the front of her dress to hold all this glitter and gleam, she crept out of the room.

Cecil did not notice her absence. She forgot the child, and the rings too, until she heard a wail from the garden, down below the terrace. Of course the inevitable accident had happened. A moment later Rosa brought Molly to her mother, and the little girl, catching her breath with fright, tried to explain that the stalk of grass had broken, "and — and the rings — spilt!" In fact, three of them had leaped as though from a sling out into the pool. It seemed as if the smouldering irritation of Cecil's thoughts sprang into flame.

"You naughty little thing!" she cried. "How dare you take my rings

out of doors?" And while her lips were still set with anger she punished the child, who screamed with pain and terror, and then pushed her towards Rosa. "Just put her right straight to bed, Rosa. Don't speak another word, Molly, or I'll spank you, you wicked little girl! Rosa, send John down to the pool at once. Tell him he must find the rings to-night. Which are they? Oh, Molly, you horrid child! Rosa, my sapphire has gone! The other two are not so important. But John must find them to-night, somehow."

XV.

Of course the tussle in the hayfield was discussed in Old Chester, and it brought up the question of Eliza's possible danger in remaining with Job. Her possible degradation had been long ago dismissed, or never thought of. The economic propriety of placing upon the community the burden of supporting Job's neglected but increasing family had been pointed out only by innocent, straightforward, sensible Lyssie. The indignity done to marriage by urging the continuance of a relation from which love and respect and tenderness had fled, leaving in their place brutality and lust, had never been considered. But when it came to the chance of physical injury to Eliza, then indeed Old Chester was aroused and perplexed.

"Perhaps we ought to tell her to leave him?" said Miss Susan, worried and anxious. "Maybe, if she left him, he would really turn over a new leaf for the mere discomfort of it; but to separate husband and wife!"

Miss Susan Carr sat in front of her writing-desk, thinking what had best be done. There was no use to ask Dr. Lavendar; he would say that Eliza must stick to her duty, even if Job cut her throat some fine day while he was drunk. Mrs. Dale took this view, too; and these

two people certainly ought to know. Dr. Lavendar had had so much experience, and as for Mrs. Dale — well, everybody knew poor Eben Dale's failings. But Susan Carr's first, simple, unecceciastical, common-sense impulse was to say that Job and Eliza had no business to live together.

Miss Susan, in her swivel chair, staring absently at the cluttered pigeon-holes of her desk, her heels stretched straight out in front of her, her hands thrust down into the pockets of her short sack, pushed out her lips in puzzled and troubled reflection. But suddenly, catching sight of the corner of a letter, she winced, and drew herself together, and thrust back into the half-open little drawer the envelope which held Mr. Joseph Lavendar's proposal.

So far, Miss Carr had succeeded in "staving him off," as she expressed it. No doubt her firm words to Dr. Lavendar had helped her good work, for of course the disappointed older brother must have told Joseph that there was no hope for him; but her own efforts had been unceasing. As this crumpled corner of his letter brought him swiftly to her mind, she congratulated herself upon her success in preventing the declaration which would have resulted in his mortification; but, glad as she was for his sake, she could not help a little pang on her own account. It is hard to lose a friend just because one has acted from a sense of duty. Susan Carr had in all honesty done the kindest thing she knew; but in consequence Joseph Lavendar treated her with unmistakable coldness and offense. In fact, it appeared that he had taken the hint she had tried to give him; and now, with an unreasonableness most admirably feminine, Miss Susan was conscious of feeling, as Mrs. Drayton would have said, "a little bitter."

"He would have had no cause to be unfriendly even if I had refused him, instead of just keeping him from speak-

ing," she reflected, with some spirit; "and I *will* be his friend, I don't care how angry he is!" She did not add, as she had often done before, that he had been Donald's friend, and so of course must be hers; for once she forgot the sweet, faded romance, which lay between her youth and her middle age like a rose pressed between the pages of a book. She sat there in her revolving chair, looking at the confusion of her desk, and wishing that at least Joseph Lavendar knew how heartily she respected and liked him, notwithstanding what she had done. Well, unjust as he might be, it was a comfort to see with what friendliness his brother treated her. Dr. Lavendar showed no resentment; only a troubled gentleness, "as though," said Miss Susan to herself, "he realized just how hopeless it was." She reproached herself for not making more of this comfort. "I *ought* not to be unhappy," she thought. "I've done my duty, and I'm sure that ought to be enough of a consolation." But she sighed deeply.

Miss Susan was quite right about Dr. Lavendar's friendliness. He made a point of seeing her oftener than before; and although he never spoke to her of Joseph, the whole melancholy situation was continually in his mind. At first he had been quite overwhelmed by it and altogether hopeless, and, with an injustice as natural as it was deplorable, more bitter than ever towards Mrs. Pendleton.

Indeed, when Mr. Joseph, conscious and uncomfortable, had followed his letter down to Old Chester, his brother had been so unmistakably cold to him that poor Joey felt all his courage ooze away; consequently, that week Mrs. Pendleton's affections did not become engaged. But Dr. Lavendar had not breathed freely until he saw the coach roll off on Monday morning. "Well, he's safe for five days!" he said. Then his mind went back to the estimable Miss Susan; and by and by, in spite

of himself, he began to hope. "If Joey can just be made to appreciate *Utile Dulci*!" he thought; and he decided to try to make Joey appreciative. Now Dr. Lavendar was a wise man, and therefore he was aware that the effort to induce one person to care for another person is generally as successful as the effort to make water run uphill. If he had wanted any proof of this axiom, there was Mr. Joseph's own endeavor in behalf of himself and Mrs. Pendleton. Mere insistence, Dr. Lavendar knew, was not only useless; it was almost prohibitive of the result desired. "So," said Dr. Lavendar in his own mind, "I must be subtle!"

When Joseph came home on Saturday, he found his brother in quite a different mood from that which had made his previous visit so melancholy. Dr. Lavendar was eager to tell him about Lyssie's engagement; he had much to say of the way in which Philip had thrashed Job Todd; he was full of the new chapter in *The History of Precious Stones*; in fact, he spoke of anything and everything but the old bitter subject. And through all his conversation singularly irrelevant remarks about *Utile Dulci* came in, like the chorus of a Greek play. As for Mr. Joseph, while he was interested to learn of Lyssie's happiness, and was sorry about Job, and listened to Miss Susan's praises respectfully, he had his own business to attend to.

"Brother Jim," he said, as they sat at the tea table that night, and there came a moment's pause in Dr. Lavendar's excited flow of conversation, "brother Jim, it seems only proper to say to you that I mean to — to — to do it to-night."

"Do what?"

"Request the honor of" —

"Oh, Joey, Joey, what a fool you are!" groaned the old clergyman. He pushed his chair back a little, and beat a tremulous tattoo on the table with his shaking fingers. In a moment all his

assumed interest in other things disappeared; it was not a time for subtlety, but for action. "Joey, of course I'd never think of betraying the affairs of any of my parishioners to any one else, even to you, but — I — the fact is — *why don't you go and see Miss Susan?*"

"Miss Susan?" said Joseph Lavendar. "Why should I? She is no more in sympathy with my views than — than you are, brother Jim," he ended sadly.

Dr. Lavendar, pouring out another cup of tea for himself, his lips pursed tightly together, his fingers gripping the teapot handle till his knuckles were white, swallowed twice, and said, "Joey, you make me seem impatient; but not at all, not at all. I am merely — ah — infuriated by your folly!" Here he noticed his overflowing cup, and put the teapot down. He was trembling.

Joseph rose silently, and wiped up the tea from the table.

"If you speak to this — lady, that implies, I suppose, marriage?" said Dr. Lavendar, his voice quite husky with fear. "But it occurs to me to ask you whether you know that if she marries she must relinquish her fortune?"

Joseph was silent, but his face changed.

"It is asking a good deal of a lady to relinquish her fortune," Dr. Lavendar proceeded breathlessly.

"I did not know that," Mr. Joseph said, in a low voice. "At least, I may have heard it, but I had forgotten it."

The two brothers looked at each other, and neither spoke. Dr. Lavendar had played his highest card; he hardly dared to speak, lest he should undo any good which that appeal to Joseph's chivalry might have accomplished. The little dining-room was not very light, and the bare dark top of the table between the brothers made it seem still more sombre. Dr. Lavendar poured out another cup of tea, and drank it defiantly. Mr. Joseph got up, and stood at the window. "It looks a little like rain," he observed.

"That — that will be good for Susan Carr's farm!" Dr. Lavendar exclaimed, breathing hard.

Joseph made no reply.

"Susan is a very superior woman, Joey, don't you think so?"

"Very superior," Mr. Joseph agreed listlessly. There was a look of pained bewilderment in his large, mild eyes. Dr. Lavendar could almost have wept for his brother's lack of intelligence, and for his good Susan's disappointment.

So Joseph did not "do it" that night. He lit the lamp in the library, and pretended to read. He must not give in to James! It would be dishonorable, and a slight to the lady, if his kindness of word and manner were not followed by a declaration; unless, indeed, this hint about the money and the will should be true? In which case Mr. Joseph would rather suffer the imputation of dishonorable conduct than request a lady to make a sacrifice for his sake. Dr. Lavendar had judged his brother well when he used that argument. Poor Mr. Joseph was very miserable; he said to himself that he hoped Jim was mistaken. Who would know? He thought immediately of Susan Carr. He could ask her help again.

"She *is* kind," he said to himself, — "she is kind, though she has seemed a little unfriendly of late about this. But Miss Susan has certainly a kind heart." And so, on Sunday evening, after supper, — which was dull enough, with the constraint and pain between the brothers, — Mr. Joseph said he was going to consult Miss Susan about a voluntary.

"Well, he's safe for to-night," Dr. Lavendar thought. "But poor Susan! poor Susan!" He walked to the gate with Joseph, struggling to find some word to say about her and for her; but nothing came except his rather purposeless insistence upon the fact that Utile Dulei was an intelligent person, — "most intelligent, Joey. Of course I can't talk about other people's affairs, but — but

—give her my love, Joey; give Utile Dulci my love, boy, — do you hear?"

Miss Susan was sitting by her round centre table, her feet on a high footstool, her elbows propped on the arms of her chair; she was holding a large book close to her eyes. She had, for the moment, forgotten her anxieties about Joseph Lavendar in following Smith's reasons for ploughing under a potato field to supply the soil with humic acid, rather than covering it with manure. Miss Susan, presenting the soles of stout boots to the caller, and frowning with interest, did not invite any tender confidences; still less so when, hearing Mr. Lavendar's voice, she dropped her book, and, with an awkward clatter, pushed away her footstool, and stood up, red and embarrassed, and almost angry.

Mr. Joseph steadied the tottering footstool, and picked up a newspaper that had slipped rustling to the floor, and made his apologies for having startled his hostess.

"We men are apt to forget the timidity of the gentler sex."

"I'm not timid," Susan Carr said decidedly.

But Mr. Joseph would not listen to such self-depreciation. "Oh, come, come, Miss Susan, there is nothing more engaging in a lady."

"Well," Miss Carr retorted, her self-possession returning, and struggling to defend herself and him from the inevitable moment which she felt was approaching, "well, you ought to admire my neighbor, then; she, poor little soul, is afraid of a caterpillar!"

"Is she indeed? Is she indeed? Yes, I have noticed it in her, — very pleasing; yes." He sat down, his hands on his neat brown broadcloth knees, his face a little wistful and anxious. "I suppose you see a good deal of your neighbor? Your life must be quite lonely, and she doubtless enlivens it, and" —

"Not lonely at all," interposed Miss Susan, the color mounting to her face;

"and anyhow, the poor little lady is really so — so — I don't want to be unkind," cried Susan Carr, scarcely knowing what she said, but willing to hide behind Mrs. Pendleton for protection — "she is so silly, you know. I'm sure I should rather be alone than talk to Mrs. Pendleton!" There was no malice in this attack, only she must keep Mr. Lavendar silent. She wondered if she might not introduce the subject of soil dressing? "Yes," she said desperately, "I am not lonely. Since Donald's death I have grown used to spending my evenings with my books. I was just reading to-night" —

Mr. Lavendar let her talk on; when she had finished her excited résumé of Smith's admirable work, he said, resignedly, that he did not know much about farming; he remembered that Donald had been very wise in matters of that kind. He spoke absently and rather sadly; and Miss Susan felt that her desperate reference to her dead lover had saved her. And so, although it hurt her curiously, she spoke again of Donald. It seemed to Susan Carr, as she tried to shelter herself under his name, that he had never been so far removed, so truly dead. Far off, with dismay and pain, she saw a strange moment approaching, — a moment when she must acknowledge that her grief for Donald was dead.

Joseph Lavendar did not return to her loneliness; he only asked her, in a constrained way, did she see much of Mrs. Pendleton? And by the bye, did Miss Susan know whether it was true, this gossip that one heard about the will of the late Mr. Pendleton? Mr. Lavendar thought it a most unjust will for any man to make; for his part, he believed that a lady's affections could be engaged a second time — did not Miss Susan think so? — without disloyalty to their first object.

"Indeed I *don't*," she said emphatically, — "indeed I don't! The will? Well, I'm sure I don't know. I've

heard so, but of course one can't tell certainly. Perhaps not. But I'm sure it does n't need a will to keep one faithful!"

She was so flurried that Joseph Lavendar looked at her in bewilderment. "You appear to find this subject displeasing," he said mildly. "I did not mean" —

"Oh," stammered Susan Carr, "I don't want to seem unkind, but *don't* — don't! Mr. Joseph, I can't let you. Please *never* speak of it, never!"

Mr. Lavendar rose; the color came into his face, — even his pale bald forehead was faintly mottled with red; he opened his lips twice before he said, "Certainly not! certainly not! I beg your pardon, ma'am."

A moment later he bade her good-night, and, with pursed-up lips, bowed himself stiffly out of the room.

As he went home, he hardly remembered to congratulate himself upon the fact that there was at least some uncertainty about the testament of the late Mr. Pendleton, so dumfounded and nearly angry was he at Miss Susan.

"And she used to be so intelligent!" he thought, almost as Dr. Lavendar might have done.

As for Susan Carr, when he had left her, she put her head down on the open pages of the book upon subsoils and cried heartily. "And I like him so much," she said, again and again, "and now he is dreadfully offended!"

She was more worn out by the excitement of this fencing with her old friend than she would have been by a day's tramp over her farm. After a while she dried her eyes, and looked about the silent room. Yes, it was lonely; Joseph was right. She got up, her lower lip unsteady, and, with her hands clasped behind her, walked up and down; once she stopped before Donald's picture. "It has been lonely," she said, staring hard at the faded photograph; "yes, it *has*, Donald!"

She did not sleep well that night; the sense of the solitude of her life was heavy upon her. Even the next morning she stopped once in her busy work about the garden, to sit down on the upper step of the porch and think about her loneliness; her cheery face grew dull, and showed a hint of age about the lips.

"And now, I suppose, I shall even lose the interest of the choir," she thought; "for if Joseph Lavendar will go on being foolish, I've got to give that up; I can't be meeting him without a third person by. And Lyssie won't be very regular, now that she has this new interest. Dear me, what an interest it must be!" She sighed, and stared with unseeing eyes at a scarlet pimpernel which had seized a little root-hold for itself in a crevice at the foot of the steps. She remembered, dully, that she must go down to the barn and see about putting up the stanchions for her Jersey heifer, a pretty creature who was now a mother, and so must have a stall, and put her deerlike head between the stanchions, and forget her careless life in meadows and upland pastures. Miss Susan had been greatly interested in Clover's pedigree, and her "coming in," and the butter quality of the milk; but somehow, this morning it all seemed dull and flat. To look after a cow's comfort, or decide on the necessity of tan bark for the strawberry bed, or point out the need of a tin patch on the corner of the corn-bin, — all the imperative interests of her quiet life looked suddenly dreary and useless.

It is a pity, for the mere human sympathy of it, that the heads of households, deeply concerned with joy and sorrow and themselves, do not oftener remember this pain which comes to the unmarried woman, — the consciousness of unimportance. Almost every unmarried woman experiences it at one time or another in her life, whether she is the necessary maiden aunt, whose usefulness can scarcely be exaggerated, but who feels the lack of the personal element in

the appreciation of her labors, or whether she is that melancholy creature who solitarily eats and drinks and sleeps, and prolongs a colorless existence, ignorant forever of either joy or sorrow.

"Nobody cares," Susan Carr thought, with wistful but matter-of-fact intelligence. Yet she must go on building stanchions and stopping mouseholes, over, and over, and over again. Then the fresh color deepened a little in her face. If it had been possible for her to return his regard, Joseph Lavendar would have "cared." She sighed, and tapped her heavy boot upon the step, and rested her chin in her strong hand. She almost wished it had been possible! "But of course it was n't," she said to herself; and that made her think again of her duty to Joseph Lavendar. Yes, Lyssie would probably miss the choir-practicing, if this young Carey meant to come down often to spend Saturday and Sunday in Old Chester; then it came to her as quite an inspiration that perhaps Mrs. Pendleton would come and sing in the choir. "Not that she *can* sing," Miss Susan reflected, "but she 'll be there, and I 'll always walk home with her. Oh dear, I ought to have been more neighborly, and then I should n't feel as though I were making a convenience of her in asking her to come." Susan Carr got up carefully, so that her skirts should not brush the pimpernel. "I 'll go in and ask her now," she said.

But while she waited in the little widow's trim parlor, Miss Susan began to wish she had chosen some other method of protecting Mr. Lavendar. She looked about her, and became conscious of the brown of her ungloved hands, and the limp lines of her woolen gown, which had shrunk in many rains, and faded to a yellow-gray along the edges of the plaits; she felt large and clumsy, and touched timidly a bit of delicate fancywork on the table, and wondered why she did not care to do things like that.

Mrs. Pendleton's parlor was a pretty,

ladylike room; there were canary-bird cages hanging in the windows, and there were an open piano, and an embroidery frame, and bunches of flowers on the table. And when she came in, with her delicate, hasty step, and her sleek brown hair nearly hidden under a small square of lace, and her neat black silk apron over a white dress made mournful by occasional black dots, Mrs. Pendleton seemed to match the femininity of the room; she had all the comforting, caressing feminine ways which were so impossible to Susan Carr, but which must have made life very agreeable for the late Mr. Pendleton. She ran to get Miss Susan a footstool, and then pulled a shade down to shield the clear, strong eyes that were used to the full glare of noon sunshine in open fields.

"How kind of you to come in, dear Miss Carr!" she said. "I was feeling very lonely this morning."

"Were you?" said Miss Susan, in her loud voice, which made Mrs. Pendleton wink. "Were you? Why, so was I! I think we ought to see more of each other. Here we are, two lone women" —

Mrs. Pendleton sighed, and glanced at her husband's picture above the fireplace. "Exactly. Of course I still feel rather a stranger here, though every one is so kind. Roger's engagement to dear Alicia seems to bring me nearer to you all, — although Frances Drayton and I were great friends right off; and Jane Dale, even if a little stern at times, is always exceedingly kind to me."

Miss Carr never could suppress a quiver of surprise in her face when Mrs. Pendleton used thus freely the first names of persons whom she would never have dreamed of addressing so informally.

"Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Drayton have enjoyed your society," she said stiffly; "and I 'm sure" —

But Mrs. Pendleton fluttered up from her chair. "Dear, dear! I did n't give you a fan!" she cried, and ran to fetch a little open-work ivory affair run through

with a pink ribbon, and clattering very much when one tried to use it.

Miss Susan looked at it as though afraid that it would break in her hands, and spread it carefully open upon her brown linsey-woolsey lap.

"Yes," Mrs. Pendleton declared, "I'm truly gratified by dear Roger's engagement. But do you think dear Alicia is much like her sister? Much as I admire and love Cecil Shore, I do hope dear Alicia is not just like her?"

"Lyssie has n't Cecil's looks," said Miss Carr gruffly, "but she has some of her sister's good points, I am sure."

"Exactly. But I was thinking. I called on Cecil yesterday, and her little Molly—dear me! why, she never thought of obeying her mother. I hope Lyssie will—it sounds a little indelicate, but still, such things *do* happen, you know—I hope if Lyssie at any time has—I mean if—if there *should* be a family, I hope Lyssie will insist upon obedience. I really felt it so much when I saw that little Molly that I almost wanted to warn dear Alicia; but of course it would not have been proper."

"It would have been premature, I think," Miss Carr said. "If I don't ask her now about the practicing, she will make me so cross I sha'n't do it at all," she thought; and said, abruptly, something about Lyssie being a good deal occupied just now, and she wondered whether Mrs. Pendleton would not come and sing in the choir.

"I? But I don't sing very well." The color came into the little birdlike creature's face, and she sewed rapidly. Then, with a conscious look at Miss Susan, she added, "And I'm afraid it would n't do, anyhow, for me to come; I'm afraid I ought to keep away, considering the circumstances."

Susan Carr grew red and hot. Not do? Why would n't it do? Of course it would do! Her kind face was suddenly angry and alarmed. She remembered Mr. Joseph's impetuosity in the stage-

coach, and it occurred to her that he might have told Mrs. Pendleton his hopes. But even if he had, it was most improper in her to make any such reference.

"Of course it will do for you to come," she declared loudly; "it will be much pleasanter for us all to have you, and we really need another voice."

"If I thought it would n't be harder for Mr. Lavendar?" Mrs. Pendleton pondered doubtfully.

Miss Susan stared at her. "I never met such an indelicate person!" she thought. She got up, and stood in a truculent attitude, her hand on her hip. "I assure you, Mrs. Pendleton, your presence will be a great addition; it will be a good deal pleasanter for Mr. Lavendar, and for me too." ("I don't know how much she knows," thought Miss Susan, "but that may enlighten her as to the real state of the case.")

"Do you really think so?" Mrs. Pendleton said slowly. "Well, then I'll come. Yes, I'll come."

XVI.

Vigilance being the price of success, Miss Susan Carr felt that, although she had so far kept Mr. Lavendar silent, she must not relax her care; and for that reason she named an evening when he was not in town, for a little festivity in compliment to Mr. Roger Carey, when he should come down to Old Chester to have another glimpse of Lyssie. Mr. Carey was to spend four days in town, and go away on Tuesday; so Miss Susan sent out a number of neat little notes, requesting the pleasure of everybody's company at eight o'clock on Monday evening.

"It is quite marked not to have it on Saturday, when Joseph is in town; he will feel the slight, and it will show him there's no hope for him," she said to herself, with melancholy satisfaction. To consider and protect another person is

one way of creating a tenderness for him. Miss Susan Carr's good intentions towards her unsuccessful suitor kept him constantly in her mind; and protected her, too, from that dismayed afterthought which follows an impulsive invitation, — an afterthought which even the most hospitable have been known to feel.

Her invitation had been given on the spur of the moment, when Lyssie had told her that Roger was coming.

"Well, we must have a little entertainment for him!" said good Miss Susan heartily, and oblivious, as such well-meaning persons are, to the bore it might be to Roger Carey to spend one of his precious evenings in company. "We must have a little party, Lyssie, my child. Ellen shall do some jellied tongues, and I'll make the cake myself. You will have to lend me some spoons, Lyssie, and I'll borrow Mrs. Dale's punch bowl."

Miss Carr beamed, and Lyssie kissed her and thanked her, all the pretty gratitude of youth speaking in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I'm going," said Dr. Lavendar to Philip, on the afternoon preceding the social event. "I don't know why. I have my own home, and my books, and my pipe; so why I should go and chatter for a whole evening, and eat indigestible messes, I can't understand. Do you think Miss Susan would be offended if I went home at half past nine, Philip?"

"You must stay for the supper, must n't you?" Philip suggested. "You know, next to Lyssie and Carey, you are the star. Yes, I'm afraid you must n't leave until after ten."

"Well, well," said Dr. Lavendar resignedly, "I suppose she meant well, — Susan means better than most people. She's a fine woman, Philip, a fine woman, but really" —

"She does well, too," Philip interposed. "She's spent this whole day with poor little Eliza Todd. The baby was born this morning, and Miss Susan has been

taking care of the mother and child as though she were a trained nurse."

"In spite of anxieties about her ball?" said the old clergyman, smiling and frowning. "So the baby's come? Is Job sober?"

"We don't know. He beat Eliza yesterday, and this followed; he promptly disappeared when he saw what he had done. That is what I came to see you about, sir. I think it's time this matter was taken in hand."

"Dear, dear! Why, this is very bad, — really, this is very bad. How is the poor thing doing, Philip? She's in good hands if Susan Carr is looking after her. But it's too bad!" Dr. Lavendar was greatly concerned; he pushed his chair back from his lathe, and drummed on the table with worried finger tips. He had been cutting a green garnet when Philip entered, and his reluctance to put his work aside was evident; but now all that was forgotten. "Too bad; dear, dear!" he said.

"What a poor, forlorn little thing she is!" said Philip; "and I remember what a nice little body she seemed when they first came to Old Chester. That Todd is a perfect beast."

"I never saw a beast who would n't be insulted at the comparison," Dr. Lavendar declared, chuckling to himself. "Insulted — ho! ho! — yes, insulted. Well, women are strange creatures. Why did she ever marry him? Brown told me — Brown married 'em in Mercer — he told me he warned the silly thing; told her she was a foolish woman to marry a drinking man. But she would do it, would do it. Yes, in marriage women are like kings: 'kittle cattle to shoe behind.' Well, so are men, for that matter," he ended, and sighed deeply.

He got up and hobbled stiffly across the room to a high-backed leather chair that stood by the hearth. It was cooler, on this glowing August day, near the dark cavern of the empty fireplace; it looked cooler, at least, for the soot on

the chimney back caught cold, iridescent gleams from the pale light filtering down the chimney and falling on the dusty heap of ashes between the andirons. Dr. Lavendar drew a little leather tobacco pouch from the pocket of his faded dressing gown, and began to fill his brierwood pipe. "Sometimes this question of marriage seems quite puzzling," he said sadly.

"I've been struck by that myself," Philip confessed, with a curious smile, "but I must say it seems simple enough in this case. She ought to leave him." He had followed the old man, and stood leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"What? Leave Job? Eliza leave her husband? Come, come, sir, we don't believe in such things in Old Chester."

Philip looked a little anxious; he wanted to gain Dr. Lavendar's consent to a step he was meditating, — the breaking up of the Todds' wretched home, and the separation of the husband and wife. He knew — so great was the old clergyman's influence in his parish — that Eliza could hardly be persuaded to take such a step without his consent.

"See here, sir," said Dr. Lavendar, pulling hard upon his pipe, "you've come back to the home of your youth, but don't put on airs; don't bring any of your wicked, worldly ideas here to corrupt us."

"On the contrary," said Philip, with the affectionate impertinence of the young man who knows he is liked, "what I'm afraid of is that you'll corrupt me. In my wicked, worldly way, I had supposed we had some responsibilities to each other; but I find Old Chester *par-ticeps criminis* in an attempted murder, for you've none of you interfered to keep Todd from attacking his wife."

"Interfered?" cried the other indignantly. "Sir, I had a conversation with Todd only a week ago. I said to him, 'Todd' — Young man, what are you grinning at?"

"Grinning?" Philip protested. "My

dear Dr. Lavendar! But look here, ought n't something to be done about it? For the woman's safety, — to say nothing of other reasons, — for her personal safety, she ought to be taken away from Todd."

"And what, sir, will become of Todd?"

Dr. Lavendar demanded, twinkling up at Philip with his fierce little brown eyes. "When he is n't drunk, his wife's an influence for good. And would you have her leave him, to save her precious skin?"

"There is something beside her skin to be considered; the degradation" —

"She took him for better or worse," Dr. Lavendar broke in. "Well, she's got the worse. Let her stick to her bargain and do her duty. The only thing I wish is that she could be taught to hold her tongue. She ought to be more intelligent, and not talk to him when he's drunk. Well, well, poor soul! I may seem severe, but not at all; I was merely explaining. And this baby is the seventh? We must see that she has her coal this winter."

"But that's just the point," said Philip. "The seventh! and there may be seventeen. And you and Miss Susan will go on supporting them. Now, are n't you simply encouraging Todd in drunkenness and idleness, when you two take care of his family for him? Why, as a mere matter of political economy it's bad."

"Political economy! Upon my word, Philip, I should n't have thought it of you, — to bring economics into a question of sentiment."

"Sentiment!" said Philip Shore, with a gesture of disgust. "There's no sentiment in a relation like this; it's simply debasing to the man and the woman and the community."

"There's nothing debasing about it. They are married. What are you talking about?"

Philip hesitated, and then said gravely, "It seems to me, sir, as shameful for

a man and woman to live within the law hating and despising each other, as these two poor things do, as to live outside the law with love. That's why I say it's debasing."

Dr. Lavendar looked at him, speechless with horror.

"One of these days," proceeded the young man thoughtfully, "perhaps we'll be moral enough and civilized enough to have the state break up such marriages. The very idea of the seventeen possible children is shameful, and a menace to the state. For what sort of citizens are they likely to be, the children of such parents?"

"The children are the Lord's affair," began Dr. Lavendar.

"The devil's, I should say. I tell you what it is, the human race will have to pay a high price some time for its philanthropy; you good people who are doing your level best to keep such poor little wretches alive, and advocating their being born, are trying to secure the survival of the unfittest!"

"Well, upon my word!" said Dr. Lavendar again, "is it murder you want? And you're a fool, sir; you forget your Bible: 'Children are from the Lord; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of 'em;' and as for breaking up marriages, 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I never heard such sentiments in my life. You grieve me, Philip, I tell you; yes, grieve me, sir."

Philip was distressed at the effect of his theories; he would have gone back to the danger to Eliza Todd of remaining with a husband who beat her, but Dr. Lavendar insisted upon an explanation. Yet he hardly had patience to listen while Philip, reluctant to grieve his old friend, tried to explain his position in regard to separation, and his belief that divorce was a concession necessary to the present stage of spiritual evolution, and always deplorable as delaying the idealization of marriage. "But I do believe in separa-

tion," he ended earnestly, "and I think a higher morality will demand it."

"Stuff!" exclaimed the old clergyman. "You'd have people part as soon as they got tired of their bargain. How much sacredness would a bargain have if it could be dissolved for every whim? You are advocating free love, Philip! Do you realize that? You are advocating free love!"

"Well," said Philip, "if there's any choice between your ecclesiastical reason and my social reason for deciding upon the moment when a bad bargain should end, I must say I think the odds are with me. It's a matter of degree; you make another crime necessary before you will allow the criminality of a loveless marriage to end; I say, end it because it is a crime."

"Marriage a crime?" Dr. Lavendar repeated, bewildered.

"A marriage without love is at variance with the interests of society," said Philip; "that seems to me a crime."

"But that is n't the fault of marriage; that's because one or both of them are selfish fools! Let them try to love each other. But go on, go on," he commanded resignedly. "I should like to know just how lost to all moral sense you are!"

But Philip was evidently anxious to change the subject; he said, restrainedly, something about the curious survival of Mosaic law in regard to marriage, while in other relations of life — parents and children, buyers and sellers — it did not prevail. "Some of those old laws have been the bulwarks of crime," he added; "think how they protected slavery, and burned witches, and did all sorts of unpleasant things."

But Dr. Lavendar fumed and fretted, and waved his pipe at him. "Well, never mind the Mosaic laws, — I'm sure I'm glad you are so well acquainted with your Bible, though there is another person of perverted views who can quote Scripture for his purpose, too, — but I want to ask you one question: Where

does duty come in? Do you think we can get along without duty in this civilization you talk so much about? Young man, for eighteen hundred years the ultimatum of marriage has rested upon a divine word concerning it, and men and women have done their duty, and we've gotten along pretty well, I think. Talk about your civilization and your economies! I tell you, Philip, you belong to this ungodly time of rooting up and casting out the things that were sacred to your fathers." He spoke in his angry way, frowning heavily, and shaking his lean, grimy forefinger at the young man. "And another thing I want to know is, what will you do with the children when you go about breaking up families? Don't you see any duties to the children and the home?"

Philip started as though something had stabbed him. "First of all, for the children's sake I'd have such marriages broken up. The living together of a husband and wife divorced in everything but word is horrible for the children. Think of the partisanship! And when respect has ceased and love has ceased, what sort of a home does that make for the children? I'm not talking of gross sins now; I mean the mere living together of a father and mother who don't love each other. Whether it's their misfortune or their failure, or whatever you choose to call it" —

"Sin," said Dr. Lavendar.

"—they ought to part just because of the children, even if there were no desire for personal integrity."

"I never expected to hear you say you believed in free love!" declared the other, too irritated to answer by any argument.

"I don't," Philip began. "I only said" —

"Oh, you used a lot of fine words," interrupted Dr. Lavendar, "but that's what it amounted to. Philip, the older we grow, the more we learn of what we call science, I tell you, the more we come back to God. And you'll find, when

you get over being modern, that the old words, the simple words, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' — words that you, in your wisdom, have discarded, — hold the eternal truth for us. Yes, sir, this civilization you are so fond of talking about rests on marriage."

"Indeed it does!" cried Philip Shore, the personal reality breaking suddenly through his merely intellectual, argumentative statements. "My God! a man's salvation rests on it. Only, what do you call marriage?" He caught his breath, and stood silent, grinding his heel down on the hearth. "Why, Dr. Lavendar," he went on, in a low voice, "what God hath joined man *cannot* put asunder! Trouble can't sunder such a husband and wife, nor sin, nor misery, nor death itself, if God has joined them. But when the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, or the pride of life joins a man and woman, is that marriage? If they are not sundered" — he stopped, and walked the length of the room — "if they are not sundered," he said harshly, "if they have not the moral courage to part, it is degradation, it is defilement, it is" —

"It is duty," said Dr. Lavendar.

"This question of marriage and divorce," cried the young man passionately, "is the question of our day! We must meet it, we must answer it, — some of us. But we have no appeal except to eternal principles. This is n't a time to talk about Moses and the prophets; we've got to come to the God in men's souls, the still, small voice, the heavenly vision! Yes, that is the only ultimate word. But who has courage for it? And if a man does n't have courage, look at the penalty: the continuance of a lie, for expediency or decency or mere comfort, shuts him out from all spiritual possibilities."

"Shuts him out from spiritual possibilities? Shuts him out? Man, it opens the door to him, if such continuance be his duty. Philip, my boy, no priest or

prophet, no Bible or liturgy, no vision upon Patmos, ever exceeded the inspiration which comes to a man from the simple *doing of his duty!*"

Philip, lifting his head with sudden solemnity, as though he heard a summons in the words, said slowly, "I am sure of that."

Margaret Deland.

FROM BLOMIDON TO SMOKY.

AGAINST the Bay of Fundy, with its fogs and turbulent waters, Nova Scotia presents a bold front of bastion and moat combined. The bastion is called North Mountain, and is a well-wooded ridge running parallel to the southeast shore of the Bay of Fundy for nearly its entire length. The moat consists of St. Mary's Bay, the Annapolis Basin, and the Basin of Minas, and their tributary rivers, all lying within the line of North Mountain. Parallel with both bastion and moat, and presiding over the well-tilled fields which border the several basins, is South Mountain, from whose height can be obtained the finest views of the land of Evangeline, and its impressive central figure, the spruce-covered, storm-haunted Blomidon.

When we landed at Yarmouth, far down near the southern tip of Nova Scotia, and saw the monotonous country which is characteristic of that part of the province, something very much like gloom settled upon our spirits. We took an early morning train, and started eastward and northward towards Blomidon. Rain, miles of larch and spruce swamp, burned woodland given up to tangles of fireweed and briers, and cheerless, rock-rimmed ponds in low woods haunted us until we reached Digby. True, our escape from the railway at Metaghan station, and our five hours with Mr. Sheehan, the royal mail carrier and hospitable hotel keeper, brightened us somewhat; but there was nothing at the railway to tell us of the quaint French settlement of Metaghan which lay concealed, be-

yond ridge and woods, on the pleasant shores of St. Mary's Bay. As we left Digby, late in the afternoon of this first long day in Nova Scotia, the clouds broke, the setting sun struggled for the mastery of the sky, and all the heavens were filled with shifting masses of storm and charging columns of golden light. The bank of vapor which had rested upon the Annapolis Basin at North Mountain — vapor brewed, no doubt, in the Bay of Fundy — suddenly lifted, and we saw under it not only the vivid greens of forest and field on the mountain, but Digby Gut, a narrow, steep-walled cleft in the mountain leading straight out to the golden glory of the bay of storms. Through that rift in the hill romance and the French had sailed in as long ago as the first years of the seventeenth century; and though the French sailed out again, romance remained behind to dwell forever in Port Royal's placid basin.

As our train neared Port Royal, long ago called Annapolis, and rolled along the southern shore of the basin, the beauty of the scene increased, thanks largely to the brilliant effects of cloud-masses and an ardent setting sun. The mountain seemed high, its top not being clearly defined, and the wild scenery near Bear River, where the train passes over a high curved trestle, became doubly striking in the sunset lights. Every few rods a blue heron flew from the sands and flapped away from the train. Marvelous flocks of peep rose, careened, flashing like silver, wheeled, and alighted once more on good feeding-ground. Shadows nestled

amongst the weirs running out at short intervals from the shore; darkness began to gather in the valleys and the woods, and soon we reached Annapolis with its ancient earthworks, and found something akin to comfort in its best but unpretentious inn.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, our second on the peninsula, that I saw Blomidon, — saw it first from the Kentville slopes, and again, after we had followed down the dashing, dancing Gaspereaux for several miles, from the heights above Wolfville. The Gaspereaux Valley had been charming by reason of its wooded hillsides, in parts holding the river closely between dark banks of spruce and fir, but later giving it freer range through well-tilled meadows and undulating fields. Evening, heralded by rolling masses of dark clouds, seemed to be upon us, as our horses slowly climbed the steep slope of the Gaspereaux back of Wolfville. The air grew cold, and when we reached the crest of the ridge a strong wind wrestled with us, and carried a chill from Fundy to the very marrow of our bones. Then it was that, gaining the edge of the northern slope, we suddenly saw the marvelous panorama of the Cornwallis Valley, North Mountain, Blomidon, the Basin of Minas, the Acadian dike lands including Grand Pré, and the mouth of the Gaspereaux, spread before us under the sunset lights and the emphatic contrasts of speeding wind clouds.

The tide was out, and miles of basin bottom lay red and shining in the sunlight. The dike lands were intensely green, the sands, or mud, all shades of terra cotta, the shallows strange tones of purple, and the deeper waters varying shades of blue. Color ran riot in meadow, mud, and bay. Above and beyond all, directly in front of us, miles away, at the extremity of a grand sweep of shore which curved towards it from our left, was a dark red bluff crowned with evergreens. Its profile was commanding.

From the edge of its forest it fell one quarter of the way to the sea in a line perfectly perpendicular. Then, relenting a little, the line sloped to the waves at a gentler angle, but one still too steep for human foot to ascend. This was Blomidon, simple, majestic, inspiring.

The distant northern shore of the basin was plainly indicated by a line of blue mountains, the Cobequid range, and we knew that between us and its rugged coast-line the mighty, pent-up tides of Fundy raced each day and night into the comparative calm of Minas, and spread themselves there over the red sands and up to the dikes which the Acadian peasants had built round about Grand Pré. After receiving the image of Blomidon into the deepest corners of our memories, we looked next at Grand Pré, and, looking, gave up all previous impressions of it gained from Longfellow's poem. The Grand Pré which he imagined and painted without ever visiting the Gaspereaux country is not the dike land of reality. Both are charming, but around the vast level of green grass which lay below us there were no whispering pines or hemlocks, no suggestion of the primeval forest. To the low, undulating or level fields which bordered the Gaspereaux, the Pereaux, the Grand Habitant, and other rivers of this region, the Acadian farmers added by degrees marsh lands naturally swept by the tides, but from which they carefully and permanently excluded all salt water. Longfellow's picture is of salt meadows flooded annually by the sea, and surrounded by a forest country, romantic in character. We saw forests far away on Blomidon, and back of us in the upper reaches of the Gaspereaux; but near the Basin of Minas and the dike country of Grand Pré the apple-tree and the willow are, in this generation at least, kings among trees. To flood Grand Pré with salt water would be to carry ruin and desolation to its fertile acres, and sorrow to the hearts of its thrifty

owners. Its best lands are worth four hundred dollars an acre, and require no enrichment. When the sea floods them, as it occasionally does, owing to the breaking of a dike, three years are required to bring the land back to even fair condition.

The next afternoon a pair of Kentville horses carried us speedily towards Blomidon. We crossed the Grand Habitant or Cornwallis River at Kentville, and then followed the general direction of the shore of the basin until we had crossed in order the Habitant, Canard, and Pereaux rivers, and gained the North Mountain. Striking a ravine in its side, we ascended a well-made road to the summit at a point called "the Look-off." I know of no other hill or mountain which gives the reward that this one does in proportion to the effort required to climb it. Many a rough White Mountain scramble up three thousand feet yields nothing like the view which this hill affords. The Nova Scotian glories in the fact that from it he can see into seven counties, and count prosperous farms by the score, and apple-trees by the hundred thousand.

From the shores of the basin westward through the valley between the North and South Mountain well-tilled farm lands reach towards Annapolis as far as the eye can see. It is a patchwork of which the provinces are and may well be proud, — that quilted landscape, with grain and potatoes, orchard and hayfield, feather-stitched in squares by zigzag pole fences. Were this the whole or the essence of the view from the Look-off, it would not be worth writing about, for farm lands by themselves, or with a frame of rounded hills, are neither novel nor inspiring. That which stirs, in this view, is the mingling of Minas Basin, its blue water and dim farther shores, with Grand Pré and the other dike lands and with the red bluffs of Pereaux. The patchwork and hills serve only as contrast, background, filling, to the pronounced features of sparkling sea, bright green

meadows cleft from the sea by dikes, terra-cotta sands and bluffs, and the forest-covered ridge leading towards half-concealed Blomidon, the monarch of this gay and sunlit realm. It was dreamlike to see the tide creeping in over the shining red sand and ooze, and changing their vivid tints by blending with them its own colors to make tones strange both to sea and sand. The wide expanses of mud left bare by the tide told in their own way the story of the Acadian dike builder. No man of the soil could see the riches exposed daily to view without wishing to keep them for his own tillage. Even the man of to-day, who lay beside me on the turf of the Look-off, told of his visions of a new dike many times greater than any that the simple Acadian farmer had built, and which is some day to snatch a million dollars' worth of land from Minas Basin, and make it into a part of the prosperous Nova Scotia of the future. Listening to the dike builder, and wondering at the absence in this exquisite place of the hotels, pushing railways, dainty steamers, and other machinery which at home would long ago have been applied to give this spot to the madding crowd, it suddenly came over me that this was not a part of the United States, but a sleepy corner of Greater Britain. Even the great dike must be built on paper in London before it intrudes on Minas Basin.

The next time that I fully realized Nova Scotia's bondage was two days later, in Halifax, on Sunday morning. It was a warm day at best, but when we had fairly pelted up a narrow street set on the earth at an angle best adapted to tobogganing, and gained the gateway of a chapel yard, all nature seemed melting. The hot air was moved, not by a vulgar breeze, but by the tramp of military men, and by the scampering of women and children who gazed upon the military men, and grew redder in the light reflected from their uniforms.

There was morning service in the garrison chapel, and the redcoats were out in force to attend it. They marched lightly, quickly, and with an elastic step pleasant to see. They were good-looking boys, as a rule, and when seated, hundreds strong, in the wooden pews of the chapel, they looked tidy and good enough to be mothers' own boys safe at home in the wayside chapels of the old country. Above them, in the walls, were set a score of marble tablets commemorative of British officers who had died in or near Halifax. The ages of these fallen heroes seemed to range from seventeen to about twenty-four. No wonder England is a power on the earth, when her fighters begin life in childhood, and her statesmen keep on ruling until near four-score and ten.

The red-coated youths joined heartily in the Church service, singing, responding, and listening attentively to the sermon, which was manly and direct. A young officer read the lessons, and when a cornet added its ringing tones to the choir the Church militant seemed complete in its equipment. It was when the prayer for the Queen and the Prince of Wales was reached that I suddenly realized the full meaning of the scene which surrounded me. This was a garrison church, owned by a foreign power and occupied by foreign soldiers. These soldiers were not Nova Scotians, but Englishmen, planted here as much to watch the Nova Scotians as to serve any other purpose. I could not help remembering the time, long ago, when Massachusetts dispensed with redcoats, and in the very act of driving them away from her coast gained new life which has animated her to this day. Nova Scotia men are good enough and true enough to defend Nova Scotia soil.

When the redcoats sang "God save the Queen," at the close of their service, I joined with them; but the words I knew, and which I sang as vigorously as prudence and courtesy permitted, made

no reference to their distant sovereign. Still, the tune was the same, we were brothers in music, and there was no shadow of unkindness in my feeling towards the manly soldiers as we trooped out of chapel together. While they formed in ranks on the green, I met and chatted with their commanding officer. Suddenly the twelve-o'clock gun was fired from the citadel above us. The general started visibly, but almost at the same moment his betrayal of nervousness was covered by the band, which struck up "Ta-ra-ra, boom de ay," putting spring into the soldiers' heels, and broad grins upon the spectators' faces.

The next day, after a little patient pulling of red tape, I gained admission to the great citadel of Halifax, popularly supposed to be the key to its defenses. The works were in poor repair; the guns in sight were old in style, and not of a calibre to alarm an enemy's ships in the outer harbor; but the equipment was amply sufficient to keep Halifax itself in order, or to deal effectively with an insurgent army attempting to approach the city. Against the attack of a strong foreign enemy the citadel would be of use mainly as a refuge for the women and children of Halifax. The real defenses of the city are earthworks in or near the harbor, and an elaborate system of mines and torpedoes underlying the channel.

The citadel has one unquestioned merit which all the world, red or blue, can enjoy: it gives from its ramparts, or from the open grassy slopes just outside the bastions, an excellent view of Halifax and all its picturesque surroundings. This view and the winning hospitality of the Halifax people were fresh and bright in our memories as we took the Intercolonial train northward on Tuesday morning. Outside the train, scanty forests growing over a country which appeared to have been bombarded with rocks, offered no encouragement to an inquisitive gaze. Inside, motley humanity invented many ways of distract-

ing us in more senses than one. Salvationists sat three in a seat and played concertinas; a company of maroons, the big negroes of the country, disported in their best clothes; dozens of young Christian Endeavor delegates hobnobbed together; while some Nova Scotia militiamen, by their calf-like antics, made us think more kindly of the British garrison left behind. If the scenery failed to charm, the names of places did not fail to astonish us. Acadie, Tracadie, Shubenacadie, rang in my ears for days, and so did the less harmonious refrain of Tignish, Antigonish and Merigomish. When I heard of Pugwash the climax seemed attained. It did not seem possible that any swain could go a-courting a girl from Pugwash.

The day wore on. Names became places and faded back to names again, and then it began to rain. It was in the rain that we first saw the hills of Cape Breton looming up on the further side of the Gut of Canso. We had expected to be impressed by this strait and its bold shores, but its proportions as seen through slowly falling mist were disappointing. Had we not known what it was, it would have seemed undeniably commonplace.

It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of August 1 that we crossed the Strait of Canso and first touched Cape Breton soil. A boy with baskets of freshly picked cultivated strawberries welcomed us to the island. Our mental calendar rolled back from August to June, and we enjoyed those berries as though they were the first of the season. Each berry marked a mile of wet forest scenery, and by the time they were gone we were well on our way to the Bras d'Or lakes. From 6.45 A. M. to 5.15 P. M. is a long day's ride in a Nova Scotia car, and we sighed with relief when the train rolled slowly over the seven-span iron bridge at Grand Narrows, and then slid away up the shore of the Bras d'Or towards Sydney, leaving us to take a funny little steamer for Baddeck.

Cape Breton is shaped a good deal like a lobster's claw open towards the north, and this claw holds in its grasp the grotesquely irregular arm of the sea known as the Bras d'Or lakes. Coming by rail from the Strait of Canso to Grand Narrows, we had given up, or rather avoided, a trip by steamer up the whole length of the Big Bras d'Or. Had the afternoon been pleasant the voyage would have been charming, for the placid inland sea, with its picturesque shores now close in view, and again below the horizon, is one of the chief beauties of Cape Breton. As the afternoon was shrouded in fine rain, the Big Bras d'Or would have been no more attractive than any other chilly fog-bank, and the voyage through it would have consumed all the remaining hours of the day. As matters stood, we had two hours of daylight before us; the rain had almost ceased; an occasional gleam of golden light wandered over the shores of the Little Bras d'Or; and we were about to embark on a steamer which would take us through a portion of the lakes where both of the hilly and picturesque shores would be uninterruptedly in sight.

Had we seen this charming landscape immediately after bidding farewell to Chocorua, it would have failed to make the strong impression upon us which as a matter of fact it did produce. So much of Nova Scotia between Yarmouth and Halifax, and so nearly the whole of the country between Halifax and Grand Narrows, had been of a kind which every one sleeps through or scowls at in the States that the Bras d'Or was a paradise in comparison: a lake, yet the sea with its restless jellyfish; the sea, yet a land-locked basin surrounded by graceful hills, trim farm lands, and dark forests of spruce and balsam. Many of the hills, rising from the water with resolute lines, wore the dignity of mountains; and so perfect were their proportions that bays only half a mile in length often seemed

like far-reaching thoroughfares worthy of a voyager's exploration. Gradually the Grand Narrows bridge faded away, until it looked like a line of tatting work against the gray sky. Then the most distant hills northward rose into well-rounded summits, and at last two noble headlands invited us to turn westward between them, and to approach Baddeck, masked by an island, spruce-grown, heron-haunted, and capped by a tiny lighthouse whose gleaming eye now emphasized the gathering gloom.

The traveler who expects anything picturesque in an American village, town, or city, whether it be seen from the sea, a lake, a plain, or a hilltop, will in nine cases out of ten be wholly disappointed. Box-shaped wooden warehouses, shops, dwellings, and churches, whether arranged in parallelograms or hurled together in true Marblehead fashion, whether painted white, pink, green, yellow, or red, or not painted at all, generally lack the power of pleasing the eye. They are cheap, comfortless in appearance, temporary in nature, and essentially vulgar in design. Baddeck, as we anticipated, consisted of the usual conglomeration of wooden buildings, rickety wharves, and country roads; and when we crept round the island, and saw it lank and gawky before us, we felt as though we had seen it many times before. It made for us a good point of departure, and as such we used it, for a few walks into its thickets after birds and plants, and for long trips to the Margaree rivers and northward to Cape Smoky.

We took our first walk that evening, soon after landing and getting settled at the Dunlops'. During that walk we learned several distinguishing characteristics of Baddeck. In the first place, Baddeck's streets are not lighted. In the second place, what in the darkness appear to be sidewalks are only plank coverings above deep gutters or brook beds which border the way; and as the

continuity of this platform depends upon the personal whim of the abutter, it is not surprising that when Rory's sidewalk ceased we fell into Torquil's part of the ditch. The soil of Baddeck is so composed of clay and other substances that rain either runs to the Bras d'Or, or stands till heaven takes pity on it and draws it skyward again. The third fact we learned that night was that cows in Baddeck all wear bells, sleep in the highways, and are never allowed inside a fence. Whenever and wherever we turned, a sudden "tinkle-tinkle" would show that we had nearly fallen over a prostrate cow: therefore, after half an hour of darkness, ditches, and cows, we returned to the hotel and its comforts; but all night long the cowbells tinkled through our dreams.

For the Margaree drive we took three days, starting from Baddeck early on Thursday, August 3, in a top buggy behind a six-year-old horse named Jim. The first day we drove twenty-six miles, the second twenty-two, and the third ten, fortunately catching a steamer at Whycomagh, and so coming back to Baddeck alive, and with Jim still able to feel the whip. We had been told that the Margaree country was entrancing; but when the trip was over we had reached the conclusion, afterward confirmed by a Cape Breton veteran, that salmon had first drawn the husbands to the Margaree and made them enthusiastic about it, and that later, when the wives invaded the region, they had been taught to find consolation in the pretty scenery. In our three days' trip we found but two spots which in the White Mountains would be deemed worthy of special notice. One of these was Loch o' Law, and the other Loch Ainslie. We came to the former near the close of our first day's drive. Worn and weary with flogging Jim, and insisting twice each minute on his return to the middle of the deeply rutted and often dangerously washed road, I had lost all interest in everything save the dim prospect of food and bed,

when suddenly I saw the gleam of water directly before us, and the next moment we came out of the woods upon the shore of a long, narrow lake held close to the heart of lofty hills. Our road followed the western margin of the tarn, and the dark forest which overhung us made premature twilight for us to jog through. Beyond the lake, on its eastern side, three impressive hills stood shoulder to shoulder, one of rock, one of turf, one of forest. They were so steep, it seemed as though only goats could find a foothold upon their flanks. Between the hill of rock and the hill of turf lay a great gorge, overhung by cliffs and full of shadows. The hills themselves were bathed in warm sunlight, and the water was partly in shadow and partly in light. A mother loon and her smart little chick were swimming down the lake, and seven or eight great blue kingfishers flew up and down its borders, sounding over and over again their watchman's rattles. This was Loch o' Law, a gem worthy of its rare setting and of its place near the heart of Cape Breton. From it the escaping waters rush downward to help form the Northeast Margaree River, and the road we were following led us down with the stream to the pleasant intervale where geese wander in flocks up and down the roads, and salmon swim proudly in the bright waters of their favorite river.

From Northeast Margaree to Margaree Forks, and from the Forks up the Southwest Margaree to Loch Ainslie, the scenery was not equal to the task of dispossessing Jim of the foremost place in our minds. Jim shied, stumbled, sweated, until we thought disintegration was near at hand, and, worse than all, required unremitting guidance to keep him in the road. Had the natural beauties of the country been as great as we expected, I doubt not that Jim would have tipped us into the swift-flowing waters of the Southwest Margaree long before Loch Ainslie was reached. Had Jim

been the horse he might have been, we should have enjoyed much more the pretty glimpses of moving water, the deep pools tempting a passing cast, the meadows thick with spikes of splendid orchids, and the rounded hillsides thickly clad with woods.

Loch Ainslie is a beautiful sheet of water, covering in all about twenty-five square miles, and surrounded by good farm land running back upon high hills. Highlanders settled the country, and their descendants, who still own the farms, are eager, like so many of our New England farmers, to sell their places, and try life under less picturesque but more profitable conditions. We were welcomed to a Highlander's home, and told where we could fish to advantage from three o'clock till dark. Long before tea time we had caught more trout than we could eat for supper and breakfast, and by nightfall Loch Ainslie had impressed itself upon us as the most beautiful part of the Margaree country. This it did mainly at sunset, when, from near a grove of lofty pines, we watched the most delicate tints come and go in the sky, on the distant western hills, and in the fair lake itself, with its miles of rippling water blushing and paling in sympathy with the heavens. While the sunset lasted we thought more of color than of form in our beautiful surroundings; but after the passing away of orange, yellow, pale green, violet, and finally blue itself, we were soothed by the lovely contour of the beach, the silhouettes of the pines, the sweep of hill crest, the pallid lake, and the mystery of the unfathomable sky.

Next day, August 5, we drove from Loch Ainslie to Whycoomagh, called by the natives "Hogomah," and there, with a sigh of relief, put Jim, the buggy, and ourselves upon a steamer, and returned to Baddeck without further weariness of spirit. This part of the Bras d'Or is like the rest of the great labyrinth of inland sea, charming at every point.

At times so narrow as to be more river than lake, it winds around high wooded hills, curves into countless bays, and then expands proudly to meet the Little Bras d'Or at Baddeck.

Early on the following Monday morning, having in the mean time eaten wild strawberries picked in the larch swamps and spruce thickets back of Baddeck, we set out for Cape Smoky. Theoretically we were going on foot, but it so chanced that the kindest and most entertaining of friends found it convenient to carry us eighteen miles northward to Englishtown, on St. Anne's Bay. Sullen clouds hung over Bras d'Or, as we drove for a mile or two along its shore before entering the woods and beginning the long and easy ascent to the watershed between lake and bay. Gradually the sky assumed a more threatening aspect, and when at last the height of land was reached, and we saw before us St. Anne's Bay, narrow at first among the trees, and growing broad as it met the sea and faced boldly northward towards Newfoundland, huge black clouds rolled eastward, pouring cold rain upon mountain, bay, and road.

We drove faster as the tingling drops splashed upon us. Dashing through dark spruces, spinning down steep grades, round sudden curves, over frail bridges which spanned foaming brooks, and then out into the open, we found the bay on our left, and beyond it, showing dimly through the storm, a large mountain. It was Baraçoir (or Smith's) Mountain, and from its left North River emerged to empty into a broad arm of the bay, while behind it, further north, the Baraçoir River, winding through primeval forests, flowed eastward to reach the sea ahead of us outside of the mouth of St. Anne's Bay. Soon we saw Englishtown a mile or two in front of us, on the eastern side of the bay, and then we noticed, apparently running from shore to shore, a narrow white bar which separated bay from sea. Now the clouds began to break and

roll away, and far, far beyond the bar we could see headlands of various degrees of dignity and grandeur looking seaward. The last of them, very distant, very high, cloud-capped, with a front like Blomidon's steepest face, filled us with a yearning to reach it and to worship at its mighty shrine. It was Smoky, the monarch of the northern sea.

Glorious yellow sunshine poured down upon Baraçoir Mountain and the heaving waters of St. Anne's Bay as we entered the little fishing village of Englishtown. The worst of the storm was passing beyond us, and myriad perpendicular lines of falling rain were ruled from sea to sky across the north. With latent impatience we rested, ate, and said good-by to our friends. Then our feet tramped the muddy road, our noses sniffed the atmosphere of drying cod on the flakes, our ears listened to the song of the juncos, and our eyes gazed forward, northward, toward Smoky. The head of the great cape was cloud-capped, but this made it seem all the more heaven-reaching.

Turning to the left from the road, we descended to the shore of the bay, and found ourselves just opposite the long white cobblestone bar which we had seen afar off. Between us and its tip lay a deep channel which connected St. Anne's Bay with the ocean. On the shore was a boat, and an impatient ferryman stood by it watching us descend. "Where are you going?" he asked, his keen eyes searching us. "Northward," I answered. "Like the wild geese," he said, with a mocking laugh, and pushed off into the current. He was Torquil McLean, well known to all who travel on the North Shore, and holding in his face many a suggestion of the Highland stock from which he is descended, and the wild north country in which he lives, and its counterpart in which his race was moulded. His strong arms soon brought us to the bar, upon which two wagons, several people, and a sheep were awaiting his arrival.

A road, scarcely perceptible at first

glance, lay along the bar towards the beginning of the North Shore country into which we were venturing. Between us and the north pole there was nothing legally definable as a hotel. This vague track over the cobblestone beach led to the mainland, and then, past farm and fisherman's hut, thirty-four miles to Ingonish Bay, and thirty-six miles more to Cape North. Our lodging-places must be the simple homes of Gaelic-speaking Presbyterians, in whose eyes we should be foreigners, not to say heathen. Letters from James Dunlop, of Baddeck, addressed to various members of Clan McDonald, were our principal hope of hospitality. The dimly marked road and the cobblestone reef, wheeling, shrieking terns, pounding waves from the northern ocean, and a sight of new and strange plants combined to thrill us with a sense of charming novelty and wildness. It was still early in the afternoon, and as we did not care how far we advanced, having already been carried as far as we originally planned to walk that day, we strolled slowly along the bar, enjoying the mere fact of living.

Among the plants growing upon the loosely packed, egg-shaped stones was one quite unfamiliar and of most uncommon appearance. Its succulent and glaucous leaves were bluish-gray in color, and set thickly upon prostrate stems which radiated like devilish tentacles from a common centre. The leaves diminished rapidly in size as they left the root, and at the extremity of each stem there were uncoiling clusters of exquisite flowers somewhat resembling those of the forget-me-not. Flowers fully developed were delicate blue, while buds and half-opened blossoms were pink. It seemed to me that I never saw a plant more perfectly in harmony with its surroundings. Lifting no surface for the storm winds to seize upon, it nevertheless covered much ground. Its delicate leaf tints sympathized with those of the polished stones and sea-bleached driftwood upon which it grew, yet its flowers drew from sky

and sea a more pronounced beauty of color sufficient to allure the butterfly and attract the bee. The botanical name of this charming plant is *Mertensia maritima*, though why Gray's manual calls its flowers white is more than the Cape Breton plant can answer.

As we neared the mainland, stunted spruces and firs grew more abundant and bolder, flowers more numerous, and the road plainer and less rocky. Birds other than the weird terns flew before us, or sang to us from their cover. When we reached the higher ground, the sense of novelty and isolation faded, and the world seemed more like its old southern self. The road ran along the shore as closely as it could without much winding, and as we progressed northward we left St. Anne's Bay behind us, and gained a view southeastward along the coast towards Sydney and the entrance to the Bras d'Or. Still the beauty of St. Anne's followed us, for the glimpses which we had now and then of its slowly diminishing shores were of sturdy mountains with forests reaching to the waves, valleys in which the shades of evening were gathering, and farm lands upon which the short thick grass lay like velvet in the slanting rays of the sun. The view eastward was more rugged. Strong faces of rock turned towards the sea and fought the waves which had crumbled them, and torn away all but the hardest cliffs and ledges. One long finger of rock reached into the ocean, and pointed to a group of islands which may once have been a part of it. They were not green isles with sandy margins, but huge angular masses of rock with high cliffs, under which storms might rage for centuries without dragging down the grim ramparts.

We passed a few farms, with houses and barns standing far back from the road, as is the fashion of these Highlanders, but most of our way lay between pastures, mowing-fields with short grass partly cropped by the scythes, and woodland

where black and white spruces and balsam firs grew densely together. Upon a meadow bordering a salt creek a flock of yellowlegs were whistling noisily, and back and forth over them kingfishers were flying with their usual cry. As the sun drew near the hills, we stopped at a house and blacksmith shop and presented the first of our letters. William McDonald lived here, and our request was that he should drive us on our way to Indian River, where, at Angus McDonald's, we hoped to spend the night. William had only a two-wheeled sulky, which could scarcely carry three; so it was a relief to all of us when we saw, coming from the bar, a youth in a wagon, driving a sprightly nag at a rattling pace. After a brief conversation in Gaelic, William announced that the youth would take us twelve or fourteen miles up the coast to French River, where we were sure of a good bed at Sandy McDonald's. A moment later we were packed in, three on a seat, and dashing northward as fast as the pony could tear. The youth would have done credit to a Spartan mother. I never met any one of his age and intelligence who knew so well how not to talk. He answered my questions with the fewest possible words, but asked nothing in return. He knew the names of capes, islands, birds, animals, trees, and many flowers, but it took a separate question to drag each item from him. Meanwhile he kept the horse spinning. We had no time to shiver over holes in bridges; the horse knew his business, and jumped the holes, at least, if he could not jump the whole bridge. Ruts and gullies were ignored, and we learned that, if taken quickly, two ruts and a gully are almost as good as a level.

Twilight was growing upon the earth, and far away over the pale sea the light off Cape Dauphin, on the Ciboux Islands, was flashing its message of mingled hope and warning, when suddenly we plunged into gloom, wheeled around a dizzy curve, and crossed a long iron bridge. Below

us a river's dark waters reflected the waning glory of the sky. This was the Baraçoir, one of the salmon rivers of which we had heard fisherman's tales at Baddeck. Two miles more brought us to Indian River, and again a great curve and a dash through the woods prepared us for another angle and a sharp descent to a long bridge so full of holes that we felt as though only angels could have kept our pony's flying feet out of them. A vision of cliffs, deep black pools, and distant mountains with serrated spruce forests against the sunset sky made us determine that Indian River should not be passed on the gallop when we returned from Ingonish, if indeed that happy day ever came.

Darkness having taken full possession of the earth, our charioteer urged his horse to even wilder efforts, and we shot through dim dangers with teeth set and eyes vainly scanning the gloom to see what next impended. It was in this fashion that we tore across a field towards the cliffs, apparently with certain death before us, whirled under a steep bank, and found ourselves on the ocean's edge, in front of a long, unpainted building, before which, standing or sitting upon the loaded fish flakes, were a dozen or more men. Half an hour later, the telegraph operator at the government office, a mile up the road, ticked to Baddeck the following message given by our Jehu: "Them Yanks, the man and woman, are at Sandy McDonald's this night."

"Them Yanks," stiff, stunned, sore, hungry, cold, and petrified with astonishment, stood on Sandy McDonald's doorstep and silently gazed up and down upon land and sea. Truly they had been cast upon as unique a shelter as this world had ever yet offered them. The long, low house clung upon the edge of the bluff, with only the width of the fish flakes between it and a sharp descent to the ocean. Behind it rolling grass land cut off the west. Southward a line of bold rocky cliffs overhung a

narrow beach, upon which the waves broke and cast foam from many fragments of ledge which dotted the shore. Through a similar line of bluffs on the north French River had cut its way, but instead of reaching the ocean directly it was turned aside by a huge cobblestone barrier raised by storms, and so was compelled to flow nearly parallel to the shore for many rods, finally reaching the sea just at the foot of the fish flakes and in front of the house. Eastward and northward, as far as the eye could see, lay the open ocean. The only distance not sky or sea was the broken shore near Cape Dauphin and Point Aconi, which limited the view towards the southeast and south. Just below the fish flakes were several fishermen's huts, crowded together upon uncertain foundations above high-tide mark. Boats, great tubs for oil, more flakes thickly strewn with split fish, masses of seaweed and fish heads, big fragments of rock worn round by the waves, oars, sails, ropes, nets, lobster pots, and nameless relics of storm and shore lay in wild confusion at the foot of the bank. All the odors of Billingsgate rose to salute our trembling nostrils, and stronger than all sights and smells came in ceaseless iteration the singing and sobbing of the great waves.

Sandy McDonald gave us a hearty welcome, and ushered us into a cosy parlor, from which opened a tiny bedroom. Simple food, reading by McDonald from a Gaelic Bible, a long breath of ocean air, and the benediction of the stars fitted us for early and profound sleep. It was not until gray dawn that I awakened, and, throwing a blanket over my shoulders, stole to the door and looked out over the sea. The fishermen were already afloat; several boats were a mile from shore, and others, with sails flapping and oars thumping, were working their way towards the east. Across the far horizon lay a long, low bank of white fog. The sun came slowly from it, and

looked at the drowsy world with its one red eye. Its light touched each wave as it broke, and through the thin green-combing of the breaker the sun's glow was rose-colored and exquisitely beautiful. So, too, the rosy light lay in the thin water which ran back across the shining sand, as waves subsided after breaking on the beach. Cape Dauphin and its islands floated as rosy castles in a distant haze, and the bluffs close to me put on soft and alluring tints, soon to be lost, however, as the sun grew clear, and by whiter light robbed the scene of most of its peculiar charm.

It was not until after another period of sweet sleep that we began our walk of fourteen miles from French River over Cape Smoky to Ingonish. The day was warm and clear. Smoky stood up boldly against the north, facing eastward towards the open sea with a front as steep as Blomidon's, and nearly three times as high. For about two hundred feet above the ocean the mountain's face was reddish rock; thence for a thousand feet low trees clothed the rampart with soft green. The top, running inland a long distance, appeared to be level, and either wooded or covered with bushes. Between us and Smoky two minor bluffs pointed into the sea; but they were dwarfed by the loftier cape, and served only as milestones to cheer us on our way.

After walking a mile or more we met two men, who addressed us pleasantly, and turned to walk with us on our way. The older of the two was over eighty, and told of his far-away birthplace in the Isle of Lewis. The younger, a man of sixty, was very tall, and saw this world through but one eye. We soon found that it was his son who had been our laconic charioteer the evening before, and as the talk progressed it became evident that Big Rory, as this canny man is called from Baddeck to Cape North, was not in favor of our walking over Smoky, when his horse and

wagon could be earning more American dollars by carrying us. We withstood his arguments, however, and enjoyed his flow of genial and intelligent conversation. I felt sure that had Cape Breton been called upon to take an active or courageous part in this world's doings while Big Rory was young, he would have been a power in her life. True, he is that in a way now, politically; but provincial politics are so lacking in all that is pure, patriotic, or intelligent that neither Big Rory nor any other strong man has much chance to make head against the undertow of corruption and prejudice.

By noon we had reached one of the last houses on the southern side of Smoky. Here we sought dinner, but found, alas, what too many of the North Shore people live upon, — sour bread, boiled tea, sour milk sweetened and watered, and berries. Our hosts could probably have added salt fish, eggs, and oatmeal porridge, had they felt like it. But we made the best meal we could off the food offered, and asked for no additions, feeling that what we ate might be seriously diminishing their own dinners.

Upon rather insufficient rations, therefore, we advanced against Smoky, and began the ascent by following inland a noisy stream which flowed seaward along the mountain's southern border. After carrying us deep into the forest, which was by far the most lofty and vigorous growth of trees we had thus far seen on the island, the road crossed the torrent and turned seaward again, ascending by easy grades through a dense birch growth. On the whole, the road was well made, and showed skill on the part of those who planned it. When we reached its highest point, we found the top still unconquered; so, striking through bushes and over steep ledges, we clambered to the undisputed summit, and there paused to survey the panorama below us.

It was assuredly a magnificent view, and one which will in time lead many feet to the ledges now mainly enjoyed by berry-pickers, bears included. To the west lay barrens similar to those which are said to cover the interior of this part of Cape Breton. Rocks, bushes, bare ledges, and hollows filled with sphagnum or pools of amber water were the prevailing elements in a country which now and then sustained a patch of low spruces or a larger body of mixed woods. The east was ocean, limitless and blue. But at our feet were the wild details of the great precipice which fell away from us twelve hundred feet to the waves. Over it several large black birds were sailing, and the first croak which came echoing up the cliffs from them disclosed their identity: they were not crows, but ravens. I had been told that when I reached Smoky I must keep an eye open for ravens; and true enough, here they were.

Our view northward was limited by the fact that the foreground was filled by the great mass of mountain which we were next to cross in order to look down upon Ingonish. Nevertheless, a wide expanse of ocean showed in the north-east, and the heads of distant mountains crowded together in the northwest. Between sea and mountains we could catch one glimpse of a nearer headland, with a church steeple rising from a village at its heel. It was the southern view which held us enchanted even when we felt that we must pause no longer. From the foot of Smoky back to the far seclusion of St. Anne's Bay the cliff-lined coast we had traversed lay in profile before us. Headland after headland pointed eastward, and valley after valley wound back among the hills and forests. From St. Anne's Bay the coast turned eastward and ran away into distance, coming out boldly at Cape Dauphin and Point Aconi, and retreating again at the mouth of the Bras d'Or and the entrance to Sydney harbor.

Later in the afternoon Smoky gave us one more view, which, by reason of marvelous lights and shadows in the sky, was even more beautiful than any other picture which Cape Breton or Minas Basin revealed to us. We had descended many a steep slope, and passed through a fine primeval forest where lofty beeches, yellow birches, hemlocks, and spruces presented much the same aspects which I love so well to see on the Lost Trail. We had rounded one shoulder of the mountain where the edge of the road had slipped down four or five hundred feet into a brook bed, leaving only room for a wagon to pass between the unguarded edge of the ravine and the gravel bank which rose from the road on its other side. A horse having already plunged down there, I, even on my own feet, did not like the sensation of passing this spot. When I heard that the mail carrier went by it in his sulky or sleigh night after night, summer and winter, I wished that the highway commissioners for this district could be compelled to travel with him on his dangerous way. Soon after leaving this place, the road came out on an open hillside commanding an uninterrupted view of all that part of Cape Breton lying north of Cape Smoky. The coast in profile extended northward until its details were lost in distance. Bays, headlands, islands, sandy beaches, lighthouses, cosy villages, passing ships, sailing ravens, and sparkling waves shone on the right, while on the left mountain after mountain, all heavily wooded, though showing many a bare cliff or sculptured summit, filed away from foreground to distance in mighty ranks. A huge mass of storm cloud, sent down from the Bay

of St. Lawrence, was sweeping proudly across the sky from west to east. At some points it was inky black and quivering with lightning, at others it was white or gray, while on the edges of the thunderheads golden reflections from the hidden sun gleamed as the banners of the cloud army which slowly spread across the plains of blue. In the north there arose the dim outline of a high mountain. We knew that it must be very near to Cape North, and we fancied that from its summit Newfoundland's gloomy crags might be seen across the sea.

One of the nearer mountains attracted our notice by its strange outline. As it lay against a background of black cloud its profile of naked rock was sharply cut, and high up on its precipitous face a slender column of stone projected from the mass, as a ship's figurehead leans forward from the bows. It was like a human form poised over a black abyss, yet lifting its weak arms towards heaven. From among the nearer mountains a river could be seen winding towards the sea. It came along the foot of Smoky, spread into a landlocked basin, yet found a narrow channel for itself between a lighthouse and a bar, and so gained the outer bay. This outer bay was cut in twain by a slender rocky promontory, with picturesque outlines, high cliffs, and deep clefts in its side. On the northern margin of the farther bay was Ingonish village, and along the western border of the nearer bay — on the bar, in fact, or close to it and the lighthouse — was another hamlet, called Ingonish South Bay. It was to this nearer village at our feet that we looked with most interest, for it was our *ultima Thule*.

Frank Bolles.

THE HENRY.

On the 21st of August, 1893, there assembled in Chicago an International Congress of Electricians, the transactions of which, while largely technical and scientific in their character, were in all respects important, and in some respects of great interest to the intelligent American public.

The organization of the Congress and preparations for holding it in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition were well under way before the conception, or at least the publication, of the scheme for a series of so-called "World's Congresses," the proceedings of which were brought prominently to the attention of the reading public during the past summer. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers was probably the first body to take action in reference to an Electrical Congress. Cordial coöperation existed between it and the Exposition authorities, and a large and representative advisory committee, embracing nearly all of the leading American electricians, together with many of the first rank from foreign countries, was organized, with Dr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, as chairman.

It is not intended, in this article, to give an account of the Congress and its doings, but to refer to its organization and personnel only so far as is necessary to throw light upon the full intent and meaning of a single sentence in its Proceedings.

The number of representatives of foreign governments present was unexpectedly large, and the delegates were of the highest character. To one who has some familiarity with the literature of electricity it will suffice to mention the names of Von Helmholtz, Mascart, Preece, Rowland, Silvanus Thompson, Ferraris, Ayrton, and Hospitalier, among the many who took part in the deliber-

ations of the Congress. The honorary president was Dr. H. von Helmholtz, whose splendid contributions to science cover so wide a field that he would have been easily first in congresses devoted to the consideration of several departments of human knowledge quite distinct and apart from that of electricity.

In its internal constitution the Congress differed in some particulars from all others held in Chicago, and a part of its work had more of an official and international character than that of any other. This was the consideration and official sanction of names and values of units of electrical measure.

Notwithstanding the fact that more than a hundred million dollars are invested in machines and instruments for the production and consumption of electricity and in their manufacture, little legislation has been had looking to the protection of producer and consumer through accurate measurement, as has long been recognized to be imperatively necessary in other commercial transactions. It is true that the science of electrical measurement has been thoroughly explored; excellent methods and instruments have been devised and constructed, and the most perfect system of units of measure ever conceived has been developed during the past quarter of a century. These units, being continually in use among scientific men, had come to be recognized as in some degree authoritative among those engaged in commercial applications of electricity. But in general no legal values were attached to these units, and in reference to two or three of them scientific men were not yet in entire accord in their nomenclature and definition. One or two electrical congresses, notably that at Paris in 1881, had previously considered these questions, and a tentative agreement upon

some of the points at issue had been reached; but not much was accomplished that was satisfactory and lasting, except that an incentive was created for further and more accurate investigation of the values of certain physical constants in doubt. The results of these investigations, and the general progress of the science of electricity during the past decade, were such as to justify the belief that the time had now arrived when an international agreement could be reached upon definitive values of the units desirable and necessary in electrical measurement, as well as upon the names they should bear. To this end it was desirable that the consideration of such important questions should be restricted to a smaller, more deliberative body than the general congress of electricians, the membership of which reached several hundred. It was therefore agreed to create what was technically known as the Chamber of Delegates, which, as its name implies, consisted of specially commissioned delegates from the several countries represented.

In this Chamber the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany were allowed five delegates each. Some other nations were allowed three, others two, and some only one.

The members bore commissions from their respective governments, and twenty-six were actually in attendance, representing nine different nations. The four great nations named above had full delegations, some others were only partly represented, and two or three nations had appointed delegates who failed to reach Chicago in time for the meeting of the Congress. The Chamber met in regular session every day during the week of the International Congress, with Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, as its presiding officer. At the end it had unanimously agreed upon names and definitions for eight units of electrical measure, all that are thought to be necessary or desirable at the present

time, and no more are likely to receive consideration for some years to come. The Chamber passed a resolution recommending the official and authoritative adoption of these units by the several nations represented in the Congress. They are all primarily derived from the fundamental units of length, mass, and time of the metric system, and are thus interrelated in the simplest possible manner.

As already stated, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the conclusions reached by the Chamber of Delegates from a scientific standpoint, but it will be desirable to name the units selected, and explain in a general way their technical significance. In the order of their adoption by the Chamber they are as follows: the ohm, the ampere, the volt, the coulomb, the farad, the joule, the watt, the henry.

These names are derived from those of distinguished scientific men, all worthy of a place in the front rank of modern physicists, and many of whom have made signal contributions to the advancement of the science of electricity and electrical measurement.

The *ohm* is the unit of resistance. It has been applied by common consent for many years to one of the three most important characteristics of a circuit conveying a current of electricity. Its use perpetuates the fame of the author of a simple and beautiful law by which these three fundamental elements are bound together.

G. S. Ohm was born in Bavaria in 1781, and educated at the University of Erlangen. In 1827 he published a pamphlet, *The Galvanic Circuit Investigated Mathematically*, containing what has since been universally known as "Ohm's law," and which has had a most important and far-reaching influence on the development of the theory and applications of electricity. Guided by Fourier's classic investigation of the flow of heat in conductors, Ohm, from purely theoretical considerations, arrived at the

conclusion that, in any circuit through which an electric current was made to pass, the strength of the current — that is, the quantity of electricity passing a given section of a conductor in one second of time — was directly proportional to the electro-motive force (often called the “electrical pressure”), and inversely proportional to its resistance. The importance of Ohm’s investigations was not recognized at the time of their publication. Had the full meaning of his conclusions been understood by those who shortly afterward engaged in the development of the electro-magnetic telegraph, they would have been guided to results which were reached only after much loss of time and money, and many vexatious and discouraging disappointments. In 1825, Barlow, in England, had declared the impossibility of the telegraph, owing to the difficulty of sending electric currents through long wires. It was noted that the strength of the current diminished greatly when the length of the conductor was increased, and this was properly assumed to be due to the greater *resistance* offered to the passage of the current by the increased length. Barlow suggested that this could be overcome only by enlarging the dimensions of the conductor, and that when a current was transmitted through any considerable distance the diameter of the wire must be enormous. For this reason, the electro-magnetic telegraph was an impracticable scheme. This apparently conclusive argument undoubtedly seriously delayed the progress of invention along that line. But, curiously enough, about the time Ohm in Europe was publishing a theoretical investigation which might have furnished the key to the solution of the problem, in America a young man, not yet thirty years of age, named Joseph Henry, had begun a series of experimental researches at Albany, New York, which did make the way entirely clear a few years later. Henry attacked the difficulty both as to cause

and effect. The effect was that when the conductor through which the current was passing was increased greatly in length, the strength of the current was so reduced that it was insufficient to operate the apparatus necessary for the reproduction of the signal at the receiving end. To meet this difficulty he investigated electro-magnets, and so improved upon the original device of Sturgeon that comparatively feeble currents were capable of producing mechanical effects through long wires. He also originated the ingenious device known as a “relay,” by means of which a local battery is put in operation by a main current of little strength, thus making local effects independent of the strength of the main line currents. By his invention of the “intensity magnet” and use of the “intensity battery” he made the electro-magnetic telegraph possible, and in 1831 he transmitted signals through a mile of wire, causing a bell to ring by the action of an electro-magnet. Out of this has grown the astounding network of wires, overhead, underground, and across the seas, by which the earth is girdled, and the existence of which has wrought more change in the treatment of social, political, and commercial problems than any other single fact of the present century. While many of the conclusions which Henry had experimentally reached were in harmony with and might have been deduced from Ohm’s law, to Ohm belongs the credit of having first clearly pointed out the real and exact meaning of “resistance,” and its relation to the other conditions of the circuit. The bestowal of his name upon the unit by which it is measured is a fitting recognition of the lasting value of his discovery.

The *ampere* is the unit of current. André Marie Ampère, born at Lyons, France, in 1775, must be regarded as the creator of the science of electro-dynamics. In 1820, Oersted, the Dane, published his magnificent discovery of the effect of an electric current upon

a freely suspended magnet, thus establishing the relation between magnetism and electricity which many of the ablest philosophers had sought in vain for years. Ampère first heard of what was called the "Copenhagen experiment" on September 20, 1820. On the 18th of the same month he presented to the French Academy a paper in which he announced the fundamental principle of the science of electro-dynamics, together with a number of capital experiments in extension of Oersted's principle. In the incredibly short time of a single week he had gone all over Oersted's work, experimentally and theoretically; he had devised a new and ingenious hypothesis, for the examination of which he had invented novel forms of apparatus, and by means of which he had brought the whole subject within the domain of mathematical treatment. The history of the science of electricity shows nothing more brilliant than the work of that memorable week. To him who was first to show the action and reaction of currents upon each other, and at the same time furnish a rational and most useful hypothesis upon which the now rapidly growing theory of electromagnetism might be constructed, has long been freely accorded the high praise which is implied in calling the unit of current measure an ampere.

The beautifully simple law of Ohm, to which reference has already been made, and which is as omnipresent and omnipotent in electricity as is Newton's law of gravitation in astronomy and mechanics, is administered by and through a triumvirate. Two of the triad, namely, resistance and current, are presented above. The third, which is mathematically the product of these two, is the electro-motive force in the circuit, and its unit of measure is the *volt*. The appropriateness of this name will be at once recognized when the services of the distinguished Italian philosopher, Volta, the contemporary of Gal-

vani, are remembered. In his early youth Volta was considered dull, and he showed little promise of future distinction. His first awakening to intellectual activity manifested itself in a tendency to compose poetry, but from this he turned to experimental science; and when Galvani, in 1786, saw in the twitchings of the legs of a frog the beginning of a series of marvelous discoveries which have made the nineteenth century greater than any that have gone before, Volta was in the prime of life, thoroughly equipped by taste and experience to take up the subject at a point where his countryman seemed likely to leave it, and so enlarge and enrich it as almost to make it entirely his own.

Differing from Galvani as to the cause of what was long called "galvanism," he originated what is known as the "contact theory," and was the first to have clear ideas of what is now termed "electro-motive force." His theory led him to the construction of the voltaic pile or battery, which has been of incalculable value in the development of the science of electricity and its applications. It happens that the unit of measure, one volt, is very nearly the electro-motive force of one cell of Volta's battery, being a little less than that of an ordinary sulphate of copper ("bluestone") cell.

These, the ohm, the ampere, and the volt, are the three fundamental units of electrical measurement. They are related to one another through Ohm's law, and, as other units are largely derived from them, it will be useful to illustrate this relation before proceeding further. For this purpose, perhaps nothing is better than the well-known and oft-repeated comparison of the flow of a current of electricity in a conductor to the flow of a stream of water through a pipe. When water flows from a reservoir through a pipe, the quantity which passes any point in the pipe in one second (current strength) depends on the height of the reservoir above the outlet, — that is,

on the "head" or pressure under which it flows, — and also on the resistance which the pipe offers to its motion. The greater the pressure the greater the flow, and the greater the resistance the less the flow. The strength of the current is, therefore, directly proportional to the pressure, and inversely proportional to the resistance. If, in this statement, "electro-motive force" be substituted for "pressure," it becomes Ohm's law. When these elements are measured in the units given above, the electro-motive force in volts, the resistance in ohms, and the current in amperes, the law is expressed very simply by saying that the "current is equal to the electro-motive force divided by the resistance."

Thus, if the electro-motive force be one volt, and the resistance of the circuit be one ohm, the current will be one ampere. In an ordinary incandescent electric lamp, the electro-motive force may be about one hundred and ten volts, the resistance of the carbon filament when hot about one hundred and seventy-five ohms, and the current must therefore be about six tenths of an ampere.

The unit of quantity is the *coulomb*. Charles Augustus Coulomb was a French engineer who made important contributions to science during the latter half of the last century. His character is well shown by the fact that he submitted to imprisonment rather than make a favorable report upon a proposed system of canals which he examined as a royal commissioner, and which he could not approve. His ingenious invention, the torsion balance, enabled him to measure exceedingly small forces with an accuracy hitherto unknown in science; and by its use he made many brilliant researches in electricity, the first in which exact measurement played an important part. A coulomb is the quantity of electricity transferred by a current of one ampere in one second.

The unit of capacity is the *farad*. The name of Faraday might with pro-

priety have attached to more than one unit of electrical measure. His remarkable career, as a newsboy, a bookbinder's apprentice, an intensely interested listener to the lectures of Sir Humphry Davy, Davy's helper, later his assistant, and finally his successor at the head of the Royal Institution in London, is so generally known that reference to it is hardly necessary. In the history of electricity, three splendid discoveries stand incomparably above all others. With the first the names of Galvani and Volta are associated, in the discovery of the new electricity and the means of generating it. In the second, Oersted and Ampère united in laying the foundation of the science of electro-magnetism. The third was the discovery of "induction," in which Faraday and Joseph Henry made possible the marvelous development of the last two decades.

But every branch of the subject was enriched by Faraday, and among his most brilliant investigations are those relating to the "capacity of condensers," and especially the influence of the dielectric.

If an insulated conductor is charged with electricity, the quantity which exists upon it will depend on the potential and the capacity of the conductor. It is exactly as if one spoke of the quantity of water in a lake or pond as depending on the depth (pressure, or "potential") and the area of the bottom (capacity). If two conductors are near each other, but separated by a comparatively thin layer of air, glass, shellac, or other dielectric, the "capacity" of the combination is much greater than that of either of the conductors, and it is known as a "condenser." The well-known Leyden jar is a common type. In speaking of the "potential" to which a condenser is charged, the word is used very much in the same sense as "electro-motive force" in what has gone before. Potential, therefore, may be, and constantly is, expressed in volts. The unit of capacity, the farad,

is the capacity of a condenser which is charged to a potential of one volt by one coulomb of electricity.

To continue the analogy already used, the unit of capacity (area of bottom) for vessels holding water might be defined as that which would require unit depth to hold unit quantity.

The *joule* is the unit of work. The name of James Prescott Joule will forever be associated with the most splendid generalization of the present age, namely, the principle of the conservation of energy. Through his interest in electromagnetism, and especially by his investigation of the efficiency of electric motors, he was led to the consideration of the correlation of the various forces of nature, and associated with Professor William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, he executed a remarkable series of experiments affording cumulative proof of the indestructibility of energy. With great appropriateness his name has been given to the unit of work. It is related directly and simply to the "erg," which is the unit of work of the centimetre-gramme-second system. Reference has already been made to the fact that when a current of electricity is passed through a conductor heat is generated, the amount depending on the resistance of the conductor and the strength of the current. This heat is the equivalent of the energy electrically expended. The joule is the energy expended in one second by a current of one ampere passing through a resistance of one ohm. In the common incandescent or glow lamp, the energy expended as heat in the carbon filament is about 63 joules in every second.

In addition to the unit of work, it is also extremely desirable to have a unit of *rate* of work, or, as it has been called by many writers, "activity," but which is more commonly expressed by the word "power." It is only natural that the name of one who was the first to recognize the necessity for a quantitative

evaluation of the rate at which energy was absorbed, and to give numerical expression to it in the definition of the *horse power*, should be given to the new unit. The *watt* is also simply related to the centimetre-gramme-second unit of power, and is defined as work done at the rate of one joule per second. The rate of expenditure of energy in the glow lamp already quoted would be 63 watts. One horse power is equal to about 746 watts. When Watt came to Glasgow, he was prevented from securing work as a mathematical-instrument maker by the action of the trades-unions of that time. Fortunately, the door of the great university was opened to him, and there, in the capacity of maker and repairer of instruments and apparatus, his genius received its first encouragement and development. Although by education and training rather a practical than a scientific man, he possessed the true scientific insight to an unusual degree, and is eminently worthy of the associates among whom he is here placed.

The foregoing somewhat lengthy and detailed account of the history and origin of seven of the eight units of electrical measure recently adopted by the International Congress has been thought desirable, if not necessary, to a full understanding of their relation, historically and otherwise, to the eighth and last, the name of which is the title of this article.

Most Americans are more or less familiar with the name and fame of Joseph Henry. To many he is known, however, only as the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Giving a broad and liberal interpretation to the somewhat vague language of the will of its founder, Henry moulded the institution, while it was yet plastic and without traditions, into the form in which it has since essentially existed. He directed its energies into channels very different from those that would have been selected by one whose horizon was narrower than his, and, by steadfastly adhering to his

own splendid conception of its functions as an instrument "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," he made of it an organization which is, and must perpetually be, a benefit and a blessing to all mankind. Others, a smaller number, think of him as the youthful professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the Albany Academy, where, in spite of the seven solid hours of teaching each day required of him, he found time to begin the series of researches in electro-magnetism which in later years were to make him famous. Here, and at the College of New Jersey at Princeton, to which he was shortly transferred, he is seen pursuing these researches with that clearness of vision which characterized his work along all lines, and with an extraordinary fruitfulness which goes only with great intellectual activity accompanied by unflinching honesty of purpose. For fourteen years at Princeton, where he discharged the duties of professor of natural philosophy with signal success, he continued his original investigations, which, while touching many of the more important branches of physical science, were in general related to his favorite subjects, electricity and magnetism. At the end of this period, when at the very highest development of his powers, he was transferred to that larger field of activity and usefulness which was offered by the new institution at Washington, to enter which he knowingly, and against the wishes of many of his friends, abandoned the practically assured prospect of lasting fame as one of the three or four most distinguished physicists of the present century. During these years the work was done which justifies and demands the recognition accorded to it in bestowing upon Henry the high honor of a place in the galaxy of famous physicists whose names will be perpetuated in the metrological nomenclature of all modern languages. In much of this work he was running on

lines parallel to those followed by an English philosopher who is doubtless justly entitled to be considered as the first experimental physicist of the present age. Although older by several years than Henry, Faraday began his series of memorable investigations in electricity about the time Henry presented his first papers on the same subject before the Albany Institute, a local scientific society of which he was a member. From this time forward they were often "treading upon each other's heels." In the early thirties great scientific discoveries were not announced in all parts of the world within twenty-four hours of their making, as is done to-day, thanks to the labor of these same two philosophers, who, sixty years ago, owing to infrequent communication across the sea and scanty means of publication on either side, were often ignorant of an important advance for some years after it had been made. Henry's innate modesty made him slow to recognize, at least to acknowledge, the value of what he did, and there is no doubt that he lost much in the way of general recognition by his failure to bring the results of his investigations promptly to the attention of the scientific public. Indeed, it was sometimes the urgency of his friends, more jealous than himself of his scientific reputation, that secured the tardy publication of important papers. At that date, far removed both in space and time from the centre of scientific activity, he often contended with the discouraging yet natural and almost necessary fact that some of his finest work had been anticipated by those who had the start of him in time, and the advantage in facilities and resources.

On August 30, 1831, Faraday made his splendid discovery of electro-magnetic induction. Before this time Henry had investigated the conditions necessary to the production of a strong magnetic field, and had constructed by far the most powerful magnet known up to

that day. Ignorant of Faraday's work, he planned and began in August, 1831, a series of experiments with a still more powerful magnet, having in view the discovery of a *method of producing electricity from magnetism* which Faraday was then on the eve of making. But, as already stated, his duties in the Academy were exacting, and, being interrupted, he was prevented from returning to the subject for nearly a year. In the mean time news of Faraday's discovery had crossed the ocean, a meagre account of his results having reached Henry some time early in the summer of 1832. He at once took up the subject, and by the aid of his powerful apparatus was enabled to produce striking verifications and extensions of Faraday's conclusions. A description of these experiments was published in Silliman's *American Journal of Science* for July, 1832, and the article contains the first announcement of a most important discovery, in which he anticipated Faraday by several years. "Ik Marvel" wrote a sentence in *Dream Life*, which has been an inspiration to many a young man, "There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry;" and if the genius is to develop in the direction of experimental science he might well have added, "and the genius of attention to apparently unimportant, accidental phenomena." It was this trait that was so highly developed in his character, this anxious solicitude that nothing, however trivial it might at the time seem, should escape without note, that brought to Henry the honor of the discovery of *self-induction*.

Faraday had found that when a current of electricity through one circuit was started, or stopped, or altered in strength, a current would be induced in a neighboring circuit; but the induction of a part of the circuit upon another

part, or self-induction, had escaped him. Henry saw it in the interesting and previously unobserved fact that if the poles of a battery of no very great power be connected by a long wire, and the circuit be suddenly broken, a spark will be produced at the point of interruption, while if the connecting wire be short a spark will not be produced. He also noted that the effect was increased by coiling the wire into a helix, and he remarked, at the close of the article describing these experiments, "I can account for these phenomena only by supposing the long wire to become charged with electricity, which, by its *reaction on itself*, projects a spark when the connection is broken."¹

This was a capital observation, but, although published in 1832, it was apparently unknown to Faraday, who re-discovered the fact a few years later, and announced it as new. As a matter of fact, it appears that Faraday did not himself observe the fundamental phenomenon, but that his attention was called to it by a friend. His announcement was made in the *Philosophical Magazine* in 1834, and in a communication to the Royal Society in 1835 he extended and enlarged upon the observation.

In much that he had done, however, he had been anticipated by Henry, who, although greatly interrupted in his original investigations by his removal from Albany to Princeton, had himself taken up the phenomenon of self-induction and made an interesting research.

As time and opportunity allowed Henry continued his electrical investigations during the years that followed. He was the first to obtain induction from induced currents, and he made a classic investigation of mutual induction, and of currents of the second, third, fourth, and higher orders. In addition to his discovery of self-induction, his researches

¹ There is good reason for believing that Henry had observed this phenomenon at a much earlier date than that of publication, and

that the observation was really made before the discovery of induction by Faraday.

on the inductive effects of transient currents, on magnetic screening, and especially on the oscillations of the electric discharge were on new lines and of the highest order. The investigation of the oscillations of an electric discharge, one of the most important of all, was almost unrecognized until nearly a half century had elapsed. It was published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society in 1842. In it he says, "The phenomena require us to admit *the existence of a principal discharge in one direction, and then several reflex actions, backward and forward, each more feeble than the preceding, until the equilibrium is obtained.*"

Two years later Helmholtz wrote, "We assume that the discharge is not a simple motion of the electricity in one direction, but a backward and forward motion between the coatings, in oscillation, which become continually smaller, until the entire *vis viva* is destroyed by the sum of the resistances;" and in 1853 Professor W. Thomson published in the Philosophical Magazine a mathematical investigation of Transient Electric Currents, developing an equation in which "the whole theory is packed up." Concerning the influence of Henry's discoveries on the marvelous progress of electricity during the past five or ten years, it may be well to rest upon the opinion of one of England's leading electricians, who, in the preface to a recent volume on one of the latest phases of electrical development, writes as follows:—

"At the head of this long line of illustrious investigators stand preëminent the names of Faraday and Henry. On the foundation stones of truth laid down by them all subsequent builders have been content to rest. The Experimental Researches of the one have been the guide of the experimentalist no less than the instructor of the student, since their orderly and detailed statements, alike of triumphant discovery and of

suggestive failure, make them independent of any commentator. The Scientific Writings of Henry deserve hardly less careful study, for in them we have not only the lucid explanations of the discoverer, but the suggestions and ideas of a most profound and inventive mind, and which indicate that Henry had early touched levels of discovery only just recently becoming fully worked."¹

That one whose work is so highly esteemed should have been selected for honor in the International Chamber of Delegates is not surprising. It was also eminently fitting that his name should be given to the unit of induction.

As already intimated, the strength of the induced current depends on the rapidity with which that of the inducing current is altered. The sudden stopping of a current must be regarded as decrease at a very rapid rate, and the starting of a current as increase at a rapid rate. It is during the most rapid changes in the strength of the inducing current that the strength of the induced current is greatest, and when a current is once established and flowing at a uniform rate no induction takes place. The unit of induction, the *henry*, is the induction in a circuit when the electro-motive force induced is one volt, while the inducing current varies at the rate of one ampere per second.

It was gratifying to the American delegates in the Chamber at Chicago that the motion to adopt "henry" as the name of this unit came from Professor Mascart, the distinguished leader of the French delegation, for among the French, some years ago, another name, the "quadrant" or "quad," had been proposed, and since that time much used; that it was seconded by one of the leading delegates from England, Professor Ayrton, who had himself, a few years ago, proposed the word "sec-ohm" as

¹ Fleming, The Alternate Current Transformer in Theory and Practice, vol. i., London, 1889.

being a proper name for the unit of induction, a proposition which for a time found much favor; and finally, that it received the unanimous approval of the entire Chamber, thus furnishing a testimonial of the highest order of the esti-

mation in which the work of Joseph Henry is held, and a recognition of his rank as a natural philosopher which some of his own countrymen had been somewhat tardy to appreciate and acknowledge.

T. C. Mendenhall.

ACHILLES IN ORCUS.

FROM thy translucent waves, great Thetis, rise!
 Mother divine, hear, and take back the gift
 Thou gavest me of valor and renown,
 And then seek Zeus, but not with loosened zone
 For dalliance; entreat him to restore
 Me, Achilles, to the earth, to the black earth.
 The nourisher of men, not these pale shades,
 Whose shapes have learned the presage of thy doom;
 They flit between me and the wind-swept plain
 Of Troy, the banners over Ilion's walls,
 The zenith of my prowess, and my fate.
 Give me again the breath of life, not death.
 Would I could tarry in the timbered tent,
 As when I wept Patroclus, when, by night,
 Old Priam crept, kissing my knees with tears
 For Hector's corse, the hero I laid low.
 My panoply was like the gleam of fire
 When in the dust I dragged him at my wheels,
 My heart was iron,—he despoiled my friend.
 Cast on these borders of eternal gloom,
 Now comes Odysseus with his wandering crew;
 He pours libations in the deep-dug trench,
 While airy forms in multitudes press near,
 And listen to the echoes of my praise.
 His consolation vain, he hails me, "Prince!"
 Vain is his speech: "No man before thy time,
 Achilles, lived more honored; here thou art
 Supreme, the ruler in these dread abodes."
 Speak not so easily to me of death,
 Great Odysseus! Rather would I be
 The meanest hind, and bring the bleating lambs
 From down the grassy hills, or with a goad
 To prod the hungry swine in beechen woods,
 Than over the departed to bear sway,
 Then from the clouds to note the warning cry
 Of the harsh crane; to see the Pleiades rise,
 The vine and fig-tree shoot, the olive bud;

To hear the chirping swallows in the dawn,
 The thieving cuckoo laughing in the leaves!
 So, may Achilles leave his palace gate,
 And later heroes strike Achilles' lyre!

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THREE COMMANDMENTS IN THE VULGAR TONGUE.

I.

"READ on, Pierre," the sick man said, doubling a corner of the wolfskin pillow so that it shaded his face from the candle.

Pierre smiled to himself, thinking of the unusual nature of his occupation, raised an eyebrow as if to some one sitting at the other side of the fire, — though the room was empty save for the two, — and went on reading: —

"Woe to the multitude of many people, which make a noise like the noise of the seas; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters!"

"The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters: but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind."

"And behold at eveningtide trouble; and before the morning he is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us."

The sick man put up his hand, motioning for silence, and Pierre, leaving the Bible open, laid it at his side. Then he fell to studying the figure on the couch. The body, though reduced by a sudden illness, had an appearance of late youth, a firmness of mature manhood; but the hair was gray, the beard was grizzled, and the face was furrowed and seamed as though the man had lived a long, hard life. The body seemed thirty years old, the head sixty; the man's exact

age was forty-five. His most singular characteristic was a fine, almost spiritual intelligence, which showed in the dewy brightness of the eye, in the lighted face, in the cadenced definiteness of his speech. One would have said, knowing nothing of him, that he was a hermit, but again, catching the rich, graceful outlines of his body, that he was a soldier; and thereupon would have come confusion, for the two things appeared so at variance. Within the past twenty-four hours he had had a fight for life with one of the terrible "colds" which, like an unstayed plague, close up the courses of the body, and carry a man out of the hurly-burly, without pause to say how much or how little he cares to go.

Pierre, whose rude skill in medicine was got of hard experiences here and there, had helped him back into the world again, and was himself now a little astonished at acting as Scripture reader to a Protestant invalid. But the Bible was the Bible, after all, though it had not been a close companion of his for very many years. Still, it was like his childhood itself, always in his bones, and Old Testament history was like wine to his blood; it had primitive man, adventure, mysterious and exalted romance. These lofty tales sang in his veins, and so, with a rich interest, he had read for nearly an hour to Fawdor, who held this post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the outer wilderness. He had arrived at the post three days before, to find a half-breed trapper and an Indian helpless before the sickness which was

hurrying to close on John Fawdor's heart and clamp it in the vise of death. He had come just in time. He was now ready to learn, by what ways the future should show, why this man, of such unusual force and power, should have lived at a post in Labrador for twenty-five years.

"*This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us.*" Fawdor repeated the words slowly, and then said, "It is good to be out of the world. Do you know the secret of life, Pierre?"

Pierre's fingers unconsciously dropped on the Bible at his side, drumming the leaves. His eyes wandered over Fawdor's face, and presently he answered, "To keep your own commandments."

"The ten?" asked the sick man, pointing to the Bible.

Pierre's fingers closed the book. "Not the ten, for they do not fit all; but one by one to make your own, and never to break — *comme ça!*"

"The answer is good," returned Fawdor; "but what is the greatest commandment that a man can make for himself?"

"Who can tell? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day,' when a man lives where he does not know the days? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt not steal,' when a man has no heart to rob, and there is nothing to steal? But a man should have a heart, an eye for justice. It is good for him to make his commandments against that wherein he is a fool or has a devil. Justice, — that is the thing."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?" asked Fawdor softly.

"Yes, like that. But a man must put it in his own words, and keep the law which he makes. Then life does not give a bad taste in the mouth."

"What commandments have you made for yourself, Pierre?"

The slumbering fire in Pierre's face leaped up. He felt for an instant as his father, a chevalier of France, might have felt if a peasant had fingered the orders upon his breast. It touched his native pride, so little shown in anything else. But he knew how the question was meant, and the meaning justified the man.

"*Thou shalt think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*" He paused.

"Justice and mercy," said the voice from the bed.

"*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket.*" Again Pierre paused.

"And a man shall not need to fear his friend," said the voice again.

The pause was longer this time, and Pierre's cold, handsome face took on a kind of softness before he said, "*Remember thine own wife and her sorrow.*"

"It is a good commandment," said the voice, "to make all women safe, whether they be true — or foolish."

"The strong should be ashamed to prey upon the weak. Pshaw! such a sport ends in nothing. Man only is man's game."

Suddenly Pierre added, "When you thought you were going to die, you gave me some papers and letters to take to Quebec. You will get well. Shall I give them back? Will you take them yourself?"

Fawdor understood. Pierre wished to know his story. He reached out a hand, saying, "I will take them myself. You have not read them?"

"No. I was not to read them till you died — *bien?*" He handed the packet over.

"I will tell you the story," Fawdor said, turning over on his side, so that his face was full on Pierre.

He did not begin at once. An Esquimaux dog, of the finest and yet wildest breed, stretched itself at the fire, opened its red eyes at the two men, and then, slowly rising, went to the door and sniffed at the cracks. Then it turned, and be-

gan pacing around the room like a lion in its cage. Every little while it would stop, sniff the air, and go on again. Once or twice, also, as it passed the couch of the sick man, it paused, and at last it suddenly rose, rested two feet on the rude headboard of the couch, and pushed its nose against the invalid's head. There was something rarely savage and yet beautifully soft in the dog's face, scarred as it was by the whips of earlier owners. The man's hand went up and caressed the wolfish head. "Good dog, good Akim!" Fawdor said softly in French. "Thou dost know when a storm is on the way; thou dost know, too, when there is a storm in my heart."

Even as he spoke a wind came crying round the house, and the parchment windows gave forth a soft booming sound. Outside, nature, as it seemed, was trembling lightly in all its nerves, so that belated herons were disturbed from the freshly frozen pool, and on tardy wings swept away into the night and to the south; and a herd of wolves, trooping by the hut, passed from a short, easy trot to a low, long gallop, devouring, yet fearful too. It appeared as if the earth were trying to speak, and the speaking gave it pain, from which came awe and terror to living things.

So, inside the house, also, Pierre almost shrank from the unknown sorrow of this man beside him, who was now, he knew, about to speak out of the mystery of life. The solitary places do not make men glib of tongue; rather, spare of words. They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly, being given the woe of imagination, bring forth inner history as a mother gasps life into this world.

"I was only a boy of twenty-one," Fawdor said from the pillow, as he watched the dog noiselessly pacing from corner to corner, "and I had been with the Company three years. They had said that I could rise fast; I had done so. I was ambitious; yet I take comfort in think-

ing that I saw only one way to it, — by patience, industry, and much thinking. I read a great deal, and cared for what I read; but I observed, also, that in dealing with men I might serve myself and the Company wisely.

"One day the governor of the Company came from England, and with him his young niece, a sweet lady, and her brother. They arranged for a tour to the Great Lakes, and I was chosen to go with them in command of the boatmen. It appeared as if a great chance had come to me, and so said the factor at Lachine on the morning we set forth. The girl was as winsome as you can think; not of such wonderful beauty, but with a face that would be finer old than young; and a dainty trick of humor had she as well. The governor was a testy man; he could not bear to be crossed in a matter; yet, in spite of all, I did not think he had a willful hardness. It was a long journey, and we were set to our wits to make it always interesting; but we did it, somehow, for there were fishing and shooting, and adventure of one sort and another, and the lighter things, such as singing and the telling of tales as the boatmen rowed on the river. We talked of many things as we traveled, and I was glad to listen to the governor, for he had seen and read much. It was clear that he liked to have us hang upon his tales and his grand speeches, which seemed a little large in the mouth, and his nephew, who had a mind for raillery, was now and again guilty of some witty impertinence; but this was hard to bring home to him, for he had a fine childlike look when he pleased. Towards the last he grew bolder, and said many a biting thing both to the governor and myself, which more than once turned his sister's face pale with apprehension, for she had a nice sense of politeness. Whenever the talk was at all general, it was his delight to turn one against the other. Though I was wary and the girl understood, at last he had his way.

"I knew Shakespeare and the Bible very well, and, like most bookish young men, phrase and motto were much on my tongue, though not always given forth. One evening, as we drew to the camp fire, a deer broke from the woods and ran straight through the little circle we were making, and disappeared in the bushes by the riverside. Some one ran for a rifle; but the governor forbade, adding with an air something with philosophical point. I, proud of the chance to show I was not a mere backwoodsman at such a game, capped the aphorism with a line from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

"*'Tut, tut!'* said the governor smartly. *'You have n't it well, Mr. Fawdor; it goes this way,'* and he went on to set me right. His nephew at that stepped in, with a little disdainful laugh at me, and said something galling. I might have known better than to let it pique me, but I spoke up again that I was not wrong, yet, as I think, with some respect. It appeared to me all at once as if some principle were at stake, and I were the champion of our Shakespeare, so will vanity delude us.

"The governor — I can see it as if it were yesterday — seemed to go like ice, for he mightily loved to be thought wise in all such things as well as in great business affairs, and his nephew was there to give an edge to the affair. He said, curtly, that I would probably come on better in the world if I were more exact and less cock-a-hoop with myself. That stung me, for not only was the young lady looking on, as I thought, with a sort of superior pity, but her brother was saying something to himself with a provoking smile. I saw no reason why I should be treated like a schoolboy. As far as my knowledge went it was as good as another man's, were he young or old, so I came in quickly with my reply. I said that his excellency should find me more cock-a-hoop with Shakespeare than with myself. *'Well, well,'* he answered,

with a hardening look, *'our Company has need of great men for hard tasks.'* To this I made no reply, for I got a warning look from the young lady, — a look which had a sort of reproach, and command too. She knew the twists and turns of his temper, and how he was jealous in little things. The matter dropped for the time; but as the governor was going to his tent for the night, the young lady said to me hurriedly, *'My uncle is a man of great reading — and power, Mr. Fawdor. I would set it right with him, if I were you.'* For the moment I was ashamed. You cannot guess how fine an eye she had, and how her voice stirred one! She said no more, but stepped inside her tent; and then I heard the brother say, over my shoulder, *'O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!'* Afterwards, with a little laugh and a backward wave of the hand, as one might toss a greeting to a beggar, he was gone, also. I was left alone."

Fawdor paused. The dog had lain down by the fire again, but its red eyes were blinking at the door, and now and again it growled softly, and the long hair at its mouth seemed to shiver with some feeling. Suddenly there rang through the night a loud, barking cry. The dog's mouth opened in a noiseless snarl, showing its keen, long teeth, and a ridge of hair bristled on its back. But the two men made no sign or motion. The cry of wild-cats was no new thing to them. Then, too, it fitted in with the story, for Pierre felt that there was a misery of some kind on the way.

Presently the other went on: "I sat by the fire and heard beasts howl like that, I listened to the river churning over the rapids below, and I felt all at once a loneliness that turned me sick. There were three people in a tent near me; I could even hear the governor's breathing; but I appeared to have no part in the life of any human being, as if I were a kind of outlaw of God and man. I was poor; I had no friends; I was at

the mercy of this great Company; if I died, there was not a human being who, so far as I knew, would shed a tear. Well, you see I was only a boy, and I suppose it was the spirit of youth hungering for the huge, active world, and the society of men who had also the fever of ambition. There is no one so lonely as the young dreamer on the brink of life.

"I was lying by the fire. It was not a cold night, and that was why, when not knowing, I fell asleep at last without covering. I did not wake till morning, and then it was to find the governor's nephew building up the fire again. 'Those who are born great,' he said, 'are bound to rise.' But perhaps he saw that I had had a bad night, and felt that he had gone far enough, for he presently said, in a tone I liked, 'Take my advice, Mr. Fawdor; make it right with my uncle. It is n't so fast rising in the Company that you can afford to quarrel with its governor. I'd go on the other tack: don't be too honest.' I thanked him, and no more was said; but I liked him better, for I saw that he was one of those who take pleasure in dropping nettles more to see the weakness of human nature than from malice.

"But my good fortune had got a twist, and it was not to be straightened that day; and because it was not straightened then it was not to be at all, for at five o'clock we came to the post at Lachine, and here the governor and the others were to stop. During all the day I had waited for my chance to say a word of apology to his excellency, but it was no use; nothing seemed to help me, for he was busy with his papers and notes, and I also had to finish up my reports. The hours went by, and I saw my chances drift past. I knew that the governor held the thing against me, and not the less because he saw me more than once that day in speech with his niece; for she appeared anxious to cheer me, and indeed I think, I know, that we might

have got to be excellent friends, had our ways run together; and she could have been my friend without shame to herself, for I had come of an old family in Scotland, the Sheplaws of Canfire, which she knew, as did the governor too, was a more ancient family than his own. Yet her kindness that day worked me no good, and I went far to make it worse, since, under the spell of her gentleness, I looked at her far from distantly, and at the last, as she was getting from the boat, returned the pressure of her hand with much interest. I suppose something of the pride of that moment leaped up in my eye, for I saw the governor's face harden a little more, and the brother shrugged a shoulder. I was too young to see or know that the chief thing in the girl's mind was regret that I had hurt my chances so; for she knew, as I saw only too well afterwards, that I might have been rewarded with a leaping promotion in honor of the success of the journey. But though the boatmen got a gift of money and tobacco and spirits, nothing came to me save the formal thanks of the governor, as he bowed me from his presence. Of course he would not offer me money, for I was an officer of the Company, but there were other ways.

"The nephew came to me with his sister, and so there was little said between her and me, and it was a long, long time before she knew the end of that day's business. But the brother said, 'You've let the chance go by, Mr. Fawdor. Better luck next time, eh? And,' he went on, 'I'd give a hundred editions the lie, but I'd read the text according to my chief officer. The words of a king are always wise while his head is on,' declared he further, and he drew from his scarf a pin of pearls and handed it to me. 'Will you wear that for me, Mr. Fawdor?' he asked; and I, who had thought him but a stripling with a saucy pride, grasped his hand and said a God-keep-you. It does me good now to think

I said it, for reasons of which I will tell you by and by. I did not see him or his sister again.

"The next day was Sunday. About two o'clock I was sent for by the governor. When I got to the post and was admitted to him, I saw that my misadventure was not over. 'Mr. Fawdor,' said he coldly, spreading out a map on the table before him, 'you will start at once for Fort Ungava, at Ungava Bay, in Labrador.' I felt my heart stand still for a moment, and then surge up and down, like a piston rod under a sudden rush of steam. 'You will proceed now,' he went on, in his hard voice, 'as far as the village of Pont Croix. There you will find three Indians awaiting you. You will go on with them as far as Point St. Saviour and camp for the night, for if the Indians remain in the village they may get drunk. The next morning, at sunrise, you will move on. The Indians know the trail across Labrador to Fort Ungava. When you reach there, you will take command of the post and remain till further orders. Your clothes are already at the village. I have had them packed, and you will find there also what is necessary for the journey. The factor at Ungava was there ten years; he has gone — to heaven.'

"I cannot tell what it was that held my tongue silent, that made me only bow my head and press my lips together. I knew I was pale, for as I turned to leave the room I caught sight of my face in a little mirror tacked on the door, and I hardly recognized myself.

"'Good-day, Mr. Fawdor,' said the governor, handing me the map. 'There is some brandy in your stores; be careful that none of your Indians get it. If they try to desert, you know what to do. Good-day.' Then he turned, and began to speak with the factor.

"For me, I went from that room like a man condemned to die. Fort Ungava in Labrador, — a thousand miles away, over a barren, savage country, and in

winter, too; for it would be winter there immediately. It was an exile to Siberia, and far worse than Siberia; for there are many exiles there, and I was likely to be the only white man at Fort Ungava. As I passed from the door of the post, the words of Shakespeare which had brought all this about sang in my ears."

"*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman,*" said Pierre softly.

II.

"The journey to the village of Pont Croix was that of a man walking over graves. Every step sent a pang to my heart, — a boy of twenty-one, grown old in a moment. It was not that I was a little lame from a hurt got on the expedition with the governor, but my whole life seemed suddenly lamed, and I did not think of the physical pains before me in my exile. Why did I go? Ah, you do not know how discipline gets into a man's bones, — the pride, the indignant pride of obedience. At that hour I swore that I should myself be the governor of that Company one day, — the boast of loud-hearted youth. I had angry visions, I dreamed absurd dreams, but I did not think of disobeying. It was an unheard-of journey at such a time, but I swore that I would do it, that it should go into the records of the Company.

"I reached the village, found the Indians, and at once moved on to the settlement where we were to stay that night. Then my knee began to pain me. I feared inflammation, so in the dead of night I walked back to the village, roused a trader of the Company, got some liniment and other trifles, and arrived again at St. Saviour before dawn. My few clothes and necessities came in the course of the morning, and at noon we started on the path to exile.

"I remember that we came to a lofty point on the St. Lawrence just before

we plunged into the woods, to see the great stream no more. I stood and looked back up the river towards the point where Lachine lay. All that went to make the life of a Company's man possible was there; and there, too, were those with whom I had tented and traveled for three long months, — eaten with them, cared for them, used up for them all the woodcraft that I knew. I could not think that it would be a young man's lifetime before I set eyes on that scene again. Never from that day to this have I seen the broad, sweet river where I spent the three happiest years of my life. I can see now the tall shining heights of Quebec, the pretty, wooded Island of Orleans, the winding channel, so deep, so strong. The sun was three fourths of its way down in the west, and already the sky was taking on the deep red and purple of autumn. Somehow, the thing that struck me most in the scene was a bunch of pines, solemn and quiet, their tops burnished by the afternoon light. I keep that clear yet, for it seemed so like my life, with the last light of my young day shining on my sick heart. Tears would have been easy then. But my anger would not let me. Besides, there were my Indians waiting, and the long journey must be begun. Then, perhaps because there was none nearer to make farewell to, or I know not why, I waved my hand towards the village of Lachine, and, with the sweet maid in my mind who had so gently parted from me yesterday, I said, 'Good-by, and God bless you.'"

He paused. Pierre handed him a wooden cup, from which he drank, and then he continued: —

"The journey went forward. You have seen the country. You know what it is: those bare ice-plains and rocky unfenced fields stretching to all points, the heaving wastes of treeless country, the harsh frozen lakes. God knows what insupportable horror would have settled on me in that pilgrimage had

it not been for occasional glimpses of a gentler life, for the deer and caribou which crossed our path. Upon my soul, I was so full of gratitude and love at the sight that I could have thrown my arms round their necks and kissed them. I could not raise a gun at them. My Indians did that, and so inconstant is the human heart that I ate heartily of the meat. My Indians were almost less companionable to me than any animal would have been. Try as I would, I could not bring myself to like them, and I feared only too truly that they did not like me. Indeed, I soon saw that they meant to desert me, — kill me, perhaps, if they could, although I trusted in the wholesome fear which the Indian has of the Hudson's Bay Company. I was not sure that they were guiding me right, and I had to threaten death if they tried to mislead me or desert me, — went so far, indeed, as to trifle with the trigger of my pistol. My knee at times was painful, and cold, hunger, and incessant watchfulness wore on me vastly. Yet I did not yield to my miseries, for I am of Scotch blood, and there entered into me then not only the spirit of endurance, but something of that sacred pride in suffering which was the merit of my Covenanting forefathers.

"We were four months on that bitter travel, and I do not know how it could have been made at all had it not been for the deer that I had heart to eat, and none to kill. The days got shorter and shorter, and we were sometimes eighteen hours in absolute darkness. Thus you can imagine how slowly we went. Thank God, we could sleep, hid away in our fur bags, more often without a fire than with one, — mere mummies stretched out on a vast coverlet of white, with the peering, unfriendly sky above us; though it must be said that through all those many weeks no cloud perched in the zenith. When there was light there was sun, and the courage of it entered into our bones, helping to save us. You may think me

made feeble-minded by my sufferings, but I tell you plainly that, in the closing days of our journey, I used to see a tall figure walking beside me, who, whenever I would have spoken to him, laid a finger on his lips; but when I would have fallen, he spoke to me, always in the same words. You have heard of him, the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills. It was he, the Wanderer, the Sentinel of the North, the Lover of the Lost. So deep did his words go into my heart that they have remained with me to this hour."

"I saw him once in the White Valley," Pierre said, in a low voice. "What was it he said to you?"

The other drew a long breath, and a kindly smile rested on his lips. Then, slowly, as though liking to linger over them, he repeated the words of the Scarlet Hunter:—

"O Son of man, behold!

If thou shouldst stumble on the nameless trail,

The trail that no man rides,

Lift up thy heart,

Behold, O Son of man, thou hast a helper near!

"O Son of man, take heed!

If thou shouldst fall upon the vacant plain,

The plain that no man loves,

Reach out thy hand,

Take heed, O Son of man, strength shall be given thee!

"O Son of man, give ear!

If thou shouldst faint, the flesh fail on thy bones,

The bones which God set up,

Be not o'ercome,

Give ear, O Son of man, a Hunter brings thee food!

"O Son of man, rejoice!

If thou art blinded even at the door,

The door of the Safe Tent,

Sing in thy heart,

Rejoice, O Son of man, thy pilot leads thee in!

"I never seemed to be alone after that—call it what you will, fancy or delirium. My head was so light that it appeared

to spin like a star, and my feet were so heavy that I dragged the whole earth after me. My Indians seldom spoke. I never let them drop behind me, for I did not know what the end might be. But in the end, as it would seem, they also had but one thought, and that to reach Fort Ungava; for there was no food left, none at all. We saw no tribes of Indians and no Esquimaux, for we had not passed in their line of travel or settlement.

"At last I used to dream that birds were singing near me,—a soft, delicate whirlwind of sound; and then bells all like muffled silver rang through the aching, sweet air. Bits of prayer and poetry I learned when a boy flashed through my mind; equations in algebra; the tingling scream of a great buzz saw; the breath of a racer as he nears the post under the crying whip; my own voice dropping loud profanity, heard as a lad from a blind ferryman; the *boom!* *boom!* of a mass of logs as they struck a house on a flooding river and carried it away. . . .

"One day we reached the end. It was near evening, and we came to the top of a wooded knoll. My eyes were dancing with weakness in my head, but I could see below us, on the edge of the great bay, a large hut, and near it Esquimaux lodges and Indian tepees. It was the fort, my Siberia."

He paused. The dog had been watching him with its flaming eyes; now it gave a low growl, as though it understood what had been said, and pitied the man. In the interval of silence the storm without broke. The trees began to quake and cry, the light snow to beat upon the parchment windows, and the chimney to splutter and moan. Presently, out on the bay they could hear the young ice break and come scraping up the shore. Fawdor listened awhile, and then went on, waving his hand to the door as he began: "Think! this, and like that, always."

"Ever since?" asked Pierre.

"All the time."

"Why did you not go back?"

"I was to wait for orders, and they never came."

"You were a free man, not a slave."

"The human heart has pride. At first, as when I left the governor at Lachine, I said, 'I will never speak, I will never ask nor bend the knee. He has the power to oppress; I can obey without whining, — as fine a man as he.'"

"Did you not hate?"

"At first, as only a banished man can hate. I knew that if all had gone well I should be a man high up in the Company, and here I was, living like a dog in the porch of the world, sometimes without food for months, save frozen fish; and for two years I was in a place where we had no fire, — lived in a snow-house, with only blubber to eat. And so year after year, — no word!"

"There came the mail once every year from the world?"

"Yes, once a year the door of the world was opened. A ship came into the bay, and by that ship I sent out my reports. But no word came from the governor, and no request from me. Once the captain of that ship took me by the shoulders, and said, 'Fawdor, man, this will drive you mad. Come away to England, — leave your half-breed in charge, — and ask the governor for a big promotion.' He did not understand. Of course I said I could not go. Then he turned on me, — he was a good man, — and said, 'This will either drive you mad or make you a saint, Fawdor.' He drew a Bible from his pocket. 'I've used it twenty years,' he said, 'in evil and out of evil, and I've spiked it here and there; it's a chart for heavy seas, and may you find it so, my lad.'"

"I said little then; but when I saw the sails of his ship round a cape and vanish, all my pride and strength were broken up, and I came in a heap to the

ground, weeping like a child. But the change did not come all at once. There were two things that kept me hard."

"The girl?"

"The girl, and another. But of the young lady after. I had a half-breed whose life I had saved. I was kind to him always; gave him as good to eat and drink as I had myself; divided my tobacco with him; loved him as only an exile can love a comrade. He conspired with the Indians to seize the fort and stores, and kill me if I resisted. I found it out."

"*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket,*" said Pierre. "What did you do with him?"

"The fault was not his so much as of his race, the mongrel thing. I had loved him. I sent him away. He never came back."

"*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*"

"For the girl. There was the thing that clamped my heart. Never a word from her or her brother. Surely they knew, and yet never, I thought, a word from them to the governor. They had forgotten — the faith of food and blanket. And she — she must have seen that I could have worshiped her, had we been in the same way of life. Before the better days came to me I was hard against her, hard and rough at heart."

"*Remember the sorrow of thine own wife.*" Pierre's voice was gentle.

"Truly, to think hardly of no woman should be always in a man's heart. But I have known only one woman of my race in twenty-five years!"

"And as time went on?"

"As time went on, and no word came, I ceased to look for it. But I followed that chart spiked with the captain's pencil, as he had done it in season and out of season, and by and by I ceased to look for any word. I even became reconciled to my life. The ambitious and aching cares of the world dropped from

me, and I stood above all, — alone in my suffering, yet not yielding. Loneliness is a terrible thing. Under it a man” —

“Goes mad or becomes a saint, — a saint!” Pierre’s voice suggested which he saw before him.

Fawdor shook his head, smiling softly. “Ah no, no. But I began to understand the world, and I loved the north, the beautiful hard north!”

“But there is more?”

“Yes, the end of it all. Three days before you came I got a packet of letters, not by the usual yearly mail. One announced that the governor was dead. Another” —

“Another?” urged Pierre.

— “was from — her. She said that her brother, on the day she wrote, had by chance come across my name, and found that I had been here a quarter of a century. It was the letter of a good woman. She said she thought the governor had forgotten that he had sent me here, — as now I hope he had, for that would be one thing less for him to think of, when he set out on the journey where the only weight man carries is the packload of his sins. She also said that she had written to me twice after we parted at Lachine, but had never heard a word, and three years after she had gone to India. The letters were lost, I suppose, on the way to me, somehow, — who can tell? Then came another thing, so strange, so like the laughter of the angels at us. These were her words: ‘And, dear Mr. Fawdor, you were *both* wrong in that quotation, as you no doubt discovered long ago.’ Then she gave me the sentence as it is in *Cymbeline*. She was right, quite right. We *were* both wrong. Never till her letter came had I looked to see. How vain, how uncertain and fallible, is man!”

Pierre dropped his cigarette, and stared at Fawdor. “The knowledge of books is foolery,” he said slowly.

“Man is the only book of life. Go on, go on.”

“There was another letter, from the brother, who was now high up in the Company, asking me to come to England, and saying that they wished to promote me far, and that he and his sister, with their families, would be glad to see me.”

“She was married, then?”

The rashness of the suggestion made Fawdor wave his hand impatiently. He would not reply to it, but he said, “I was struck down with all the news. I wandered like a child out into a mad storm. Illness came; then you, who have nursed me back to life. . . . And now I have told all.”

“Not all, *bien sur*. What will you do?”

“I am out of the world; why tempt it all again? See how those twenty-five years were twisted by a boy’s vanity and a man’s tyranny!”

“But what will you do?” persisted Pierre. “You should see the faces of women and children again. No man can live without that sight, even as a saint.”

Suddenly Fawdor’s face was shot over with a storm of feeling. He took Pierre’s hand, and after a moment, “I will go,” he said. “There is a line in that Book” — He pointed to the Bible.

Pierre’s fingers flashed out, and he interrupted. “Not from any book, but from your own life!” he cried.

Fawdor paused; then, raising himself on his elbow, he said, “Not from the Book, then, nor from my life, but from yours. ‘Judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.’ So I will go into the world.”

Then he turned his face to the wall. Soon the storm ceased, the wild dog huddled on the hearth, and, save for Pierre stirring the fire, Fawdor’s peaceful breathing was the only sound.

Gilbert Parker.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

TAKING LEAVE; ÉMILE SOUVESTRE; EDWARD LEAR; RETROSPECT.

I WAS recalled to town, and had to bring my pleasant Somersetshire visit to an end. When I told the squire, he said, "I am sorry you must go; but a good host must speed the parting as well as welcome the coming guest. We have not had much to show you, except the humors of the general election. I hope you have not found your visit dull."

Foster. Far from it. I have seen and heard so much that I wish I could sit down to look round and consider a little before I make my last day's march, like the soldier in the French story which one of the ladies read to us the other day.

Squire. You mean the description of the soldier returning home, who stops, when in sight of his native village, to look back on his past service before he finishes his concluding march. It is one of Émile Souvestre's idyls, — little pictures, — which are always so charming; but it ought to suit me rather than you, as it is the opening of his *Souvenirs d'un Vieillard*. Old age comes in every variety of form. There are all sorts of men, soldiers, statesmen, men of business, of letters, of sciences, and peasants, who die in harness. There are some men and women whose powers of body decay, while their minds keep, or even add to, their original vigor; with others the mind — or perhaps it is really the brain — goes before the body; while with others, again, there is a gradual and gentle decline of the powers of action both of mind and body to the last. And though we all instinctively feel death to be an evil for ourselves and for those who love us, yet a man may live too long, or at least till his life seems to have no further use than to point the moral that death is not only inevitable, but no less natural than life, so far as this world is concerned.

Foster. You remind me of Swift's horrible picture of the Struldbrugs.

Squire. The caricature is frightful, but the likeness cannot be denied. It would be better for us all, for ourselves as well as for the young men in whose way we stand, if we old men took Swift's warning more to heart; for the old man dying in harness is for the most part a mistake. He deludes himself when he thinks that his wider knowledge and greater experience will enable him to do the work as well as if he had still the young man's powers of action.

Foster. Old age did not dim the artist's eye nor enfeeble the hand of Titian or Tintoretto, nor abate the military genius of Radetzky or Moltke; and Michael Angelo was between eighty and ninety when he planned and superintended the building of the dome of St. Peter's, — hanging the Pantheon in heaven, as he said.

Squire. You carry too many guns for me. I might plead that artists are hardly men of action, or that exceptions prove the rule; but I confess that I have "generalized from too few particulars." I was thinking chiefly of our old generals in the Crimea, and our old statesmen in the last fifty years of our parliamentary history. Gibbon says, in his stately style, of one of the Roman emperors that he put an interval between life and death. I believe he means that he abdicated and went into a convent; but, without advising the conditions of the convent, I have no doubt that he is both the wisest and the happiest old man who does abdicate the functions of a life of action, and so in part puts an interval between life and death. Thus he may sit down, pleasantly enough, in sight of his home, and, like Souvestre's conscript, consider.

Foster. And tell us, whose service is still going on, something both interesting and instructive about his own experiences in that service.

Squire. We will hope so. Indeed, I often think that there is a use to the world in the occurrence of this interval between life and death, if both the old and the young employ it rightly. But the old man must beware of the besetting sin of such old age.

Foster. What is that?

Squire. Garrulous twaddle. Shakespeare, whom no form or condition of man's life escapes, has given us the picture of this garrulosity in Dogberry, Justice Shallow, and Polonius; but I need not quote him to you.

Foster. Who is, or was, Souvestre?

Squire. Émile Souvestre was a French man of letters in what I suppose I must call the last generation, though he was only six years older than myself. The son of an officer of engineers, and educated for the bar, he had early entered on a literary career in Paris, full of promise, when the death of his elder brother and the loss of the family property threw upon him the support of his widowed mother and sister-in-law. To provide for them he at once left Paris to enter on the humble work of serving customers behind the counter, and doing the other retail business of a bookseller in Nantes with whom he found employment. His literary ability and moral worth were soon recognized by one of those customers, a deputy and a man of wealth, who was engaged in plans for the better education of his countrymen. Souvestre's services were engaged for the conduct of a college founded by this gentleman; then he became a professor of rhetoric and editor of a newspaper at Brest, while occupying himself with other literary work also. Thence he eventually returned to Paris, where he spent the rest of his life, diversified only by visits to the provinces and to French Switzerland for the purpose of giving lectures

to the crowded audiences which always welcomed him. He was eminently patriotic; the ruling motive — I might say passion — of his life was the education (the culture, moral and religious, even more than the intellectual culture) of his countrymen. We English are apt to pride ourselves on our love of duty, but no Englishman makes duty the guiding star of his life more than did Souvestre. It is the keynote of everything he writes. And what he taught he had first tried and practiced in his own life. "In his own heart he first kept school;" and those who knew him most intimately said that the sense of duty, which was always strong and even stern to himself, only showed itself in perfect love to those around him.

Foster. What did he write?

Squire. Though he died at the age of forty-eight, he left nearly seventy volumes. His history of his native and loved Brittany, *Les Derniers Bretons*, is full of life and interest as well as of local and literary research, and is recognized as classical. But his chief literary work — I speak not of his lectures, but of his books — was that of story-telling. He has given us an infinite variety of tales of French life in town and country, all of which are true idyls. The characters as well as the incidents are full of dramatic interest. The high and generous moral spirit which guides their destiny is never obtruded. It is the atmosphere which we really though unconsciously breathe. And though I do not pretend to pronounce judgment on style in any language but English, I think I may call that writing terse, lucid, and graceful which was crowned with the approval of the *Académie Française*; but a still higher eulogy was bestowed by that learned body upon Souvestre when they granted to his widow the testimonial founded by M. Lambert in recognition of the man who had been most useful to his country.

Foster. Have any of his books been translated into English?

Squire. His *Philosophe sous les Toits*, *Confessions d'un Ouvrier*, and two or three of the tales of Brittany were translated by one with whose hand my own was joined in the task; and of these at least a part was reprinted in America. His longer work, *Les Derniers Bretons*, was, absurdly enough, translated into English from a German version; the consequence, as the publisher said to me, of the bad habit of not reading prefaces. And one of his longer tales has been translated with the title of *Leaves from a Family Journal*.

Foster. Did you know him well?

Squire. I feel ready to say Yes, though I never saw him. Here is his own way of answering the question in a letter to his translator. (Takes a letter from a drawer and reads.)

"Et maintenant, madame, permettez-moi d'ajouter de vifs et sincères remerciements pour l'honneur que vous avez fait à l'auteur en choisissant son livre pour être traduit dans votre langue; c'est une distinction dont il se tient fort touché. Vouloir traduire un livre, c'est prouver qu'on entre en sympathie avec celui qui l'a écrit, et qu'on sent, qu'on pense comme lui. Il n'est rien de plus doux que ces adhésions obtenues de loin, et il y a un charme particulier dans les amis inconnus qui répondent à votre cœur sans que vous avez jamais entendu leur voix."¹

Of such unknown friends none lives so present to my memory as *Émile Souvestre*.

Foster. That must be the best kind of memory. But a memory for facts and words is a good thing, too, and must, I suppose, be an essential qualification for writing history.

Squire. Gibbon's memory must have

¹ "And now, madam, allow me to add my most sincere thanks for the honor you have done the author in choosing his book for translation into your own language; it is a distinction which he feels very sensibly. To resolve to translate a book is to give proof of hearty sympathy with the writer of it, and of feeling

been at once enormous and minute; Niebuhr wrote down his quotations of chapter and verse without needing to refer to the books themselves; Johannes von Müller could repeat the pedigrees of all the little German princes; and Macaulay could tell the names in succession, and backwards as well as forwards, of the Archbishops of Canterbury or the Popes, or both. A host of other instances of verbal memory crowd on me; the prettiest, if not the most important, is the story of Pope reading his *Rape of the Lock* to Parnell.

Foster. What is that? I do not remember it.

Squire. Pope read the first canto of his new poem to Parnell. Parnell said, "I am sure I have heard those lines before, — I think in a monkish Latin original." Pope declared that they were all his own; but Parnell persisted, and said he would find and send them to Pope. And on his return home he sent Pope — to his great annoyance till the truth was known — the Latin verses, which I think I can repeat, as well as Pope's own. Pope's lines are: —

"And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

and thinking like himself. Nothing is more gratifying than to receive such assurances of sympathy from a distance, and there is a peculiar charm in the unknown friends whose hearts answer to your own, though you have never heard their voices."

Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
 gown;

And Betty's praised for labours not her own."

And these are Parnell's:—

"Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
 Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida
 nymphâ;
 Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet,
 ocellos.
 Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultûs numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fortque tibi cautè dicatque superbia! lautè,
 Dona venusta; oris quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ:
 Testudo hic flectit dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
 Atque elephas lentè te pectit, Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nioci jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè mundus muliebris abundè;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 In luit arma ergo, veneris pulcherrima virgo,
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore cre-
 scens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura
 gliscet.
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocel-
 lis.
 Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique sa-
 luti,
 Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera nor-
 mam;
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum."

You see they are a very exact representation of Pope, and monkish leonine hexameters.

Foster. Why do you call them leonine, and where is the story to be found?

Squire. I believe they are called leo-

nine because a lion's tail has, or was supposed to have, a tuft in the middle, and another at its end. But as to where I got the story, — I got it from my father; but whether you will find it in the books told as I have told it, I do not know.

Foster. You have always a good memory, squire, for this kind of story.

Squire. Some friends are kind enough to tell me. But I doubt it. I am certainly wanting in the sort of memory we were just now talking of, as possessed by Macaulay and others; and I should say that, as far as my own observation goes, the recollection of good stories, family traditions, and other memories of a like kind, are not so much recollections of the things themselves as they actually happened or were told, but rather pictures which have gradually taken shape and color in the narrator's imagination with such apparent distinctness and reality that he seems to himself and his friends to be showing them a collection of photographs, when in truth they are pictures in the composition of which there may be any amount of art combined with nature, and of fiction with fact. My brothers, old men, fond of family traditions and good stories, tell these each in a different way; and yet they are all clear-headed and well-informed. Sir Walter Raleigh asked how it could be possible to know rightly what happened in old times, when he found that he could not get accurate information as to something which was happening under the very window of his prison.

Foster. Then, like your Welsh or Irish judge, we must decline to hear more than one account of the matter, and write that down at once. So I hope I am well advised in keeping a journal.

Squire.

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it."

Foster. Shall you object if I am lucky enough to find a publisher?

Squire. No. I think we all like to see ourselves in print; certainly I do.

Foster. I have often wished that you had a Talking Oak in your avenue.

Squire. Or, still better, a Writing Boswell, a ghostly predecessor of yourself, my dear Foster, who might appear from time to time from behind some sliding panel with his notebook, and read out his notes of the talk that has gone on for nearly six hundred years in this old house. If he could not tell us more than we know of the dispute between the two giants about the battle-mented wall, he might tell us how to fill in the meagre outline of episcopal and royal records about William de Sutton and Basilia de Sutton (his aunt or sister, as I guess), who lived in the tower in the first half of the fourteenth century.

Foster. What are those records?

Squire. In 1315, the bishop wrote to William de Sutton entreating him "of his charity" to undertake the guardianship of the mismanaged revenues of the neighboring nunnery of Barrow; but the control was ineffectual, for, some years later, we find instructions to "restrain the prioress Joanna from wandering abroad," followed by a consistorial inquiry into the continual wasting of the revenues upon the burdensome family (*onerosa familia*) and the lodgers of the prioress, in which inquiry the sub-prioress was assisted by Basilia de Sutton, who was eventually herself made prioress after the death of Agnes, who had succeeded for a few months on the resignation of the discredited Joanna. But William de Sutton's services to the Church did not prevent his maintaining his claims against her. In the *placita*, or "plees" of 1322, we find him complaining before the king's judges of the trespass of the servants of the rector of the adjoining parish of Stanton Drew, and the parson's servant replying that he, the parson, had the right of pasturage after the crop had been taken off.

Foster. The old, never-ending feud of squire and parson. But how was it that the knight did not take law into his own

hands, and seize the rector's cows without more ado?

Squire. I remember suggesting this very question to Freeman here in the tower; and he said that we must not think of the mediæval knights in England as if they had the habits of those robber knights of Germany and France; for in England there were very few such men. The English mediæval knight, he said, was for the most part a man carrying on perpetual small lawsuits at Westminster about rights of land. That ghostly Boswell could tell us when the tower was built, and who added the "old Manor Place" where Leland found Sir John St. Loe; what was the talk that went on between the knight and his visitor, who so accurately observed and carefully recorded everything that he saw or heard, — the names and the pedigrees of the landowners, the names of the villagers, the natural features of the country, its springs and brooks, its "meetly wooded hills," and its ammonites which he calls "stones figurid like serpents." Then we might hear how, in the next generation, Building Bess talked over her plans for paneling the old parlor with its carved mantelpiece, and building her new one, with all the St. Loe quarterings emblazoned over the fireplace, and the chapel above the parlor. Then we might hear again those talks between John Locke and John Strachey, to the renewal of which Locke looked forward with so much pleasure on his return from Holland: how their fathers had served in Popham's regiment; of the movements of the armies of king and Parliament in the immediate neighborhood; then of present politics, at home and in Holland and France; then of free trade and of religious toleration; and then, too, as we know from Locke's letters, of the lead mines of Mendip, or the domestic gossip of Strachey's neighbors. Then he might tell how a later tenant of the old house may have related to his wife and children how he

had worked in India with Clive, and in America with the Howes, and had at last negotiated successfully with Franklin and Adams the Treaty of Paris, which recognized the independence of the United States. And then, I can say with the witch in Macbeth, "I myself have all the other:" I can call up from my own memory talk in this house with men not undistinguished in the generation now passing away.

Foster. You told me the other day who wrote the article on Nonsense in the Quarterly, so you can tell me something about the unpublished Eclogue which is alluded to, but not given, in the article.

Squire. Here it is. The "competitors," as the Clown in Twelfth Night would have called them, are Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, who were, like Lear himself, spending the winter at Cannes. You may take this copy, — I have another; and when you "prent" your notes, put this Eclogue into them. There will be no breach of confidence in doing so. (The squire reads.)

ECLOGUE.

(Composed at Cannes, December 9, 1867.)

Edwardus. What makes you look so black,
so glum, so cross?

Is it neuralgia, headache, or remorse?

Johannes. What makes you look as cross, or
even more so, —

Less like a man than is a broken torso?

Edw. What if my life is odious, should I
grin?

If you are savage, need I care a pin?

Joh. And if I suffer, am I then an owl?

May I not frown and grind my teeth and growl?

Edw. Of course you may; but may not I
growl, too?

May I not frown and grind my teeth like you?

Joh. See Catherine comes! To her, to her,
Let each his several miseries refer:

She shall decide whose woes are least or worst,
And which, as growler, shall rank last or first.

Catherine. Proceed to growl in silence. I'll
attend,

And hear your foolish growlings to the end:
And when they're done, I shall correctly judge
Which of your griefs are real or only fudge.
Begin; let each his mournful voice prepare,
(And, pray! however angry, do not swear!)

Joh. We came abroad for warmth, and find
sharp cold;

Cannes is an imposition, and we're sold.

Edw. Why did I leave my native land to
find

Sharp hailstones, snow, and most disgusting
wind?

Joh. What boots it that we orange trees or
lemon see,

If we must suffer from *such* vile inclemency?

Edw. Why did I take the lodgings I have
got,

Where all I don't want is? All I want, not?

Joh. Last week I called aloud, Oh! oh! oh!
oh!

The ground is wholly overspread with snow!

Is that, at any rate, a theme for mirth

Which makes a sugar-cake of all the earth?

Edw. Why must I sneeze and snuffle, groan
and cough,

If my hat's on my head, or if it's off?

Why must I sink all poetry in this prose,

The everlasting blowing of my nose?

Joh. When I walk out, the mud my foot-
steps clogs;

Besides, I suffer from attacks of dogs.

Edw. Me a vast awful bulldog, black and
brown,

Completely terrified when near the town;

As calves perceiving butchers, trembling, reel,

So did *my* calves the approaching monster feel.

Joh. Already from two rooms we're driven
away,

Because the beastly chimneys smoke all day:

Is this a trifle, say? Is this a joke,

That we, like hams, should be becooked in
smoke?

Edw. Say! what avails it that my servant
speak

Italian, English, Arabic, and Greek,

Besides Albanian? If he don't speak French,

How can he ask for salt, or shrimps, or tench?

Joh. When on the foolish hearth fresh wood
I place,

It whistles, sings, and squeaks before my face;

And if it does, unless the fire burns bright,

And if it does, yet squeaks, how can I write?

Edw. Alas, I needs must go and call on
swells;

And they may say, "Pray draw me the Es-
trelles."

On one I went last week to leave a card:

The swell was out, the servant eyed me hard.

"This chap's a thief disguised," his face ex-
prest.

If I go there again I may be blest!

Joh. Why must I suffer in this wind and
gloom?

Roomatics in a vile cold attic room?

Edw. Swells drive about the road with haste
and fury,

As Jehu drove about all over Jewry.
Just now, while walking slowly, I was all but
Run over by the Lady Emma Talbot,
Whom not long since a lovely babe I knew,
With eyes and cap-ribbons of perfect blue.

Joh. Downstairs and upstairs every blessed minute

There 's each room with pianofortes in it.
How can I write with noises such as those,
And being always discomposed, compose ?

Edw. Seven Germans through my garden lately strayed,

And all on instruments of torture played ;
They blew, they screamed, they yelled. How can I paint

Unless my room is quiet, which it ain't ?

Joh. How can I study if a hundred flies
Each moment blunder into both my eyes ?

Edw. How can I draw with green, or blue, or red,

If flies and beetles vex my old bald head ?

Joh. How can I translate German metaphysics, if mosquitoes round my forehead whizz ?

Edw. I've bought some bacon, (though it 's much too fat,)

But round the house there prowls a hideous cat ;

Once should I see my bacon in her mouth,
What care I if my rooms look north or south ?

Joh. Pain from a pane in one cracked window comes,

Which sings and whistles, buzzes, shrieks and hums ;

In vain amain with pain the pane with this chord,

I fain would strain to stop the beastly discord !

Edw. If rain and wind and snow and such like ills

Continue here, how shall I pay my bills ?

For who through cold and slush and rain will come

To see my drawings, and to purchase some ?

And if they don't, what destiny is mine ?

How can I ever get to Palestine ?

Joh. The blinding sun strikes through the olive-trees,

When I walk out, and always makes me sneeze.

Edw. Next door, if all night long the moon is shining

There sits a dog, who wakes me up with whining.

Cath. Forbear ! you both are bores, you 've growled enough :

No longer will I listen to such stuff !

All men have nuisances and bores to afflict 'um ;
Hark, then, and bow to my official dictum !

For you, Johannes, there is most excuse,
(Some interruptions are the very deuce ;)

You're younger than the other cove, who surely

Might have some sense ; besides, you 're somewhat poorly.

This, therefore, is my sentence : that you nurse
The Baby for seven hours, and nothing worse.
For you, Edwardus, I shall say no more
Than that your griefs are fudge, yourself a bore.

Return at once to cold, stewed, minced, hashed mutton,

To wristbands ever guiltless of a button,
To raging winds and sea, (where don't you wish
Your luck may ever let you catch one fish ?)

To make large drawings nobody will buy,
To paint oil pictures which will never dry,
To write new books which nobody will read,
To drink weak tea, on tough old pigs to feed,
Till springtime brings the birds and leaves and flowers,

And time restores a world of happier hours.

Foster. It is very good, and certainly ought to find a place among Lear's works. It is quite a new kind among the many sorts of Nonsense, the variety of which is one of their characteristics. Did you know Lear well ?

Squire. I was not one of his early friends ; but I had friends among these, and latterly I saw him often, here, or in his own house, or mine, on the Riviera. He was a warm-hearted, affectionate man, with a craving for sympathy expressed in his whole manner, and which was no doubt heightened by his having no more of home life than was afforded him by his old Albanian man-servant and his tailless cat Foss. He loved children, as his nonsense books so abundantly bear witness ; and many of his songs and stories were either written for this or that child, or given to him or her, written in his own handwriting and with his own inimitable pictures. One of my nieces had his *The Owl* and the *Pussy Cat*, and one of my sons *The Duck* and the *Kangaroo*, and *Calico Pie*, in what may be called the originals, — one of them in a letter signed "Yours affectionately, Derry down derry dumps ;" and my daughter has a series of heraldic representations of Foss, proper, couchant, passant, rampant, regardant, dansant, a'untin, drawn for her on the backs of letters. His letters to

his grown-up friends were embellished in like manner. When he wrote to ask me to inquire about a new hotel above the Lake of Como, where he had thought of spending the summer till he heard a report that there was smallpox there, he illustrated the inquiry by a sketch of himself covered with spots; and when writing to ask where he could hear of some friends who always traveled with a lapdog, he represented the dog overtopping the whole of the party. He sometimes, too, sent his grown-up friends some of his verses; he sent me the then unpublished conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Discobolos, and to another older friend some other unpublished verses which I can give you.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY UNCLE ARLY.

I.

Oh! my aged Uncle Arly,
Sitting on a heap of Barley
Through the silent hours of night,
Close beside a leafy thicket:
On his nose there was a cricket,
In his hat a Railway-Ticket,
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

II.

Long ago, in youth, he squander'd
All his goods away, and wander'd
To the Tinskoop-hills afar.
There on golden sunsets blazing
Every evening found him gazing,
Singing, "Orb! you're quite amazing!
How I wonder what you are!"

III.

Like the ancient Medes and Persians,
Always by his own exertions
He subsisted on those hills;
Whiles, by teaching children spelling,
Or at times by merely yelling,
Or at intervals by selling
"Propter's Nicodemus Pills."

IV.

Later, in his morning rambles,
He perceived the moving brambles
Something square and white disclose:—
'T was a First-class Railway-Ticket;
But on stooping down to pick it
Off the ground, a pea-green cricket
Settled on my Uncle's nose.

V.

Never, nevermore, oh! never
Did that cricket leave him ever,—
Dawn or evening, day or night;
Clinging as a constant treasure,
Chirping with a cheerious measure,
Wholly to my uncle's pleasure,
(Though his shoes were far too tight.)

VI.

So for three and forty winters,
Till his shoes were worn to splinters,
All those hills he wander'd o'er,—
Sometimes silent, sometimes yelling;
Till he came to Borley-Melling,
Near his old ancestral dwelling,
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

VII.

On a little heap of barley
Died my aged Uncle Arly,
And they buried him one night,
Close beside the leafy thicket;
There, his hat and Railway-Ticket;
There, his ever faithful cricket;
(“But his shoes were far too tight.”)

VILLA TENNYSON, SAN REMO,
11 March, 1886.

Foster. I have heard that the connoisseurs of art — critics, or whatever you call them — see some fault in his serious pictures, but I forget what it is. They seem to me very good, especially those taken on the Nile. But only a true artist could have drawn those nonsense outlines in all their variety. Then, too, how appropriate is the music to which he married his immortal caricature of pen and pencil! But is it true that much of this music has been lost to us because he did not know how to write down what he had composed?

Squire. I fear it is so; though he published some of the music to which he has so admirably set not only his own comic verses, but several of Tennyson's songs. There is much more that can now live only in the memory of those who knew and loved him. I say “loved,” because he was eminently a man of whom it might be said, —

“And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.”

I recall the image of the genial old man,

with his black spectacles, or rather goggles, his gaunt figure, and his face expressive of mingled fun and melancholy, as he showed us his picturesque house at San Remo, or, later in the day, sat down at the piano in our room at the hotel, and played and sang to his own music his own pathetic nonsense of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò. It may seem absurd to you, as it certainly would to many people, to say that in that song, so overflowing with nonsense, the old man was making fun of his deepest thoughts and feelings, — fun because they lay too deep for words. Villa Tennyson, so named after his friend, was a bachelor's home of mixed comfort and discomfort, with its garden of half-tropical flowers going down to the shore on which the blue Mediterranean was ever lapping, while the thick olive woods were sloping up the hills. It is impossible not to think of the abode "in the middle of the woods, on the Coast of Coromandel, where the early pumpkins blow," or to look up and down in imagination the dusty highroad which runs east and west, and not expect to see the heap of stones on which the Lady Jingly Jones might be sitting, with her milk-white hens of Dorking. I have not the least ground for saying that these fictions have any foundation in fact; but there they are, as the good old man has given them to us.

Foster. Do you think that Lear would have said, with Wordsworth's Matthew,

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth"?

Squire. I do not know; but the "household hearts" of old Matthew were those of wife and child, and these Lear knew not. You are right to remember that Wordsworth is not deploring old age generally, but the old age of the man of mirth. Wordsworth liked paradox, as his great Ode on Immortality shows; and those beautiful lines on Matthew are full of it.

Foster. What do you mean by paradox? Is not what he says true?

Squire. It seems to be becoming the fashion to use "paradox" as a fine expression for "false;" but "paradox" properly means "contrary to common opinion," and it may be used in either the good or the bad sense. It may be a true or a false statement, according as the popular opinion which it contravenes is right or wrong. In the poem you refer to, Wordsworth, with dramatic propriety, puts into the mouth of Matthew the paradoxical assertion that

"the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

Now, this is untrue as a general proposition, though true of the particular case to which Matthew afterwards limits it; and the paradoxical effect is produced by his first putting it forward as if the general proposition were true. It is not true that the old man who can no longer see to read regrets this less than he does that he can still see the trees and the sunshine and the faces of those dear to him; for he does not regret at all, but is very glad that all these are still left to him. It is because so much is left behind that the old man is able to bear with so little regret the loss of what age takes away. But when Matthew goes on to define and limit his statement, it becomes clear and true enough. He is speaking of the "man of mirth," of the man of mirth in his old age, whose kindred are in the grave; then, when tender but now hardly sad memories of the "household hearts that were his own" come upon him, and he can say, "The will of God be done," it jars on him to be asked to play the fool for the amusement of the thoughtless though affectionate youth who knows nothing — for he has had no experience — of these things.

Foster. You spoke of dramatic propriety. I suppose you refer to Wordsworth's own explanation that he had not given a matter-of-fact description of the

active old schoolmaster of Hawkshead, but a poetical picture, in which, as in that of the Wanderer, he had introduced traits of character from other men, so as to make a dramatic whole. These are not his words, but, if I remember rightly, this is the sense of them.

Squire. So I understand him. True poet as he is, he gives us no abstract philosophical disquisition on old age in general, or portrait of an actual old man; nor, what would be no less undramatic and untrue to nature, a picture of a Frankenstein in whom all characteristics of all old men are brought into an impossible combination. Those three poems, *Matthew*, *The Two April Mornings*, and *The Fountain*, make up one work of art of a very perfect kind. It will bear any analysis and any criticism, and come out all the brighter and the more beautiful.

Foster. I see what you mean. The *Matthew* of Wordsworth is an ideal man, and so having the individuality, and therefore the limitations, of any real man, and without which he would be a mere monster, and not a man at all. He is "a gray-haired man of glee," who even in his old age still carries his love of fun to such a height that it may be properly called "madness." But in all this mad fun there come intervals of deep melancholy and sadness, such as indeed I suppose we all have noticed in men of wild high spirits. So much I see; but he means more than this.

Squire. The poet brings out the rest by the introduction of the other personage of the drama, himself, as he was the youthful, and therefore thoughtless though affectionate companion of the old man. In after years he remembered, what he could not at the time understand, that, in answer to his youthful demand for renewed fun, old *Matthew* would give way to the melancholy reflection that men like himself

"Are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore."

It is not the loss of his *Emma* which now makes him sad,—he can think of it, and say from his heart, "The will of God be done;" but he thinks that if he had still with him "the household hearts that were his own" he might, like the birds, sing his merry carols, or be silent and forgetful at his own will, and not be bound, as he now is, to pay that heavy price for the affection, real though it is, of his youthful friend. What a pathos there is in the reply of the old childless man to the youth's offer, at once affectionate and thoughtless,—what should he know of death?—when he offers himself to supply the place of the children gone!

"Alas! it cannot be."

Perhaps we might say that the craving, the unsatisfied craving for sympathy, at any cost, is the keynote, the motive, of this beautiful little trilogy. Yet those are not the last words. The poet, true to life and to his art, ends with the old man, after all, singing again the witty rhymes about the crazy clock. Soldiers strike up a merry tune as they march back from the burial of a comrade. Joy, not sorrow, is the last word. "The dead are not dead, but alive!"

It was time for me to be going. We joined the ladies in the great parlor, and the elder lady said, "We are sorry you must go, Mr. Foster, but I hope you will keep your promise." The squire asked, "What was that?" And his elder daughter replied, "We told Mr. Foster of the custom of the Guest Book at my uncle's, in which every visitor is expected to write something on his going away. And we proposed that he should give us some such farewell."

Squire. Well, Foster, what did, or do, you say?

Foster. I quoted Puffendorf and Grotius, or at least Shakespeare and Walter Scott:—

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once;"

and

“On, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion;”

and I suggested, though the lines were not very complimentary to myself, —

“He fitted the halter and traversed the cart,
And often took leave, yet seemed loath to depart.”

But I was told that none of these were original, and so I promised to produce something of my own.

Squire. And what is it?

Foster. I must make a confession. I had cudgeled my prosaic brains to no purpose, vainly trying to say something appropriate. Then I thought of your translation of what Sa'di had said on a like occasion; and I have made a paraphrase of that. (Takes a paper from his pocket and reads.)

Through France and Germany I've wandered,
And sometimes laughed, and sometimes wondered

How men in country and in city
Were rude or friendly, dull or witty.
I've lived in Naples and in Rome,
But nothing like this English home
In all my travels did I find,
No place so fair, no folk so kind,
Nor of such genial heart and mind.
And now my holiday is done,
And I, unwilling, must be gone.
I still would keep the memory green
Of all that I have heard and seen:
The Giant's battlemented wall,
The portraits hanging in the Hall,
The Terrace and the Waterfall,
The Limes, the Oaks, the old knight's Tower,
My lady's Parlor and her Bower;
The welcome of the eldest Son,
When he the Election fought and won;
The pleasant talk we had together,
“What news to-day?” or “How 's the weather?”

Then changing to a loftier strain,
'T would rise and fall, and rise again,
And tell of all I loved to hear:
Of Shakespeare, Milton, Maurice, Lear;
Of Persian Poets; how men read
The language of the Arrowhead;
Of Love and Marriage, Life and Death;
Of worlds above, around, beneath.
Nor, Ladies, is the day forgot
When we rode down to Camelot,

And Arthur, Launcelot, and Elaine
Seemed in that hour to live again.
And though I take a careless leave,
Nor wear my heart upon my sleeve,
These memories never will decay
Nor fade into the light of common day.

Squire. Bravo, Foster! Your version of Sa'di reminds me of Sir John Cutmore's silk stockings, which were mended with worsted till there was not a thread of the old silk left.

Foster. I do not pretend to compare myself with Sa'di; but, as I have still five minutes to spare, I should like to appeal to the judgment of the ladies, as to the silk stockings, by reading your translation of the Persian lines. You gave me leave to copy them; and here they are. (Reads.)

Through many far-off lands I, wandering,
went;

With men of every kind my days I spent;
To me each corner did some pleasure yield,
I gleaned some ears from every harvest field.
So pure of heart and of such humble mind,
None like the men of Shiraz did I find.
Blest be that land! It won my heart away
From cities famous for imperial sway.
'T was pain to leave a garden all so fair,
And not some token to my friends to bear.
Methought, when travelers from Egypt come,
They bring back sweetmeats to their friends at home;

And if no sweetmeats in my hand I bring,
Words sweeter far than sugar poets sing.
Those sugared sweetmeats men but seem to eat,
In books the wise store up the real sweet.
A palace of Instruction then I framed,
And set therein ten gates, which thus I named:
First, Justice, Counsel, Order, How Kings
should reign,

And in the fear of God their rule maintain;
The next Beneficence, by which we can
Praise God in dealing forth his gifts to Man;
The third, Love, — not of passion and of sense
In man, but Love of God, deep and intense;
The fourth, Humility; Resignation next;
The sixth, Contentment, by no troubles vexed;
The seventh, Education, — how to rule
And train yourself, and in your heart keep school.

The eighth, Thanksgiving for the Almighty's
care;

The ninth, Repentance; and the tenth gate,
Prayer.

In an auspicious day and happy hour,
And in the year six hundred fifty-four,

My Book I finished, filled this treasury
 With store of pearls, of truth and poetry.
 But still I fear my jewels to display,
 And on my hands my head in doubt I lay !
 For oysters — shells and pearls are in one sea,
 The scrub-bush grows beside the stately tree ;
 Yet have I heard, O man of generous mind,
 The generous critic loves not fault to find ;
 The silken robe with gay embroidery shines.
 Yet that silk robe a cotton quilting lines.
 Then if the cotton in my verse you see,
 Be not severe, but hide it generously.
 I boast not of my costly wares, but stand
 And humbly ask for alms with outstretched hand.
 I have heard that in the day of hope and fear,
 That day when all before the Judge appear,
 He will, in mercy, bid them all to live,
 And for the righteous' sake the bad forgive.
 Thou, too, if badness in my verse shouldst see,
 Do thou likewise, — be merciful to me.
 When in a thousand one good verse you find,
 Withhold your censure, be humane and kind.

Of such a work as mine 't is true, indeed,
 That Persia, land of letters, has no need :
 Far off with awe you hear me, like a drum,
 But find the music rough when near I come.
 You say, What brings this Sa'di, bold-faced
 man ?

Roses to rose beds, pepper to Hindustan ?
 So, too, the date with sugar-encrusted skin, —
 You strip it back, and find a bone within.

Then came the English good-by, which
 says so little and means so much ; and
 as I left the room I heard the squire
 say, half to himself, " And, faith, he 'll
 prent it."

I crossed the north court, and as I
 passed through the gateway in the wall
 I looked back, and saw the squire, with
 his children and grandchildren, standing
 at the door under the tower.

Edward Strachey.

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

IN THE DEME OF DEMOSTHENES.

ATTICA is but a small spot on the map,
 to fill so vast a space in history. Broad
 roads were its boast even in Homeric
 times, long ones never. You can go well-
 nigh anywhere within its borders and
 get back to your seven-o'clock Athenian
 dinner.

On a bright winter morning (Decem-
 ber 20, 1892), after an hour's round-
 about ride on the little Attic railway, we
 left the train at Liopesi, hardly two hours'
 walk east of Athens if the mountain did
 not bar the way. It is a charming spot
 even for a passing glimpse, fronted by
 far-spreading olive woods, with here and
 there a fine oak, and backed by the cen-
 tral bulk of Hymettus. But the charm
 grows as imagination suffuses the scene
 with the atmosphere of ancient story.

For here lay old Pæania, the birthplace
 of Demosthenes. Here he must have
 toddled, and lisped his baby Greek, and
 begun that growth which was to make
 him forever the master of all who speak.
 As a lad, he had only to scramble up
 this steep mountain side to look upon
 Athens and Sunium, upon Salamis and
 Marathon. If too delicate for that, he
 still had this Eden of the Attic Midland
 before his eyes, with its mountain walls,
 and the long blue line of Eubœa loom-
 ing over against it.

Let us see if the modern village has
 aught to remind us of the great fore-
 time. It is but five minutes' walk through
 the olives from the little station to the
 village well, where we meet a number
 of the town folk, and in the little café
 adjoining yet more. The Pæanian res-
 inato is fine, and a little of it opens the
 mouth of the Pæanian cobbler at work
 on his outdoor bench, and well versed

in Pæanian topography. Over the gate near by he points out the first bit of Pæanian antiquity, a Pentelic fragment, on which remain only the clasped hands of a funeral relief. Farther up that high-walled street we come upon a more definite document: it is a fine old Pentelic tombstone built into a garden wall, and inscribed *Agonochares son of Epichares Pæanian*. Found in a neighboring vineyard, it speaks to the site of old Pæania. In the Athenian Kerameikos you can call the roll of half the Attic demes, but there was little circulation from deme to deme in the country. Hence, in determining the locality of a rural deme, even one demotic inscription certainly *in situ* establishes a presumption; a series of such is strong proof.

At the village inn, which is only a *magazi*, as usual, we find the innkeeper fairly bursting with archæological information. He leads us up a narrow lane between high walls, in one of which appears another Pentelic tombstone. Its inscription stirs the blood: *Demæn[etus] son of Demosth[enes] of Pæania*. The stone has been cut in two, and the last four letters of each name are missing; but there is no trouble in supplying them, for what is left is clear enough, and instantly recalls the fine basis inscription found in excavating the underground railway at Athens last winter. This basis bears the signature of the sculptor Bryaxis, the pupil of Scopas, and his collaborator in the execution of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; and the inscription shows that it supported a monument commemorating the triumphs of three Pæanian phylarchs (or cavalry commanders), namely:—

Demænetus son of Demeas of Pæania
Demeas son of Demænetus of Pæania
Demosthenes son of Demænetus of Pæania

This gives us three Pæanians, father

and two sons, who had attained a certain celebrity before the middle of the fourth century B. C.; and here in the wall we have another of the same line, evidently the son of the last-named phylarch:—
Demænetus son of Demosthenes of Pæania

One is tempted to seek a place in this line for the great orator, whose style was, *Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania*.

He was of the same generation with the brothers Demeas and Demosthenes, and about the time they must have won their spurs as phylarchs he was thundering his first philippic from the Pnyx.¹ Thanks to the trouble with his knavish guardians and the five extant speeches in the case, we know a good deal about the orator's family,—father, mother, sister, uncles, aunts, and cousins, even his maternal grandfather; but none of them reappear on these monuments. The next stone that is ploughed up may, however, set all these Pæanians of the speeches and the inscriptions in due relation, and possibly show that the money paid Bryaxis for perpetuating in Pentelic the memory of the three knights was part of the orator's plundered patrimony. For two of the three guardians were his own cousins; and the whole connection seems to have gone in for plucking the poor boy, orphaned at seven, with a sister yet younger, and a helpless sort of mother who had not force enough to follow her dowry. In those days the women folk were willed away along with the other goods and chattels, and the elder Demosthenes bequeathed his wife to one of the guardians, and his five-year-old daughter to another, each with a handsome *dot*: the honest fellows promptly seized the dowries, and repudiated the incumbrances. It is a pathetic chapter, and one full of interest for the student of old Greek life, this case of Demosthenes *vs.* Apho-

Mausoleum, and sculptor of the phylarchs' monument.

¹ This speech is assigned to 351 B. C., the year in which King Mausolus died,—an event fixing a date for Bryaxis, collaborator on the

bos *et al.*, but its chief importance, after all, lies in this : the struggle for his own rights led the Pæanian lad to the mastery of his powers, and so gave the world its supreme orator.

To learn more of this precious monument, we turn into the rude inclosure, in one corner of which stands a ruder hovel, floored with terra firma. It is occupied by a priest, who is so full, not of Demosthenes, but of Dionysus, that locomotion and articulation alike fail him. He can just squeeze our hands, and make signs to one of the two attendant Pæanians to bring on the big bowl of resinato, which passes from mouth to mouth, like the wassail bowl of Homeric times, or the Loving Cup at the Mansion House. We effect our escape with some difficulty and little information, only assured that this stone was likewise ploughed up in an adjacent vineyard.

There were enough Pæanian inscriptions to settle in our minds, and on the spot, the question of deme identity, a far more satisfying method than thumbing the Corpus. But our publican had a further treat in store. We followed him through the village and up the steep rocks to the south, where stands a little out-chapel (ἐξωκκλήσιον). Built into its back wall, upside down, appears a document even more fascinating than the epitaph of Demosthenes' son. It is a fragment of a thin marble slab, about eighteen inches long, and hardly four inches wide ; but it bears two full lines and part of a third chiseled in the alphabet of the sixth century, and this is the story they spell :

*This monument Kylon to his two sons
Deceased set up — a memorial
Of affection*

As an old document of love and death,

archaic already when Demosthenes was born, it has interest enough. But the name of Kylon, that name so sinister through two centuries of Athenian history, invests it with an unique fascination. Not that we can with any certainty associate it with the young Hotspur who seized the Acropolis and sought to make himself Tyrant of Athens some time in the last quarter of the seventh century, although Ross was evidently inclined to recognize the would-be usurper in the Kylon of this marble ; and Professor J. H. Wright, in his admirable monograph on The Date of Cylon, has suggested a further connection between the banished Kylon family and that of the Pæanian orator.² It is certainly tempting, here in the presence of this Kylonian monument, to put things together and speculate. Data, a Pæanian Kylon, paleographically attested as contemporary, if not identical, with the Kylon of history ; some generations after Kylon's banishment a Gylon turns up with a foreign wife, — he, too, under ban, if we are to believe the orator's enemies, — and gives one of his daughters in marriage to a Pæanian citizen to become the mother of Demosthenes. A descendant of the would-be usurper even in the seventh generation would hardly return under a name attainted in Athenian history ; under that name as softened in a foreign utterance, he might come back without recalling old resentments. And here at Pæania, and nowhere else, the two names actually meet together ! It is tempting, we repeat ; but if Demosthenes had had that taint in his blood, Æschines could hardly have failed to smell it out and proclaim it from the housetops.

This little chapel of St. John affords

¹ The inscription is No. 472 in the Corpus Inscr. Atticarum.

² "May not the family, early leaving their ancient homes, have survived under a slightly different name, Γύλων for Κύλων ? The Gylon of history, Demosthenes' maternal grandfather, belonged to the deme Cerameis, but perhaps

in the marriage of his daughter to Demosthenes the Pæanian there was a renewal of ancient local associations. Gylon himself, like Cylon, sought for his wife the daughter of a foreign prince. Still, the hypothesis that makes Demosthenes a descendant, or even a connexion, of Cylon is not without the gravest difficulties."

a bird's-eye view of the village, which boasts three hundred houses, and is anything but mean-looking. Our publican kindly points out the exact spot where Demosthenes was born, down the vineyard way; indeed, he goes further, and indicates the birthplace of Pisistratus, up toward the mountain. Pisistratus was not a Pæanian, though the tall and beautiful Phya, whom he palmed off for Pallas Athene, on his first return, was, according to Herodotus, from this deme. So, it would seem, was that able leader Phormion, who served Athens so well in the Peloponnesian war. At least it was here he sought retirement under the burden of his debts, until the Athenians wanted him for their admiral, and paid off his creditors.

Above the chapel, a bold bare rock invites a climb to wider views; but before we are halfway up, the brown bees of Hymettus are making wrathful music about our ears, and we are glad to get down without lasting souvenirs of them. Below we had seen them buzzing about little water-troughs hewn in the rocks for their accommodation, and now under the big rock to the south appears their colony, a sort of amphitheatre sheltering perhaps a hundred hives. In the warm December sun they are doing a good business, and resent intrusion.

Beyond Kylon and the bees, across a little valley, and on the slope of a larger hill, lies the Liopesi cemetery, with a pretty domed chapel above it. The cemetery is new, and, for all the splendid *stelæ* of old, shows but one bit of marble, a small cross with name and date. The usual monument is a broken jug at the head of the grave, common red ware; for variety, a white pitcher with a hole in the bottom, and placed upside down. It is the pitcher broken at the fountain,

the leaky vessel of the Danaides, or what you will; anyway, an emblem of bereavement as old as death.

Meditating here, with eyes uplifted to the great chasm which seems to cleave Hymettus in twain, we hear the shouts of three lads sent out by the publican to call us down. Before his little hostelry we lunch — *al fresco* and in the public gaze — on our Athenian provision plus a cup of honey from the hives on the rock, the property of our host. It is clear and pure, with the true Hymettus flavor. During our repast Papa Athanasios joins us, still drunk, but recovering his speech, and another Pæanian, volubly mellow, who has delved in the Laurion mines, and drowns us with his chatter.¹

At midday we had met the Pæanian boys trooping out of school for their nooning, and so called upon the schoolmaster, whose residence is, as often, a little den partitioned off from the schoolroom. The school adjoins the church, and the churchyard is a cosy shaded spot, a pleasant playground if so profaned. The schoolmaster is an elderly man, of good appearance barring a bulbous nose, claims to be an Athenian, teaches eighty boys (the girls' school is separate, and has fifty pupils), and, after twenty-five years' service, draws the munificent salary of one hundred drachmæ (say twelve dollars) a month. The schoolroom is primitive in its simplicity, but shows a bit of blackboard written over with copies for the day; the first (oddly enough in view of what we had just witnessed) being *ὁ σεβασμὸς ἱερεὺς*, *the reverend priest*. One of the visitors takes the crayon and traces a line of Homer, while the other mounts the schoolmaster's *bema* and declaims the exordium of the First Olynthiac.

Later in the day, we came back to see

¹ I must guard against a false impression here. Drunkenness in Greece, far from being common, is so uncommon as to make this Liopesi experience noteworthy; and the case of the bibulous priest stands alone within my obser-

vation. We met four other priests the same day at Liopesi and Spata, all of them as staid and sober as so many New England country parsons.

the school in operation. The schoolmaster stood at his desk with a class before him, while the seventy odd boys on the benches were studying at the top of their voices. As we entered, a thundering *Sjêp*! (*σιῶπα*, *silence*), followed by a shrill blast of the schoolmaster's tin whistle, stilled the tumult, and brought the whole school to their feet to receive us. In any other country we should have thought it a girls' school, the cotton aprons and head-bands of the lads (from five to twelve) hardly suggesting boy gear. We begged the master to go on with his drill, but, with the weakness common to the calling, he gave us dress parade instead. A dozen of the larger lads (from ten to twelve years old) were called up and put through their paces from the Trojan war down to the great Pæanian orator, though they seemed to know less of Demosthenes than of the heroic shades. The questions were fired off like orders on the field, and the responses were usually instantaneous and correct. Whenever the pupil's articulation was bad, the master's shrill *Kabapá*! brought out a more carefully syllabled reply; and it was evident that the Pæanian youth were in training for better Greek than we heard from their elders. The schoolmaster had taken to heart the story of Demosthenes and the pebbles. A man above the average of his class in intelligence, he frequently connected the old lore with the existing monuments, particularly those of Athens, on which he lingered fondly, and among which the lads seemed quite at home. He had possibly conducted them to the sacred city on some rare holiday.

One can but wonder what schooling rural Attica afforded in Demosthenes' day. For him it mattered little: the son of a man who had carried on two factories with his own slaves, and kept a good bank account withal, — even when thievish guardians had done their worst, — he was not shut up to provincial opportunities. Athens was his school;

Thucydides his model; Plato, Isocrates, Isæus, were his masters. Better than the tipsy priest and the master with the bulbous nose; yet who shall say that Liopesi confines no budding Panhellenic statesman destined to more successful if less brilliant service than Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania!

II.

ERCHIA: THE NEW MASTER AND THE OLD.

The brief bright afternoon was far spent before we could get out of school and on our way, with a loquacious old Pæanian for guide, to Spata, a village perched upon the clayey bluffs an hour eastward, in the very midst of the Midland. By the roadside, just out of Liopesi, a steam grist-mill; then the rustic laundry, walled in against the northwest, and provided with stone troughs, at which the washerwomen are at work; hard by, among the olives, a ruined church, with abundant litter of ancient buildings. Half a mile further on we come upon an ancient marble-mouthed well, where the passing peasants are watering their beasts, and near this another chapel, the Evangelistria. Here lies what the rustics call the lion (*τὸ λεοντάρι*), but what we at once perceive to be a colossal marble sheep, already described by Leake, as we learn later. It is a fine animal even with its head off, but why this apotheosis of the gentle sheep? Possibly it stood as deme eponymus, for the ruins here indicate a deme centre, and not far off the latest authority has mapped Oa, or *Eweton*, one of whose demotic inscriptions I have myself found at Koropi, a few miles south. It was a little deme, and there is room for it here.

Walking on, with our backs to the setting sun, we have the pretty village of Spata on the bluffs before us. Its outpost, half a mile nearer in the plain, is another old well and a new chapel, where

we find a pretty bit of ancient carving. Hence the road ascends, passes a third great well, where the village folk are drawing water, and at last—now a finely built causeway—leads by a steep grade past some large rum factories up to Spata on the hill. In the early sunset, the view back upon Hymettus and forward on the more distant coast range, with glimpses of the sea, is reward enough for our walk. But the day is too far gone to catch our train at Kanzia and sleep in Athens, unless Spata can afford us horses. The publican declares that there are neither horses nor beds for us in Spata, but there will be a stage to Athens in the morning. We know Greece too well to accept any such ultimatum, and, going about to see what we can of Spata, we presently fall into hospitable hands. Spata boasts a fine church on a noble site, and there we meet two priests, both quite sober, and the schoolmaster. The latter thinks there are beds, and finally owns that he has some himself, but, after measuring the stature of my companion, concludes that he has none to fit him. I can have a bed, and my friend a shake-down (*σπρώματα*). This is good, and we hasten to economize the last light of day in visiting the prehistoric princely tombs around the bluff about half a mile southwest of the village. The custodian (*phylax*) and our Pæanian guide escort us, and we are soon in the bowels of the bluff, where lighted tapers and blazing thyme reveal a dwelling for the dead of the same type with the royal treasure tombs of Mycenæ and Orchomenos. There is the sunken avenue, the large vaulted chamber (*tholos*) opening into a smaller side chamber, and that into still another; only this “beehive” tomb is not built up of solid masonry, but, like the so-called “prison of Socrates” at Athens, is a simple excavation; excavated, too, it would seem in this light, out of clay rather than rock,—a clay so tenacious that thirty centuries have not marred the smooth surface left by those prehistoric workmen.

Schliemann had hardly uncovered the royal sepulchre of Mycenæ, “rich in gold,” in 1876, when some peasant chanced upon these tombs at Spata, full of the same strange outlandish art wrought in gold and in ivory, the same un-Hellenic or pre-Hellenic pottery, with Assyrian mitres and Egyptian sphinxes. At once Attic history, overleaping all literary tradition, stood face to face with monuments older than Homer; monuments, too, not of autochthons, but of invaders. Here on the hill of Spata,—so say the wise in these things,—not later than eleven centuries before our era, Carian princes must have had their seat; a warlike, splendor-loving race, to deck their dead with gold from head to foot, and turn their tombs into an arsenal. This sepulchre of Carian princes was six centuries old when the Carian queen, Artemisia, followed Xerxes to Salamis, and when Herodotus was born in the Carian capital to tell her story. The spoil of these tombs may be seen side by side with Mycenæ’s in the National Museum at Athens, but it means more to one who has been at Spata.

We found the schoolmaster’s house apparently the best in the village, occupying a great quadrangle, as usual, with high walls, entered through a somewhat stately portal. An outside stairway of marble led to the upper floor, which was given up for our entertainment,—a large square chamber, with balcony looking toward sunrise and the sea, and behind this two other tiny apartments. The big chamber was evidently the *megaron* reserved for state occasions, and cold and cheerless accordingly. A great sofa and a shake-down, with a table, a few chairs, and small pictures of Greek politicians saved it from absolute emptiness; but the little box behind this, with the schoolmaster’s beggarly bookshelves and a big open fireplace, promised better things. The evening was chill, and I ventured the suggestion that the smell of fire would not be unpleasant. At once our

host's fair daughter, Helene, heaped an armful of pine fagots on the hearth, and touched them off. The warm blaze shot up, and in a moment we were new creatures; the resinato went round, with Helene for cup-bearer, and the symposium was one long to be remembered.

Fancy two barbarians, smitten with the love of Greece, on pilgrimage to the deme of Xenophon; their host, the schoolmaster for twenty-five years of Xenophon's native place, without a copy of Xenophon in his house! With Marathon hardly a dozen miles away, he had never set foot upon the famous field, yet he was full of curiosity about our New World.

"So you are Americans?"

"Yes."

"Of North or South America?"

That is always the next question here.

"North America, — the United States."

"Ah, do you live near Panama?"

Panama is in the air now, even here behind Hymettus. We explain that it is much farther from Providence to Panama than from here to Marathon. Then the schoolmaster comes out strong.

"You have heard of the flood?"

"Yes."

"Noah's flood?"

"Yes."

"When all the world was drowned except Noah and his people in the ark?"

"Yes."

"You remember Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, one of them settled Asia, one Africa, and the other Europe."

"So I have heard."

"Then, what I want to know is, where do you Americans come from?"

"Tell him," said the Sage, observing that I was cornered, "tell him that we had a boat of our own."

I did so, but without provoking a smile, and it presently came out that the schoolmaster was in dead earnest. He had mixed us up with the aborigines, and was trying to get at our own opinion of

our origin. Assured at last that we were Europeans and able to give an historical account of ourselves, he questioned us closely about our Red Remnant. It is a subject of profound interest to the Greek mind; probably because a modern Greek version of *The Last of the Mohicans*, with frightful woodcuts, is to be found in every bookstall not only in Athens, but in the provincial towns. It seems to be the same old curiosity about the outlandish to which Æschylus catered in *The Persians*, and Herodotus in his *History*. When I had given him some account of our red people, he brought out his own theory of an earthquake tearing the continent in twain at Bering's Strait, and so parting Japheth's family. This seismic doctrine is doubtless taught in the demotic school of Spata without ever a word of the Platonic Atlantis.

The Spata schoolmaster is by far the finest specimen of his class we have met in rural Greece. A splendid figure and a strong, genial face, an open mind unspoiled by learning, — I doubt whether he ever reads out of school, — he looks the genuine old open-air Greek, and all the more so because, unlike most of his class, he has never discarded the national dress. The dress, indeed, is Albanian, and so is he, like most of this Midland folk; but he will tell you that the Albanian is only the older Greek, the Pelasgian, whose prehistoric secret has been as well kept from the rest of the world as the red man's and the mound builder's. If now, as some wise men claim, the Carians were of Pelasgic stock, our host may be a descendant, only ninety generations removed, from the primitive gravediggers of Spata.

For an Albanian he has an exceptional Hellenic cheerfulness. The Albanian character, as Wordsworth well observed, is rather Dorian than Ionian. By his fireside, we, schoolmasters both, cannot repress a wish that all our colleagues at home might fare as well as he. Twenty-seven years in the business, and twenty-

five of them at this one post, he is no tramp. The best dressed and best housed man in town, he is probably the foremost citizen, for the rich rum-maker lives in Athens. Beginning with a monthly stipend of sixty drachmæ, he has advanced step by step, until he is now in receipt of one hundred and twenty (or, at present exchange rates, fully fifteen dollars) a month; and for each five years' service henceforth the law allows him an increase of five drachmæ on his monthly pay. Being now but forty-five, it will be seen that, if he keeps his place and holds out to be a centenarian, he may see this salary almost doubled; and thirty dollars a month at Spata would be something like a royal revenue.

I do not set down this supposition in mere wantonness or without precedent, for the foremost schoolmaster of old Greece, and the longest-lived, was born here at Spata. Without looking up the demotic inscriptions for ourselves, we know that enough have been found to fix here the ancient Erchia, the native deme of Xenophon; it was once thought, of Alcibiades also. At any rate, that splendid scapegrace had large landed estates in Erchia, as Plato informs us. Xenophon, born here at the very outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, lived to chronicle the battle of Mantinea, sixty-nine years later, and must have been seventy-seven when he died. But the true type of Erchian longevity is her Panhellenic schoolmaster, Isocrates. Born here five years before Xenophon, he long outlived him. As a lad he saw the beginning of the long tug between Athens and Sparta. His father's fields may have been wasted when King Archidamus raided this Midland and the Paralia all the way down to Laurion; and if we accept the story that was good enough for Milton,

"That dishonest victory

At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,

Kill'd with report that old man eloquent."

"In his ninety-eighth year," so tradition runs, "he was in the Palæstra of Hip-

pocrates when he heard the news of Chæroneia. He repeated three verses of Euripides, — verses commemorating three alien conquerors of Greece, — and four days afterwards, on the burial day of those who fell at Chæroneia, he died of voluntary starvation."

The story is clearly unhistorical, but here in the schoolmaster's house, on the hill where Isocrates must have played, and by the prehistoric tombs which may have been his first mysteries, one cannot but recall his wonderful career as an educator and a publicist. Fallen on evil times, for Attica was practically in a state of siege through most of his youth and early manhood, he was nearly as old as the present schoolmaster of Spata when (392 B. C.) he opened his school near the Lyceum at Athens, and began his life work. A full half-century later he was putting the last touches on his Panathenæic oration. In the mean time he had become the most illustrious teacher of his day, with pupils flocking to him from the whole Hellenic world; and that not for a few showy lectures, but for solid study, staying as long, some of them, as our boys do for a full college course. Among them came out statesmen, generals, and kings; and in that school, according to Cicero, was trained and perfected the eloquence of Greece. The school itself, says Dionysius, he made the true image of Athens. If he was not himself the teacher of Demosthenes, his pupil Isæus was, and that, it would seem, in a peculiarly close and exclusive relation.

Such was Isocrates the schoolmaster. But he was a statesman as well, exalting Hellas above Athens, and seeking all his life to break down the walls of that pitiful provincialism which was the bane of Greek politics. While Demosthenes was thundering against Philip, he could look even to the Macedonian as possible leader and deliverer of the Greeks. Politically his views were realized in that larger Hellenism which, under Alexander's flag, overspread the East, and made the cul-

ture of Athens a possession for humanity; and some faint echo of those views may be recognized to-day in a state that calls itself the kingdom of the Hellenes, not of Hellas.

But it is the schoolmaster influence that has most profoundly affected our intellectual history. In tracing the moulding forces of the perfect Attic speech, Jebb, upon whose admirable *Life in The Attic Orators* this brief sketch is mainly based, observes: "Among these various elements one is dominant. The Isocratic style has become the basis of all the rest. That style, in its essential characteristics of rhythm and period, passed into the prose of Cicero; modern prose has been modeled on the Roman: and thus, in forming the literary rhetoric of Attica, Isocrates founded that of all literatures." Webster at Bunker Hill and Everett at Gettysburg but used the mould of speech first fashioned by the schoolmaster who saw the light here at Erchia long before Plato had dreamed of an Atlantis.

When we rose in the morning, the schoolmaster had gone to church, and so we were relieved of some embarrassment. We offered a bit of paper to

Helene, who shook her head until assured that it was only a mite for her dowry. Not until we were leaving the gate did we get sight of the schoolmaster's wife, who then appeared, shyly but with a beaming face, to speed the parting guests. At the little café we found the schoolmaster himself waiting to set us on our way, and he walked with us down into the plain. At parting my friend took out his pocketbook, a proceeding which moved our host's unaffected indignation until he found it was only to hand him a card. With all his epic curiosity about our fatherland, he had asked neither our own nor our fathers' names; so we introduced ourselves at last, and took farewell after the fashion of Diomed and Glaucus:—

"So now art thou our dear guest-friend in midmost Attica,
And we are thine whene'er thou farest to our land."

The speech should have been the schoolmaster's, but he had probably never heard it, and must have retraced his steps wondering what manner of men were these that hailed from a savage land, and talked like the old tombstones.

J. Irving Manatt.

EGOTISM IN CONTEMPORARY ART.

LITTLE by little the shackles of imitation have been falling from American art, so that now it enjoys almost complete freedom of initiative. The direction of its destinies appears more and more to lie in the hands of purely native individualities. In the tendencies of the latter may be discerned something of the promise of the future. The tacit repudiation of the French school by the leading painters of America is itself the broadest and most encouraging phenomenon which analysis discovers. In the work of Sargent, Thayer, La Farge, Ho-

mer, Inness, and others to whom I shall have occasion to return, there is nothing more interesting than the independence of style illustrated. But taking the school as a whole, an estimate of how much less French influence there is to-day than there was a few years ago would have a cheering but negative significance. The positive value of what we are substituting for the facility and cleverness cultivated under foreign guidance or example is a more definite and more seriously interesting object of criticism. It can be ascertained along two lines: first, by

detaching the best artists, and giving a brief survey of the intrinsic weight of the group; and then, by indicating the road which the rank and file, in other words the majority of the school, seem disposed to travel. With the second of these two divisions this paper is intended to be chiefly occupied, because in the second there is expressed most concisely that which most needs to be considered by artists and laymen alike, — the general point of view.

The point of view among the strongest American painters resolves itself into this, that they work with the authority of well-trained craftsmen; but while working from within, while coloring their accomplished art with inspiration passed from nature through every fibre of their individuality, they aim at the expression of beauty for beauty's sake, and not for any adventitious purpose. They are not preoccupied with themselves or with technique. It is not necessary for the present purpose to consider their works in detail. I will simply state that what gives distinction to such brilliant technicians and stylists as the figure painters Sargent, Homer, Walker, Abbey, and Dewing, or such landscape painters as Inness, Homer Martin, and D. W. Tryon, is that they all put both style and executive ability unaffectedly at the service of a deep feeling for pure beauty. These painters, and with them a few others, — La Farge, George DeForest Brush, F. S. Church, Alexander Harrison (in his sea pictures, not in his figure pieces), Whistler, and, with reservations touching his technique, Abbott Thayer, — form the primary group to which I have alluded. I should describe it briefly as a small group, equal in power to any of similar numbers that could be formed in Europe; a great group by virtue of its including so remarkable a colorist and designer as La Farge, so poetic a painter of landscape as Inness, and so masterly a portrait painter as either Sargent or Whistler; and finally, a national group,

inasmuch as no one of its members is affiliated with any foreign school. In this group there are no signs of anything but progress.

Both contingents of American art, the larger and the smaller, stand forth as the outcome of that evolutionary process which was begun centuries ago, and to which such apparently unrelated events as the Renaissance and the French Revolution contributed influence that is potent to-day. Both are crystallizations of personality, self-consciousness, egotism, whichever you choose to call it. Ever since men began to emerge upon a life of liberty and expansion we have learned to read neither their race, nor their nation, nor their state, nor, even primarily, their time, in their performances, but *themselves*. So, if a picture by Mr. Homer or Mr. Inness, surviving generations hence by virtue of its truth and its abstract qualities of beauty, were to lose the record of authenticity placed upon it in the shape of a signature, the critics would still seek in it and find revelations of a personal, temperamental nature; and these revelations would be, if anything, of a larger value, I think, than those which we find to-day in paintings of even so recent a century as the last. But Mr. Homer represents the remnant, the saving group. Take the majority, the great unheeding majority, and there are indications visible in its characteristics in which not the progress, but the decay of evolution may be detected; because in a work of art from one of the majority the relative value of the personal revelations I have referred to is altogether too large. There you find egotism moving rapidly on towards a goal of self-glorification with a recklessness in which it is not difficult to divine the assurance of ultimate discomfiture and defeat.

Leaving aside, then, the few masters, the significance of personality is now very different from what it was in the historic years of its seedtime. Once it was the

keystone of civilization, and in art and literature it produced Michael Angelo and Boccaccio, Leonardo and Machiavelli, Bramante and Petrarch. It could leave such a record as this because what men wanted was freedom of action for the attainment of ends not crassly egotistical. The authors and painters had a disinterested love of art and literature. There was something more involved in the attitude of an artist than a mere fanaticism for self-advertising. Let personality degenerate into the latter ignoble form of egotism, and it becomes an insidious but immensely effective force of disintegration. That is what it has become to-day in many fields of activity. We have in politics the perennially interviewed one, and in literature the "popular" author with his frequent communications to the public as to his methods and his plans. How often, in the course of a year, is it not remarked by some writer of prominence (in response to a pressing inquiry, of course; as though any inquiry should be pressing enough to elicit such talk!) that his forthcoming novel will be one of the best, if not altogether the finest book he has ever written! In music the virtuoso and the prima donna reign supreme. Their ways are known. Consider the present condition of the stage. The star system has left but one theatre in the world free from blight, the Comédie Française. In the house of Molière alone will you see a drama symmetrically enacted (though I understand that the Burg Theatre in Vienna has sought to emulate the French standard), and even there the spirit of the age has endeavored to make itself felt. Only the other day it was rumored that Mademoiselle Suzanne Reichemberg, the celebrated *doyenne* of the institution, had threatened to resign, because she had not been satisfied with the distribution of rôles, for which the present manager, M. Claretie, was responsible. What is this but a euphemism for dissatisfaction with the theatre's well-known opposition to

one-actor performances? Mademoiselle Reichemberg protested that she would begin her career anew in a different scene. She has since, happily, reconsidered her decision. Had she not done so, it goes without saying that she would have appeared as a star. The leading actors of the time will brook no rival near the throne. When Signora Duse showed the people of New York how unassumingly she could take the stage, how justly she could scale her part to the proportions of the whole, they were amazed as by a revelation. Verily, in the Palace of Art we have grown so morbidly self-conscious, so enamored of ourselves, that we are dissatisfied if our explorations bring us face to face with any image but our own! What the artist claims is the exercise of personality for the sake of freedom. What he really assumes is the exercise of personality for its own sake, or rather, for the sake of the Person, the Personage.

The painter no less than the politician, the author, and the artist of interpretation makes of his personality a fetich. With him, too, personality has grown to be a source of self-advertising; only the advertising is of the less obvious sort. It is not for that reason any the less pernicious. I know of nothing more subtly but surely subversive of the best principles of art than the headlong apotheosis of the "point of view" which is growing in contemporary painting; and its evil influence is increased a thousandfold by its arrival in the guise of an evangel profoundly righteous. The first impulse of the insurgent is to impose his own laws upon the material in which he works. Tersely formulated, the gospel of the Romantic movement started in France about 1830 would be expressed thus: "Know thyself, be thyself; work according to the promptings of thy nature." To words of this flattering import artists from Géricault's day to Whistler's have given a willing ear, especially those who have not, like Géricault and

Whistler, the wit to perceive that the license does not cover the whole philosophy of art. It matters not to the average artist that, by following his own bent too closely, he frequently runs the risk of making his art indescribably *borné* and fruitless. It is enough for him if he realizes himself. This ambition of "self-effectuation," susceptible of being diverted to now such admirable and now such futile purpose, is almost universally held among modern artists. To oppose it would be to argue with a force of nature. Without it art would cease to be vitalized. It would be folly to sacrifice it, even if that were possible. But it is justifiable to protest against its being made the first and last article of æsthetic faith. To make it all of that is the growing tendency. You can read its manifestations either in specific and more or less independent movements, or in the whole spirit of the time. I will refer first to the former.

In Paris, whence the new dictum was originally sent forth, the Barbizon school of landscape and *genre*, with its programme of imaginative naturalism plus individuality, has been succeeded by a group of painters whose aim differs from that of their predecessors in that it is for individuality plus unimaginative naturalism. Rousseau, Corot, and Millet proposed to paint nature so as to give as faithful a picture of her as possible; and in order to do that they knew that they could trust only to their eyes and feelings. They would paint in their own ways, they would give themselves free swing, but the first intention of their work would be to reproduce nature with truth. The impressionist's intention is somewhat the same, but he makes the following distinction. "This is as *I* see nature," he declares. "You may tell me that that is an oak, and that those flowers are daisies. Yonder bush may be one of roses. Mais que voulez-vous? I am no maker of catalogues. I do not pretend to tell you just what is there. I tell you what I see there, and what I

see is so much tone. I leave it to your cleverness to translate my tone, my beautiful pigments, back into natural facts. Presto! I have looked quickly, because a change in the atmosphere will make me see another thing ten minutes later. There is my picture!" And this synthesis with which he is so contented is not imaginative, not based on spiritual insight and the formative power of a creative genius passing loosely related facts through the alembic of his art, to bring them out knit closely together, a marvelous totality. It is a purely ocular synthesis, a synthesis founded on the baldest visual experience. I do not say this is a worthless kind of art. In the hands of a master of observation and swift generalization, in the hands of a man like Monet, it may be made to yield interesting and even beautiful work. At the same time it marks a step in the wrong direction, in the direction of personality resting satisfied with its own outlook.

After the impressionists have come the symbolists, the members of the Rose-Croix Salon, with the "Sar" Péladan at their head. They carry the impressionistic independence of literal explanation to its extreme limit, and far beyond. During the last two winters they have filled the Durand-Ruel galleries in Paris with scores of designs to which it has been impossible for the uninitiate to attribute any meaning whatever. The pictures have mostly pretended to express the spiritual speculations, so called, of the new Rosicrucians. If the spectator cannot see through their arbitrarily enigmatic propositions, then so much the worse for his groveling soul. The artist has, or thinks he has, an explanation of his own mysticism. Safe in his self-consciousness, he bids the world pass on. The complacency of the type is astounding. I have not by me at present any of the sapient utterances with which the air was thick at the time of the Rose-Croix début, but this artistic group has its exact equivalent among the literary

phenomena of the hour, and there comes appropriately to my hand this exquisite deliverance from the *décadent* school of poets, the school founded by Baudelaire, and continued by Verlaine, Stéphane Mallarmé, Gustave Kahn, and others: "Les très nombreuses et incessantes polémiques que susciterent depuis trois ans les manifestations du groupe symboliste rappellent les grandes luttes qui, en ce siècle, signalèrent l'essor du romantisme et du naturalisme." As who should say of the recent student riots in Paris, "This commotion recalls the stormy days of '93." Possibly it does, to those for whom noise is in itself something talismanic and potential. But between the lordly lion, shaking his mane in magnificent defiance, which Stendhal loosed and Géricault and Victor Hugo woke to a sense of his own power, — between this romantic and splendid apparition and the hysterical mouse that has limped into life on the tortured strophes of MM. Baudelaire, Verlaine et Cie., there seems to me to be a very great distance indeed.

I have not forgotten the fact postulated above, that American artists are no longer in bondage, as a school, to the French. If I have spoken at length of French phenomena, it is because they provide organisms for illustration. The most flagrant ebullitions of personality in French art are speedily made the basis for a "school." Neither in England nor in America have any movements of eccentricity similar to those of the Rosicrucians and the impressionists reached an advanced stage of organization, though there are several artists of *décadent* sympathies in London, and impressionism, as everybody knows, has a recognized body of adherents in this country and in the British capital. Last summer, when an exhibition of pictures by the French impressionists Monet and Besnard was opened in New York, there were found to supplement it pictures by Mr. Alden Weir and Mr. J. H. Twachtman which had plainly been produced in emulation

of Monet. What is really a more serious phase of the situation, however, than any such sporadic demonstration as that of Messrs. Weir and Twachtman — more serious because more widely pervasive — is found in an exhibition of the Society of American Artists. I approach it with diffidence, for I have no doubt that some one might arise and gravely remonstrate with me for undervaluing the service to art which is performed by the pillars of that centre of liberated personality. As a matter of fact, no one could admire more than I do the strength and the abundant individuality which may be found there. But in spite of my admiration I cannot avoid the suspicion that among those who are not masters there lurks a vitiating germ. Art happens, says Mr. Whistler. To this there is now tacitly added the intelligence that the material of art happens, also; the implication being that if it happens in fact, it may logically happen on canvas. Logically, perhaps, but not artistically; and Mr. Whistler, the greatest selective genius among living painters, the greatest living master of artistic logic, has said so explicitly enough, besides setting a lasting example to his generation. Example and precept have been of no avail, and when, at the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists, a prize was to be awarded to the picture considered the best by the artists themselves, they chose a work by Mr. E. C. Tarbell which showed no selective faculty whatever, the composition of a nude woman attended at her bath by a maid having not the slightest grace of line or composition. It was simply an attempt at photographing nature, not at rearranging her in a pictorial design. The explanation of this kind of art, which summed up, by the way, the prevailing aim in the exhibition referred to, I find in the strenuous claims of personality, — claims that outweigh, apparently, all other considerations. The important thing is, not to produce a picture, a com-

position, interesting in and for itself, but to make the reproduction of some episode in life the vehicle for the expression of the artist's point of view. The expression of that point of view is essential to the perfection of a work of art. I do not see how it can be sufficient in itself to make a painting a work of art. This seems to me self-evident, yet you will find it denied in an exhibition like that of which I speak. In other words, you will find again and again some of the chief virtues of graphic art, but rarely the greatest virtue of all, that of construction. Studies you will find *ad libitum*. Memoranda, casual sketches, unsorted fragments of life and of landscape, — you will find all these. And I cannot insist too strongly that when, in one legitimately artistic way or another, they strike a temperamental note, they are answering a requirement of the best art. Up to a certain point other requirements of a picture will also have been fulfilled. A picture, I take it, is the representation within a given space, through the medium of outline, light, and shade, etc., of an object which will appeal to the intelligence in just that position, without the aid of any extraneous agents. This is the elemental picture, such as one may draw when a figure stands accidentally beneath an arch, or when the clouds pause to model curious shapes against the sky. Any case of temporarily arrested motion will make a picture of this sort, as the kodak has proved. It has points of surplusage, but we do not mind them. Roughly speaking, the pictorial instinct is satisfied. The picture that is also a work of art, however, is one in which a quivering consciousness of the value of each line and shadow has so operated as to make each line form part of an indissoluble unit. Every work of art fulfills its purpose in striking a chord of intellectual, imaginative, sensuous, or emotional significance. The perfection of this chord is conditional upon the subtle correspondence in degree of ex-

citing power between its component parts, upon the flawless harmony of its forces in working to a common end. The secret of creation is nothing if not a secret of construction.

It is the old story of selection versus blind acceptance of anything that comes. The author of any one of the scores of pictures you may choose from one of the current exhibitions will tell you that he has heard it before. Our supposititious artist may ask you, sarcastically, if you suppose he used no discrimination in choosing the stuff of the picture before you. This argument, plausible as it might seem, would miss the real point at issue, which is not whether a painter has discovered a more or less paintable fragment of nature, or arranged his models in a more or less dramatic and pictorial way. The point is whether or not the various motives have been consciously fused into one symmetrical totality of spiritual and material effect, — an effect from which it would be impossible to make any subtraction with safety. A constructional idea of some sort enters into the composition of the most lawless production, just as the principle of gravitation underlies the chaos of a wrecked machine. It is obvious, inevitable. The constructional idea for which I would plead, against the irresponsible and amorphous type of design now promising to become more and more the favorite stalking-horse of personality, is an idea which makes for the lucid symmetry of an exquisitely adjusted organic unit. It makes for selection, for balance, for synthesis and proportion and reserve. It recognizes temperamental, idiosyncratic factors in the work of art which it informs, not as inferior or superior to any others, but as of exactly the same value. I am aware that this idea is commonly rejected as artificial and paralyzing to the impulses of character. The quick retort is that it savors of classicism; that classicism is out of date, and that so is the Academy. A fierce insistence upon

the overwhelming claims of personality takes the shape of a vigorous protest against formalism and routine. But this constructive idea to which I refer is of neither Academic, formal, nor routine import. It is of abstract and universal significance. It amounts to the affirmation of one all-embracing, immutable law, a law of perfect poise. It is classic, if you like, but it is so far from being classic in any narrow sense that it may be found underlying the best monuments of both classic and romantic art. Furthermore, while it is an idea which serves as a corrective and a restraint, and will materially modify the expression of merely idiosyncratic characteristics (or accidents, as I prefer to call them), it will never stifle the elemental qualities of a rich nature. It will leave such a nature with pathos, with humor and grace and dignity and style. It will leave such a nature qualified at every point to minister to the instinct of beauty,—a task which I suppose even the most rabid adherent of free personality will admit is preëminently the task of art.

The testimony of the classic ideal I regard as of peculiar weight, for it seems to me that a clear understanding of it does much to destroy the unnecessary barriers existing between realism and idealism. The naturalism of Greece, if properly comprehended by the naturalist of the modern schools, would soon metamorphose his unelevated art. So remote is he, however, from comprehending it, as a rule, that the antique is to him the synonym for rigidity and vapid stereotyped form. Of course he bows before the Venus de Milo, but that is a momentary concession. The genius of antique art is practically waved away as a beautiful but empty chimera. In so far as it has seduced men into the paths of a Canova or a Thorwaldsen, the prejudice against it is superficially justified. Seriously, closely considered, there could be nothing more absurd than this very prejudice. Nowhere is the

rhythm of life, its fluidity, its movement, more superbly simulated than in the plastic art of Greece, which is an ideal of symmetry as well. Turn also to the antique literature. With the Grecian serenity of poise which you find in, say, Theocritus, you will find, too, the last word of animation, of nature.

Theocritus does not offer, perhaps, the last word on personality, nor have I sought it in his poems any more than I would seek it in the Spartan ideal of government, or in the relics of pagan architecture and sculpture. That for which I wish to appeal in briefly touching upon such sources of suggestion is confirmation of one elemental proposition,—that the classic spirit, the classic idea of construction, is not inimical to the spirit of liberty. Personality in the modern sense may not have thriven in Hellas, but that was because personality in the modern sense was not the order of the day in the golden age of Dorian civilization. Pursue the classically constructional tradition down to its representatives in modern times. With them there is no disloyalty to the classical idea, nor is there any essential sacrifice of personality. You will find equability, constructive integrity, in composers like Cherubini and Glück, in writers like Arnold and Mérimée, in artists like David and Turner, Ingres and Wilson. You will find also animation, virility, and the note of personal charm.

It must be admitted, I think, that art which is produced in obedience to imperative laws of symmetry and equilibrium, which is often art of the sort we are in the habit of calling objective, impersonal, is not necessarily (though it may seem a contradiction in terms) deficient in personality of the most distinctive quality. In fact, no art is more richly endowed with the spirit of its creator than the art of a man whose work is, broadly speaking, thoroughly impersonal. His note, the very color of his soul, survives in his work, and it is

not, either, in the mere turn of a sentence or the flight of a line, in any of the minutiae of style or manner. It is there in exactly the same way that it is in the work of a purely subjective artist, with the difference that it is not nearly so aggressive. It is there, in short, as a factor of equal import with other factors. It is not there as a preponderating element. Now, if any further proof were needed of the possibility of reconciling personal and constructive ideals, it is offered by the greatest of the romanticists themselves. A sense of measure and composition lies at the root of the best work of the entire school at Barbizon. It gives to some of Millet's pictures, to pictures like the familiar *Paysage d'Auvergne*, with its clump of trees on an elevation near the centre, and the shepherdess with a distaff in the middle distance, such a finality and perfection of grouped lines and masses as we are accustomed to find among the great Umbrians, Raphael and Perugino, or in the mural decoration of Michael Angelo himself.

This precious sense, in the nature of things the sense of the composer as distinguished from that of the improvisatore, permeates the finest plastic art of France; its absence from the great but defective because too abruptly idiosyncratic work of Rodin only proving the need for its presence. It is one of the gifts inextricably wrought into the artistic characters of Puvis de Chavannes, and of Americans like Whistler and Sargent. Is it to be theirs, the giants', alone, or is it to be shared by artists everywhere, according to their ability? That is the question suggested by close scrutiny of the reverse of that medal of contemporary art upon the obverse of which every one is striving to imprint his likeness. We want the likeness there, if it is intrinsically interesting, — an important qualification; and indeed I find nothing more exhilarating, nothing more provocative of enthusiasm for modern art, especially

modern American art, than this very exuberance of personality. It is our surest safeguard against losing ourselves in the petrifying labyrinths of conventionalism. But an equal danger threatens us in the dishonoring of laws of sound construction in favor of the caprice and mannerisms of the individual. Through what methods are the endangered laws to be strengthened and reestablished upon an immovable foundation? Every thoughtful critic of such a problem is bound to have his own favorite solution; and for my part, I could wish that the next few years might witness a revival of interest in the works of the great classicists, of Claude, Poussin, Turner, David, and Ingres, and of those Italians I have mentioned whose spiritual and sensitive art was fed by such inexorable habits of Neo-Greek discipline. The Stanze of the Vatican, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, and Signorelli's work at Orvieto have much to teach modern artists which, I venture to say, they make, on the whole, very little effort to learn. Perhaps it is impossible for them to learn it in that way. The principle presented in the concrete is fearfully apt to be construed, such is the infirmity of man, as a formula, and therefore a snare. There is a healthy tendency among artists to-day to regard the formula as not only a snare, but an abomination. If, then, the teaching of this school or that is unlikely to be accepted, in the reaction against personality which is the one thing to be safely prophesied, it seems to me that the consummation most devoutly to be hoped for is an increase in general culture. Of course culture exists now among artists, but it exists sporadically, with not any of the living, far-reaching, and omniscient influence it should exert. This is a subject which requires separate treatment, but I may say here that what I mean by culture in art is neither a quantity of book-learning in any field, nor a general familiarity with

the schools of Europe. It is an acquaintance with all the branches of æsthetic knowledge in their facts and in their literature, and a close, incessant apprehension of every other thread going to make the iridescent web of this noble

human design. There is no other experience which will so certainly enforce upon the mind the divine law of relations which also is the noblest of human laws, the immutable law of construction.

Royal Cortissoz.

WHERE?

BASED UPON A FOLK-SONG IN THE BARD OF THE DIMBOVITZA.

SHE went away, at the break of day,
And a child in her arms she bore.
I asked the roads which way she went,
I hunted for her till day was spent,
But she returned no more.

“Have you seen a woman and child to-day?”
I say to the people I meet on the way.
But no one seems to see;
They pass me by, without reply,
Too busy to answer me.

Sullen and slow, I go
To the river, and, watching the flow
Of its waves that seaward roll,
I say to the river, “What sings in thee?”
It answers me,
“Only a baby’s soul.”

I fly to the poplars, — why
I know not, for all I see,
Ghostly and ominous, troubles me.
The long limbs tremble, and every leaf
(They are numberless) is a tongue of grief,
And every sound a sigh.
“Tell me, before we part,
Poplars, that peak and pine,
If you have aught that is mine.”
“Naught that is thine;
Only a woman’s heart.”

They passed away, at the break of day,
They are not on land or sea:
They have flown afar, where the angels are,
And both have forgotten me!

R. H. Stoddard.

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS.

THERE are eighteen clubs and classes in Riverside, and my sister Eleanor was asked to join thirteen of them, but compromised on eight. I am glad that I am still a schoolgirl, for I am sure that I should die if I had to go to eight clubs. In addition to these festive gatherings among the rich she spends one evening in the week at a Girls' Club for the poor. I always supposed that one of the advantages of poverty was that you did not have to belong to clubs, but it seems that even the poor cannot escape the weight of their environment.

Eleanor's clubs differ in importance: there is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, while besides these luminaries there are some small stars and one or two unimportant fireflies. There is in especial a club that meets in Boston every Saturday morning that might be called the sun.

Well, as I remarked before, I am glad that I am only seventeen. My sister Eleanor is twenty-eight, but nobody would ever imagine it. I am sometimes mistaken for her, which makes me furious; but I ought to feel flattered, I suppose, for she is prettier than I am. Although she is so much quieter than I, she is a great favorite. I should like to be such a favorite, except that it means making one's self agreeable to so many stupid people, and — eight clubs! If I were a man, I should fall in love with Eleanor; not that it would do the smallest good, only I could not help it, for she is so sweet. I know that is what Mr. Morris thinks; and he would agree with me in being certain that it did not do any good. Indeed, I should suppose he would feel that it did a great deal of harm, poor fellow. I am sure that he has been in love with her for six years, — ever since she has lived with aunt Esther, in fact; and six years make a great deal of dif-

ference, at his age. He never was very young, — that is, since I have known him; but now he is really old, forty-one, with gray hair, and a face that looks as if it had seen better days. I mean in the way of looks; it could never have been any more amiable than it is now. I know Eleanor would like him if she lived in less of a whirl, but she has not any time to fall in love.

Lord Byron said: —

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence."

Poor antiquated Lord Byron! It is plain to see that he did not live in the present day in Massachusetts! What time has Eleanor to think of love as she eats a hurried breakfast, and flies — no, not flies, for Eleanor is always dignified, but strolls down town rather fast on a Monday morning, to do her marketing early, so that she may not be late for the Musical Club? That Musical Club is the one thing I envy her, for I can play pretty well, and I have quite a good voice. I am not musical enough for the club, however, for the members have to play and sing uncommonly well, or else not at all. Eleanor neither plays nor sings, but she looks so exquisitely refined and so pretty in her brown hat and gown that she lends distinction to the occasion; and then she is always delightfully sympathetic. What people want is sympathy. I have come to the conclusion that it is better not to try to accomplish some great work in the world, but simply to go about, like my sister Eleanor, sympathizing with the people who do things well. Of course there are plenty of things that she does well, but they are all of a domestic nature, — all of them, at least, except whist. Eleanor has gone into whist lately, and she plays a fine game. She belongs to three whist clubs; two of them meet in the

afternoon, and one meets in the evening. The Tuesday afternoon club is very swell, and aunt Esther insists upon her going to it every week, but she can't understand why she wastes her time with the Wednesday club. Eleanor says they play whist better in the Wednesday club, but aunt Esther does not see why this is of any consequence. Eleanor certainly has no time to think of love on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday; and Thursday is equally full, for there is the Renaissance Club in the afternoon, and the Whist Club in the evening; while on Friday — dear me, I have forgotten what happens on Friday morning, but it is something very important, and then there are the Symphony Rehearsals in the afternoon, and the Girls' Club in the evening; and as for Saturday, it is the busiest day of all. Eleanor leaves home directly after breakfast, and does not appear again until tea time. I wish it were late dinner, but it is n't, because aunt Esther is so old fashioned; it is only plebeian, unsubstantial, unsatisfactory tea.

When I came to spend the winter here, mamma told me to be sure to keep a journal and record my impressions. She said I must give up being frivolous, and become precisely like a Boston girl. She said that they were all so intellectual here; but I am sure that Eleanor is n't; she hardly reads at all. She is read to, however, a great deal at her clubs. This saves time, because she does not have to stop to hunt up the books, and it is more sociable. They tell you in New York that everybody is reading in Boston all the time, in all sorts of odd places, but I have never noticed it, except among the men in the horse cars, and they all read the newspapers diligently, especially when there are ladies standing in the car. I have discovered why men in other cities are so much more polite about giving up their seats: it is because the cars are not so crowded, and they never have to stand long. There are some men, however, who cheerfully re-

linquish their seats here, and Edward Morris is one of them. I always come back to him, no matter with what subject I start. He is very nice. I wish that he were twenty-one instead of forty-one, and were in love with me. We are excellent friends, and I often think of advising him to offer himself to Eleanor by letter. There is never any time for him to do it in any other way, for on the rare occasions when she is at home the house is filled with people. I believe that if he were to offer himself to her often enough by letter he might make an impression on her after a while, just as an advertisement, which they say nobody sees at first, catches the eye when it has been read several times. He might say: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — Won't you cease to be queen of clubs, and be queen of my heart? Pray listen to me on account of my long suit. It has lasted for six years; and although it is not a suit of diamonds, at least, thank Heaven, it is not a suit of clubs.”

If this failed to touch her heart, he could send a Musical Club offer a little later: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — The andante movement has been going on for six years. Let us have something a little more rapid. My life has hitherto been in a minor key; won't you henceforth make it in A major?”

If this did not suffice, it could be followed by an offer appropriate to a young woman who founded a club to investigate the Middle Ages and the Renaissance: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — I am now in a position thoroughly to understand the middle age; and as you are evidently anxious to learn about that period, I would suggest that, instead of going to a club once a week for that purpose, you should study the subject in a tranquil manner at home every day with me. It would truly be a renaissance to me if you would take me, my dear girl.”

How could she resist such appeals, especially if they were followed by five other equally appropriate offers?

Poor Mr. Morris is so busy that he does not often get an evening to himself, much less an afternoon; but once in a great while he makes an effort, and comes to see us. Eleanor once told him that she was always at home on Monday, and he said, "If you will tell me when you are not 'at home,' I will come then."

"How flattering!" she retorted, with a little laugh.

"I mean that I would rather come when you are by yourselves, without all the world," he explained.

"All the world does not come on Monday," said Eleanor. "On the contrary, sometimes aunt Esther and I sit here alone the whole afternoon."

In consequence of these encouraging words, he tried it one Monday; but, unfortunately, two of the Turners and Fanny Williams and old Mrs. Grant dropped in at the same time. He sat on a small chair, looking very unhappy, and drinking tea out of an eggshell cup because Eleanor had made it,—the tea, I mean. There was a thimbleful of tea in the cup, and also a big lump of sugar which he stirred with a tiny spoon, the right size for a Tom Thumb, and he is so large; he positively seemed like a giant. I could see that aunt Esther was eying her slender, spindle-legged chair with apprehension. All he gained by the call was the pleasure of seeing Eleanor behind a little tea-table, looking awfully pretty in a pink gown while she chatted with Fanny Williams. Eleanor does not talk much, but she listens so intelligently that you always feel as if the conversation had been equally divided. Mr. Morris had a good deal of talk with his cousin, Mrs. Grant; or, to speak accurately, he did a good deal of intelligent listening, and I hope he did not find her such a bore as I do. When he saw me passing through the hall in my school things he rose with

alacrity, for I made a face at him as he sat there looking as if he had lost his last friend.

"Must you leave us so soon?" Eleanor asked him, in surprise.

"Yes, I am going to take a little walk with your sister."

"I know that it was very wrong of me to make up that face," I said, as we set off together, "but next year I shall be grown up and can't do such things, so I must make the most of my time."

"I suppose you will come out next winter, Julia, and go to parties and clubs like all the rest of the world," he said, with a little sigh.

"I am never coming out," I replied.

"I am going to stay in always. I shall be at home every day in the week."

"So you think now,—so Eleanor thought once; but the pressure is too strong on you girls."

We had a nice walk, and a long talk about my school and all the girls, and I forgot all about Eleanor and his love for her. He is the kind of person who makes one talk about one's own affairs.

He did not try coming again on a Monday, poor man! As ill luck would have it, he selected a Thursday afternoon when the Renaissance Club met at our house. He was shown into the parlor, through some mistake; perhaps the maid thought that he was the lecturer. He was well inside the door before he discovered what was going on, for he is very near-sighted, and then he looked so blank. The ladies were intensely interested; most of them know him a little, and they have been wondering for the last six years whether Eleanor would marry him or not. I am sure they must have thought that the wedding day was set. Eleanor was not in the least embarrassed when she saw him. My sister Eleanor is always perfectly calm, and rather cold.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Morris," she said. "I will tell Julia that you are here."

She did not know that I was peeping through the dining-room door.

It happened, therefore, that Mr. Morris and I had another walk, and he heard more about my school and the Saturday evening dancing class, and he appeared very much interested. Men are so much more sympathetic than women. I suppose it is because nowadays men don't have half so much on their minds.

That evening aunt Esther spoke to me seriously. She said that she did not like the way in which I was devoting myself to Edward Morris, for it seemed disloyal to Eleanor. I laughed at first, and I can't remember all that passed, but she implied, finally, that I was trying to make him fall in love with me for the sake of amusing myself, and she told me he was too good a man for me to make unhappy. I grew very angry at last, and I said, "I am not amusing myself; I can promise you safely that if he asks me to marry him I will do it. I am seventeen and he is forty-one, to be sure, but when I am fifty-seven and he is eighty-one we shall be practically of the same age."

It was very silly of me. I don't know what aunt Esther thinks. Sometimes I fancy that she believes I was in earnest. As for Eleanor, she is more wrapped up in her clubs than ever.

January 9. Mr. Morris came one evening last week, but, unfortunately, he hit upon a night when Eleanor was at the Girls' Club. I advised him to come some Sunday evening, and last night he appeared; but Eleanor was so worn out with the fatigue of the week, joined to the depraved actions of her Sunday-school class, that she had gone to bed early.

January 17. Mr. Morris called again last night. I was determined that he should have a chance to see Eleanor alone, so I brought my German books, and asked aunt Esther if she would not come into the other room and help me with my lesson; but the dear soul pro-

posed a game of whist. Theoretically she realizes that Mr. Morris comes to see Eleanor rather than herself, but practically there is never any especial occasion when it occurs to her to leave them to themselves. She says that it is a good thing for a man to see a girl in her home, with her family about her; but I think that it is pleasanter for the family than for the man and the girl.

Aunt Esther delights in whist, but she does not play the modern game. She always tells her partner, with one of her pleasant smiles, that she has never learned how to make trump signals, and that she has played all her life and has found it to her advantage to lead from her short suit. I like that kind of a game, and as Eleanor and Mr. Morris prefer science, I proposed that she should play with me; but she said she would rather have Edward Morris for a partner, as in that case she would be more likely to beat. Aunt Esther was especially trying last night. It took her a long time to decide what to play. She has been taking lessons in the Delsarte system, and has learned how to relax; and once, when she was particularly long, I could not help saying that I was afraid Eleanor and Mr. Morris did not like relaxed whist.

Life is an odd mixture, and most of it is a great deal duller than novels lead one to expect, as I am sure Mr. Morris must have thought as he sat there all the evening opposite placid, aggravating aunt Esther. Life is very like the Saturday evening dancing class. There is a good deal of sitting around and waiting; there are a few adorable turns and a kaleidoscopic change of partners, then—silence! The evening is over, and the lights are put out. Life isn't very serious, at least in the nineteenth century in Boston, but it is rather amusing, and I suppose we should all miss the hurry, the rush, and the mad dance.

January 21. How lightly I wrote only four nights ago! A terrible thing

has happened that has changed the whole world. How could I ever have thought that life was anything but solemn and serious and awful?

I will begin at the beginning, and write it all out just as it occurred. Thursday evening Mrs. Emery sent over to say that she was in dire need of a substitute at her whist club, and to ask if Eleanor would bring me. Poor woman, she must have been in sore distress indeed before she sent for me! Eleanor arranged that I should be her partner. The dear girl hates to play with me, but she dislikes still more to inflict me on any one else. I was frightened at the idea of playing in a whist club, so of course I made more mistakes than ever. Eleanor did not scold me, — she never scolds, — but she grew a little stiffer and a shade quieter. It appeared at the moment as if her whole mind, her whole heart, her whole soul, were set upon winning that especial rubber of whist. I wanted to laugh, as I looked around the room and saw the intense, anxious faces. There was no "relaxed whist" that night.

I don't remember how long we had been playing, when the maid came and whispered something into Dr. Emery's ear. He rose quickly and left the room. He was followed by his wife and Mr. Armstrong. Mrs. Emery came back directly.

"There has been an accident," she said. "A man has been run over by one of those terrible electric cars. I can never get used to them; they seem to me like steam engines let loose."

We stopped for a few minutes to discuss the accident; but whist is whist, and a game in the hand is worth more than an unknown man under the wheel.

"Probably he is an Irishman, and I have no doubt that he had been drinking," said Mrs. Emery.

We all accepted this comfortable theory, and those of us who were not playing at Dr. Emery's table were soon once more cheerfully absorbed.

At the end of half an hour Mr. Armstrong returned. I heard a whispered consultation between him and Mrs. Emery, and caught the words, "You had better not tell her." I also overheard Edward Morris's name.

The room swam before my eyes, and I caught at the table to prevent myself from falling. I lost all presence of mind.

"Is Mr. Morris dead?" I gasped.

"No, dear; no, indeed," Mrs. Emery answered, in a soothing tone. "There is no danger, we trust; but he has met with severe injuries, and my husband has gone with him to the hospital."

It was singular what a difference it made in our feelings when we found that the man who had been run over was not a stranger. Everybody was so sorry and so sympathetic; every one, at least, except Eleanor. She sat there as rigid as a statue, and looking as if she wished all this commotion were over, so that she might finish her game. I could have killed her; I really could, if the ace of clubs in my hand had been the implement of that name instead of a bit of pasteboard. I could see that all the ladies in the room were looking stealthily at her, and then at me. She could see it, too. She drew herself up a little straighter, if that were possible, and then she said, "Julia, you must control yourself; everything is being done for Mr. Morris that can be done; you must not spoil the evening. Spades are trumps, I believe."

I am sure they all knew then that she was not engaged to Edward Morris.

I tried to play. I tried to keep back my tears, but a few would fall on the ace of clubs, and I ended by putting the hateful thing on Eleanor's king.

"I had taken that trick," she said quietly.

"I don't care if you had!" I burst out. "I don't care anything about this wretched game. I want to go home. I am very unhappy; please, please take me home."

Eleanor rose. "I hope you will excuse us, Mrs. Emery," she said. "Pray do not let us break up your evening, but I think that I had better take my sister home. She and Mr. Morris are old friends, and she feels this very much."

Mr. Armstrong telephoned for our carriage, and he also telephoned to the hospital to learn the latest news concerning Mr. Morris. It seemed that he had reached his destination safely, but was unconscious; and although his life was in no immediate danger, he would probably have a long, serious illness. We all recognized the reserved nature of the message, "in no immediate danger," and our hearts sank.

Eleanor was very gentle with me. She did not reprove me for my outburst, and after we were in the carriage she took my hand in hers, but I snatched it away.

"Don't touch me!" I cried fiercely. "You are as cold and hard as a stone. You ought to love him with your whole heart, but you have no heart, and you leave it to me to grieve for him; to me, when I am only the least of his friends."

Eleanor said nothing.

"I am sure that you are responsible for this accident," I went on, rendered quite beside myself by her calmness. "He was thinking of you when his foot slipped. If you had been a little good to him, instead of trying to help a lot of people in clubs, it would not have happened. And perhaps you have killed him," I added.

"Don't, Julia," she said, with a little shudder.

At this point I began to cry, and I sobbed all the way home as if my heart would break.

Aunt Esther met us at the door with a surprised but an approving face.

"How early you are!" she said. "This is a sensible hour. Edward Morris was here this evening, Eleanor, and he seemed quite hurt when he did not find you. He said he had written to tell you that he was coming."

"I never got the note," said Eleanor.

"No, it came at noon, and I put it on the mantelpiece in the library with your other letters, and I did not remember to give them to you; for you were at home only long enough to take your tea and dress for the club." Aunt Esther handed her the letters, and Eleanor took them and started to go upstairs.

"I am tired," she said, "and so I will say good-night. Julia, you must tell aunt Esther why we came home early."

"I hope you were not badly beaten," said aunt Esther.

"Beaten?" Eleanor repeated vaguely, with a curious, absent look on her face. "Oh, in what? No, thank you; at least I don't remember. I think—I think I will say good-night."

I told aunt Esther the news, and then I hurried upstairs; but, quick as I was, Eleanor had already locked the door between her room and mine. I knocked, but had no response. I knocked again, and again there was no answer. I paused and listened. There was a faint, muffled sound on the other side of the door. I knew then that Eleanor was crying, and the fact awed me, for I could not remember having heard her cry since father died, six years ago.

"Eleanor, let me in," I begged. "I understand it all now, dear. Please forgive me, and please, please let me in."

But Eleanor would not open the door.

I was so wretched that I was sure I should stay awake all night; for how could I sleep until she had forgiven me? And then I fell asleep while I was thinking it over, miserable, faithless wretch that I was!

In the morning I awoke earlier than usual. The door was open between Eleanor's room and mine, and everything looked so pleasantly familiar that my first feeling was, what it always is, joy that I was in this happy world. Then I remembered that perhaps there would never be any joy for us again.

I went softly into Eleanor's room.

She was lying on the sofa, with her wrapper on, and a letter tightly clasped in her hand. Her face was so pale that I was frightened at first, and thought she had fainted; but I soon found she had fallen asleep after a long, anxious night. How long and how anxious it had been I could only faintly fancy, for a glance at her face made me conscious that my sorrow was a childish feeling compared with hers.

While I was standing by her, Eleanor opened her eyes. I shall never forget the look on her face when she tried to smile as if nothing had happened.

"We shall hear some good news to-day, dear," she began; then her lip trembled, and then — it was she who was sobbing, with her head on my shoulder and my arms around her neck.

"Julia, he does love me," she said.

"You need not tell me that when I have known it for six years."

"I did not know it, and I don't think he knew it until lately, but" — She held up the letter by way of an ending to her sentence. I could not help seeing the first words.

"My dear Queen of Clubs," I read aloud, half unconsciously.

Eleanor covered the precious document with her hand, and we both laughed forlornly.

"Eleanor, how could you be so calm when you heard the news of the accident?" I asked impetuously.

"Would you have had me show all those people what I felt, when I did not know that he cared for me?" she demanded.

"If you did not know that he loved you, you were a very stupid person."

"We were always good friends," said Eleanor, "and my life was such a full one that until lately I never felt the need of anything else; and then — then — I thought he was in love with you."

"With me?" I said scornfully.

"Julia dear," she began eagerly, "I hope — I hope —"

At last I comprehended everything.

"Yes, I love him," I said firmly. "I love him like a brother, like a father, — like a grandfather, if you will. Darling, does that make you jealous? Are n't you willing that I should love him like a grandfather, Eleanor dear?"

The next morning aunt Esther and Eleanor went to the hospital, but they returned with sad faces. Edward Morris was still unconscious.

January 24. We have had a terrible week. Mr. Morris has concussion of the brain, and his recovery is doubtful. Eleanor has abandoned all her clubs, and does not seem to care any longer what people think, but she is very quiet and calm.

February 3. I am quite used to Mr. Morris's illness now, for everything is so exactly the same at school and at dancing school. I should die if I were as unhappy all the time as I was that first night; so I try to think that he is going to get well, and to forget Eleanor's sad face.

February 12. The doctor is afraid that Edward Morris will not live many days. This is frightful, — though it is possible that he may linger for weeks, or even months. I cannot grasp the idea of his dying. It seems impossible that he can go away from us altogether. In the beginning I realized all the possibilities, but now that we have had this respite I can't believe that anything so overpoweringly sad will happen; and after all, there is still a faint chance that he may rally.

Mrs. Grant is going to have the whist club just the same, even though she is his cousin. She says that one can't give up everything for an indefinite period on an uncertainty. I believe that they would play whist on the edge of his grave, — all except Eleanor; she does not play whist any more. She and aunt Esther go in every day to the hospital to see if there is anything that they can do, but Mr. Morris does not know them.

Poor Eleanor! she realizes the situation only too well.

February 23. I am so happy that there are no words in the English language to tell my delight. Edward Morris is out of danger. He will be an invalid for a year or two, as he will not be able to use his brain much for a long time; but Edward Morris without a head is so much nicer than any other man with one that it does not matter, and—he is going to get well!!!! I have put all those exclamation points in a row to help faintly to express my feelings. They stand for joy, rapture, happiness, and every other blissful thing.

Eleanor is perfectly calm, as usual, but the whole expression of her face has changed, and she looks absolutely se-

raphie. Edward knew her yesterday; and when she came home I could see that something unusual had happened.

"It is all right, Julia," she replied to my eager questions.

"What did he say, dear?" I asked. "How did he look? What did you say? Tell me all about it."

"I cannot tell you what we said, but we have explained everything."

"Can't you tell me just one little thing?" I pleaded.

Eleanor began to laugh softly. "He said something when I first came in which will amuse you, Julia. He asked what day it was. 'Saturday,' I replied. 'Saturday? Eleanor, how good you were to come here instead of going to the Saturday Morning Club!'"

Eliza Orne White.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

I.

LET us go back nearly fifty years to scenes in the Black Hills and upon the upper waters of the Missouri Valley. In that wild environment we shall find a young graduate of Harvard College. He has exchanged the garb of civilization for the red flannel shirt and the fringed buckskin suit of the hunter. The sleek ambler of suburban roads has given place to the shaggy but docile beast of the wilderness, and there is a rifle laid across the saddlebow.

You may see a band of Dacotahs dashing, with streaming hair, upon the flanks of a buffalo herd, and conspicuous in the onset are the red shirt and buckskin of this transient denizen of the desert.

This youth had dreamed from childhood of a forest life. His school vacations had been spent in the New England woods. There he had studied the ever-changing aspects of nature. He had found

moods in the sky. He had watched the flowers nodding to the brook. He knew the sounds of woodland life. With an imagination sporting with weird illusions and helped by legends, a crackling branch or the moan of the wind would call up the terrors of a frontier life to which his ancestors had been accustomed. Born with an organization of body treacherously delicate, he had a spirit which spurned repose. He knew little of danger but the dash which led to it. He had the mettle for great deeds. If he could not enact such deeds, he could at least follow the actors in sympathizing recital. Amid the wilds of the Platte he experienced that spirit of energy which, as he contended, the mountains always impart to those who approach them. He sought in the excitement of their presence that rigidity of nerve which was the best substitute for the strength which failed him.

We may get another glimpse of him in the dingy shadows of the lodge of

Big Crow. The dying embers scarcely relieve his form from the almost impenetrable gloom. A squaw throws a bit of bear's fat upon the coals, and the shooting flames light up the pallid features and firm-set jaw of this plucky youth. The braves are crouching about the hearth, speaking of the coming hunt. The young man conceals all symptoms of that exhaustion under which his endurance is to be put to the severest test in the morrow's ride. Thus in the nurture of bravery this wan observer learned to know his dusky companions. He came to comprehend those traits which were confronted with the hardihood of Nicolet, and which he witnessed with the eyes of Brébeuf.

To describe the long years of patient restraint and hopeful study which followed belongs to his biographer. He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eyes. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must track him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle. He who would represent him truly must tell of that hardy courage which the assaults of pain could never lessen. He must describe the days, and months, and even years when the light of the sun was intolerable. He must speak of the intervals, counted only by half-hours, when a secretary could read to him. Such were the obstacles which for more than fifty years gave his physicians little hope.

It is but a few years since I went with a party of students from Harvard College, across the neighboring country,

to a stately home graced by the venerable presence of him who bears one of the earliest and greatest of the historic names of New England. The rank grass of the rolling prairie, the clink of the pony's hoof in the wild defile, the charge of the infuriated bull, the impetuous young hunter reeling in his saddle, were things that belonged to the young ambition of forty years before. The youth, now grown in fame, stood among the guests of that summer afternoon to receive the homage of these gathered visitors. Leaning upon his staff, with an eye of kindly interest, the great historian received his unknown pupils. I recall how I felt standing beside him; that the rolling lawn with its exquisite finish, and the shade of the trees grouped in conscious gravity as if mindful of a completed nature, were in fit unison with that well-rounded reputation which belonged to him who stood before them.

And what did Francis Parkman stand for, in these later years, to such young disciples?

Before he had graduated from college there had sprung up in America a new school of historical writing. Most of the members of it were in Cambridge and in Boston, growing with the libraries, public and private, which in those days were most conspicuous in that region, and which are a necessity in historical development. It was only two years before Parkman became a freshman at Harvard that the first chair of history in any American college was filled there by Jared Sparks, and it was to this Mentor that the young historian was later to inscribe his first venture in historic narrative. When Jared Sparks took his place behind a professor's desk, George Bancroft had been before the public for four years with the initial volume of his life work. When Sparks, a few years later, became the instructor of Parkman, the service which that professor had already done to our own his-

tory was the most conspicuous that any American had rendered. Sparks had then completed the first series of his *American Biography*. He had told in it, for the first time, with scrupulous care, the stories of French discoveries in the great West, where his young friend was to follow him. He had edited the *Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution*, had written the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, and had established for his countrymen the ideals of Washington and Franklin.

In strong contrast both in subject and method with what Bancroft and Sparks were doing, and much nearer the model which the young aspirant already figured, was a new writer, who, in the very year when Sparks assumed his professorship, made the name of Prescott synonymous with the best that our western scholarship in history at that time could hope to offer for European distinction.

Parkman had already published his *Pontiac*, and had lapsed into a condition of body that made it seem as if his genius were to be permanently eclipsed by his infirmities, when a still more brilliant opening of a career was signalized by the appearance of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Ten years were to pass before Parkman could produce the first of that series of books with which his name is indissolubly connected, and by which he has made the story of the rise and decline of the French rule in North America entirely his own. By this time, Motley, in his *United Netherlands*, had rounded the measure of his fame, and Prescott and Sparks had left us.

In these four conspicuous historians, who thus conjointly relieved their countrymen from any reproach for want of distinction in a dignified branch of letters, Parkman had examples of brilliant merit, and their careers supplied to his recuperated energy incentives and models. The rising historian was now in his forty-third year, but his mind had been drilled under such exactions and had been

forced to such restraints as few men had ever encountered. Remembering this, we can better understand the remarkable repression of superfluities in the treatment of his themes. He was too genuine to be an imitator, but the eclectic instinct had become strongly developed by his being obliged to hold in his memory what had been read to him. It is not difficult to see how the school of American historians that had grown up in these forty years had an influence upon him, while at the same time his own independence of character enabled him to emancipate himself from any thralldom.

In two, at least, of these contemporary historians there were symptoms of a still older school of historical writers. These had subjected historical documents, especially if the contributions of actors in the scene, to the revision of the pedagogue. It was a fashion never stronger anywhere than in New England, where the characteristics of ancestors have always been viewed tenderly.

The treatment of such material was a test in Parkman's mind of what may be called an historical integrity. I remember hearing him once make a strong protest (in a way which was always more incisive in his talk than in his books) against this misuse of revision. He believed that the actual record made in the thick of a conflict, and not a decorous paraphrase of it, was the true one. "In mending the style and orthography, or even the grammar," he said, "one may rob a passage of its characteristic expression, till it ceases to mark the individuality of the man, or the nature of his antecedents and surroundings." Speaking again of editorial glosses of the letters of Dinwiddie, Parkman referred to their "good English without character, while as written they were bad English with a great deal of character. The blunders themselves," he adds, "have meaning, for Dinwiddie was a blunderer, and should appear as such if he is to appear truly."

Such utterances as these made honesty

of citation one of the things that Parkman stood for to those young men on that summer's day.

Again, he had before him in one, at least, of his contemporaries a too conscious habit of infusing into the narrative a somewhat vapid philosophical sentiment, running at times into platitudes. The skill of Parkman in telling a story required no such adventitious aid to impart a meaning. He made the course of events carry its own philosophy. This was another thing in historical science which Parkman stood for.

I recollect he once said to me that he had never ceased to regret that he had written that portion of his *Pioneers* which covers the conflict of Spaniard and Huguenot on our southern coast without first having visited the sites of the action of the story, so that he could write of the topography and surrounding nature with personal knowledge. I happened to see him at a later day, when he had the revision of that volume in hand, and he was to start on the morrow for a Southern tour. He seemed to feel like a man who had made up his mind to undo an injustice. He had a feeling that his fame was at stake if this journey of apology were not made. Here again it was for the integrity of his art that Parkman stood to those young men.

There was a period in the French domination in Canada, intervening between the death of Frontenac and the more immediate beginning of the great struggle for the possession of a continent, a half-century of conflict, in which events were sporadic, and the tensions of cause and effect were loosened. He shrank from it with the instincts of an epic poet. It had no beginning, no culmination, but to tell its disjointed story was a part of his task. The study of it came next in the order of progress; but I know the delight with which he welcomed the chance of using the Montcalm papers which had come to him, as it gave an excuse to postpone his work

on the wearying monotony of border ferocities, and to grasp the splendid details of an historic climax.

But this love of his art did not swerve him from his lifelong purpose, and the last work which he has given us shows the completion of his labors, in which he struggled with the infelicities of that bewildering period of minor conflicts with the courage that belonged to him. It was this faithfulness to an artistic ideal, no less than a steady adherence to his plan, that Parkman also stood for to those inquiring minds.

There is nothing that separates the modern spirit from the old-time conventionalism more clearly than the perception that much, perhaps one might almost say very much, of what we read for history is simply the accretion, inherited from many generations of narrators, of opinions and prejudices and sentiment. It requires some courage to strip the mummied fact of these cerements of sympathies. Parkman, as the opportune forerunner of the newer historic sense, showed this courage never more conspicuously than in his treatment of the deportation of the Acadians. Ideal virtues were subjected by him to crucial tests, and he dared to tell the world that the figments which make a poem are not the truths that underlie the story. This courage, unbending to criticism, was one of the noblest qualities that our friend stood for to those who believe that truth is not to be bartered for prejudice or for an affected sensibility, or even made to yield to the misguided assumptions of what is sometimes held to be the demands of religion.

Parkman has been said to represent in the highest degree the picturesque element in the schools of history. It is an element which is better calculated than any other to engage attention and secure fame. It is also an element that naturally flourishes with the graceful aids of a brilliant style. But it is a characteristic that is apt to make us forget the consum-

mate research which, in the case of Parkman, accompanied it. He is certainly less demonstrative of his material than is now the fashion; but while, in this suppression, he sometimes disappoints the students who would track his movements, there is no question that he has gained in popular regard. But even the scholar sees that he has left some things untold, not because he did not know them, but because his sense of proportion was that of an artist rather than of a chronicler.

I would say to any young student of history that he could make no more fortunate choice for Mentor than Parkman. He can be valued not only for what he accomplished, but for the obstacles he overcame, whether of his condition or his subject. He had been obliged to print his *Discovery of the Great West* with a consciousness that some essential material was beyond his reach. The keeper of an important department of the French Archives had been so far unfaithful to his trust as to reserve for his own private use some of its documentary proofs. Parkman was aware of the fact, but the publication of his book could hardly be delayed in the hope of a disclosure of which there was no promise. At a later day, it was largely through the instrumentality of the disappointed historian that this recusant archivist was enabled to make his own collection public by the aid of the American government. The consequent revelations would have daunted a less determined spirit than Park-

man's, when he found that he was obliged, because of the new disclosures, in considerable parts to rewrite his book. There is nothing more discouraging to an historian than these recurrent revelations when a work is supposed to be done. The lesson should not be lost: it is always hazardous to be determinate on insufficient knowledge, and pardonable only when every effort, as in Parkman's case, has been exhausted.

In a field in which so much is in the process of development as in American history, it is doubly to be regretted that such an historian as Parkman was, so perfect in his art of collocation, should not have been able to complete a final revision of his works, and embody the latest evidences which had accumulated. With this purpose in view, and with the expectation, which he sometimes expressed to me, that he might yet run his monographs into one connected story, he died with his harness on. He has left us with the glories of the victor and the honors of the vanquished, like his own Wolfe and Montcalm. In Francis Parkman we have laid away the warrior who had long waged a stubborn fight, and without a buckler, with the physical ills which beset him. Nature has parted with a student of her mysteries who taught even the lilies an unwonted florescence. The historian has gone to the companionship of Marquette and La Salle, to the presence of Champlain and Frontenac.

Justin Winsor.

II.

In the summer of 1865 I had occasion almost daily to pass by the pleasant windows of Little, Brown & Co., in Boston, and it was not an easy thing to do without stopping for a moment to look in upon their ample treasures. Among the freshest novelties there displayed were to be seen Lord Derby's translation of

the *Iliad*, Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, Colonel Higginson's *Epictetus*, a new edition of Edmund Burke's writings, and the tasteful reprint of Froude's *History of England*, just in from the Riverside Press. One day, in the midst of such time-honored classics and new books on well-worn themes, there appeared a stranger that claimed attention and aroused curiosity. It was a modest crown oc-

tavo, clad in sombre garb, and bearing the title *Pioneers of France in the New World*. The author's name was not familiar to me, but presently I remembered having seen it upon a stouter volume labeled *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, of which many copies used to stand in a row far back in the inner and dusky regions of the shop. This older book I had once taken down from its shelf just to quiet a lazy doubt as to whether Pontiac might be the name of a man or a place. Had that conspiracy been an event in Merovingian Gaul or in Borgia's Italy, I should have felt a twinge of conscience at not knowing about it, but the deeds of feathered and painted red men on the Great Lakes and the Alleghanies, only a century old, seemed remote and trivial. Indeed, with the old-fashioned study of the humanities, which tended to keep the Mediterranean too exclusively in the centre of one's field of vision, it was not always easy to get one's historical perspective correctly adjusted. Scenes and events that come within the direct line of our spiritual ancestry, which until yesterday was all in the Old World, become unduly magnified, so as to deaden our sense of the interest and importance of the things that have happened since our forefathers went forth to grapple with the terrors of an outlying wilderness. We find no difficulty in realizing the historic significance of Marathon and Châlons, of the barons at Runnymede or Luther at Wittenberg; and scarcely a hill or a meadow in the Roman's Europe but blooms for us with flowers of romance. Literature and philosophy, art and song, have expended their richest treasures in adding to the witchery of Old World spots and Old World themes.

But as we learn to broaden our horizon the perspective becomes somewhat shifted. It begins to dawn upon us that in New World events there is a rare and potent fascination. Not only is there the interest of their present importance, which nobody would be likely to deny, but there

is the charm of an historic past as full of romance as any chapter whatever in the annals of mankind. The Alleghanies as well as the Apennines have looked down upon great causes lost and won, and the Mohawk Valley is classic ground no less than the banks of the Rhine. To appreciate these things thirty years ago required the vision of a master in the field of history; and when I carried home and read the *Pioneers of France*, I saw at once that in Francis Parkman we had found such a master. The reading of the book was for me, as doubtless for many others, a pioneer experience in this New World. It was a delightful experience, repeated and prolonged for many a year as those glorious volumes came one after another from the press, until the story of the struggle between France and England for the possession of North America was at last completed. It was an experience of which the full significance required study in many and apparently diverse fields to realize. By step after step one would alight upon new ways of regarding America and its place in universal history.

First and most obvious, plainly visible from the threshold of the subject, was its extreme picturesqueness. It is a widespread notion that American history is commonplace and dull; and as for the American red man, he is often thought to be finally disposed of when we have stigmatized him as a bloodthirsty demon and groveling beast. It is safe to say that those who entertain such notions have never read Mr. Parkman. In the theme which occupied him his poet's eye saw nothing that was dull or commonplace. To bring him vividly before us, I will quote his own words from one of the introductory pages of his opening volume:

"The French dominion is a memory of the past, and when we evoke its departed shades they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled

with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

When a writer, in sentences that are mere generalizations, gives such pictures as these, one has much to expect from his detailed narrative glowing with sympathy and crowded with incident. In Parkman's books such expectations are never disappointed. What was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain; never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brébeuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful La Salle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in Border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was but awaiting the ma-

gician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

I do not forget that earlier writers than Parkman had felt something of the picturesqueness and the elements of dramatic force in the history of the conquest of our continent. In particular, the characteristics of the red men and the incidents of forest life had long before been made the theme of novels and poems, such as they were. I wonder how many people of to-day remember even the names of such books as *Yonnondio* or *Kabaosa*. All such work was thrown into the shade by that of Fenimore Cooper, whose genius, though limited, was undeniable. But when we mention Cooper, we are brought at once, by contrast, to the secret of Parkman's power. It has long been recognized that Cooper's Indians are more or less unreal. Just such creatures never existed anywhere. When Corneille and Racine put ancient Greeks or Romans on the stage, they dressed them in velvet and gold lace, flowing wigs and high buckled shoes, and made them talk like Louis XIV.'s courtiers. In seventeenth-century dramatists the historical sense was lacking. In the next age it was not much better. When Rousseau had occasion to philosophize about men in a state of nature, he invented the noble savage, an insufferable creature whom any real savage would justly loathe and despise. The noble savage has figured extensively in modern literature, and has left his mark upon Cooper's pleasant pages, as well as upon many a chapter of serious history. But you cannot introduce unreal Indians as factors in the development of a narrative without throwing a shimmer of unreality about the whole story. It is like bringing in ghosts or goblins among live men

and women; it instantly converts sober narrative into fairy tale; the two worlds will no more mix than oil and water. The ancient and mediæval minds did not find it so, as the numberless histories encumbered with the supernatural testify, but the modern mind does find it so. The modern mind has taken a little draught, the prelude to deeper draughts, at the healing and purifying well of science, and it has begun to be dissatisfied with anything short of exact truth. When any unsound element enters into a narrative, the taint is quickly tasted, and its flavor spoils the whole.

We are thus brought, I say, to the secret of Parkman's power. His Indians are true to the life. In his pages Pontiac is a man of warm flesh and blood, as much so as Montcalm or Israel Putnam. This solid reality in the Indians makes the whole work real and convincing. Here is the great contrast between Parkman's work and that of Prescott in so far as the latter dealt with American themes. In reading Prescott's account of the conquest of Mexico one feels one's self in the world of the Arabian Nights; indeed, the author himself, in occasional comments, lets us see that he is unable to get rid of just such a feeling. His story moves on in a region that is unreal to him, and therefore tantalizing to the reader; his Montezuma is a personality like none that ever existed beneath the moon. This is because Prescott simply followed his Spanish authorities not only in their statements of physical fact, but in their inevitable misconceptions of the strange Aztec society which they encountered; the Aztecs in his story are unreal, and this false note vitiates it all. In his Peruvian story Prescott followed safer leaders in Garcilasso de la Vega and Cieza de Leon, and made a much truer picture; but he lacked the ethnological knowledge needful for coming into touch with that ancient society, and one often feels this as the weak spot in a narrative of marvelous power and beauty.

Now, it was Parkman's good fortune, at an early age, to realize that, in order to do his work, it was first of all necessary to know the Indian by personal fellowship and contact. It was also his good fortune that the right sort of Indians were still accessible. What would not Prescott have given, what would not any student of human evolution give, for a chance to pass a week, or even a day, in such a community as the Tlascala of Xicotencatl or the Mexico of Montezuma! That phase of social development has long since disappeared. But fifty years ago, on our great Western plains and among the Rocky Mountains, there still prevailed a state of society essentially similar to that which greeted the eyes of Champlain upon the St. Lawrence, and of John Smith upon the Chickahominy. In those days the Oregon Trail had changed but little since the memorable journey of Lewis and Clark. In 1846, two years after taking his bachelor degree at Harvard, young Parkman had a taste of the excitements of savage life in that primeval wilderness. He was accompanied by his kinsman, Mr. Quincy Shaw. They joined a roving tribe of Sioux Indians, at a time when to do such a thing was to take their lives in their hands, and they spent a wild summer among the Black Hills of Dakota, and in the vast moorland solitudes through which the Platte River winds its interminable length. In the chase and in the wigwam, in watching the sorcery of which the Indian religion chiefly consisted or in listening to primitive folk-tales by the evening camp fire, Mr. Parkman learned to understand the red man, to interpret his motives and his moods. With his naturalist's keen and accurate eye and his quick poetic apprehension, that youthful experience formed a safe foundation for all his future work. From that time forth he was fitted to absorb the records and memorials of the early explorers, and to make their strange experiences his own.

The next step was to gather these early records from government archives, and from libraries public and private, on both sides of the Atlantic, — a task, as Parkman himself called it, “abundantly irksome and laborious.” It extended over many years, and involved seven visits to Europe. It was performed with a thoroughness approaching finality. Already in the preface to the *Pioneers* the author was able to say that he had gained access to all the published materials in existence. Of his research among manuscript sources a notable monument exists in a cabinet now standing in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, containing nearly two hundred folio volumes of documents copied from the originals by hired experts. Ability to incur heavy expense is, of course, a prerequisite for all undertakings of this sort, and herein our historian was favored by fortune. Against this chiefest among advantages were to be offset the hardships entailed by delicate health and inability to use the eyes for reading and writing. Mr. Parkman always dictated instead of holding the pen, and his huge mass of documents had to be read aloud to him. The heroism shown year after year in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be mated, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in his shining pages.

The progress in working up materials was slow and sure. The *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, which forms the sequel and conclusion of Parkman’s work, was first published in 1851, only five years after the summer spent with the Indians. Fourteen years then elapsed before the *Pioneers* made its appearance in Little, Brown & Co.’s window; and then there were yet seven-and-twenty years more before the final volumes came out in 1892. Altogether about half a century was required for the building of this grand literary monument. Nowhere can we find a better illustration of the French

critic’s definition of a great life, — a thought conceived in youth, and realized in later years.

This elaborateness of preparation had its share in producing the intense vividness of Mr. Parkman’s descriptions. Profusion of detail makes them seem like the accounts of an eye-witness. The realism is so strong that the author seems to have come in person fresh from the scenes he describes, with the smoke of the battle hovering about him and its fierce light glowing in his eyes. Such realism is usually the prerogative of the novelist rather than of the historian, and in one of his prefaces Mr. Parkman recognizes that the reader may feel this and suspect him. “If at times,” he says, “it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only, since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation.”¹

This kind of personal observation Mr. Parkman carried so far as to visit all the important localities — indeed, well-nigh all the localities — that form the scenery of his story, and study them with the patience of a surveyor and the discerning eye of a landscape painter. His strong love of nature added keen zest to this sort of work. From boyhood he was a trapper and hunter; in later years he became eminent as a horticulturist, originating new varieties of flowers. To sleep under the open sky was his delight. His books fairly reek with the fragrance of pine woods. I open one of them at random, and my eye falls upon such a sentence as this: “There is softness in the mellow air, the warm sunshine, and the budding leaves of spring, and in the forest flower, which, more delicate than the pampered offspring of gardens, lifts its tender head through the refuse and decay of the wilderness.” Looking at the context, I find that this sentence comes in a remarkable passage suggested by Colonel Henry Bouquet’s *Western ex-*

¹ *Pioneers*, page xii.

pedition of 1764, when he compelled the Indians to set free so many French and English prisoners. Some of these captives were unwilling to leave the society of the red men; some positively refused to accept the boon of what was called freedom. In this strange conduct, exclaims Parkman, there was no unaccountable perversity; and he breaks out with two pages of noble dithyrambs in praise of savage life. "To him who has once tasted the reckless independence, the haughty self-reliance, the sense of irresponsible freedom which the forest life engenders, civilization thenceforth seems flat and stale. . . . The entrapped wanderer grows fierce and restless, and pants for breathing-room. His path, it is true, was choked with difficulties, but his body and soul were hardened to meet them; it was beset with dangers, but these were the very spice of his life, gladdening his heart with exulting self-confidence, and sending the blood through his veins with a livelier current. The wilderness, rough, harsh, and inexorable, has charms more potent in their seductive influence than all the lures of luxury and sloth. And often he on whom it has cast its magic finds no heart to dissolve the spell, and remains a wanderer and an Ishmaelite to the hour of his death."¹

No one can doubt that the man who could write like this had the kind of temperament that could look into the Indian's mind and portray him correctly. But for this inborn temperament all his microscopic industry would have availed him but little. To use his own words, "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue." These are golden words for the student of the historical art to ponder. To make a

truthful record of a vanished age patient scholarship is needed, and something more. Into the making of an historian there should enter something of the philosopher, something of the naturalist, something of the poet. In Parkman this rare union of qualities was realized in a greater degree than in any other American historian. Indeed, I doubt if the nineteenth century can show in any part of the world another historian quite his equal in this respect.

There is one thing which lends to Parkman's work a peculiar interest, and will be sure to make it grow in fame with the ages. Not only has he left the truthful record of a vanished age so complete and final that the work will never need to be done again, but if any one should in the future attempt to do it again, he cannot approach the task with quite such equipment as Parkman's. In an important sense, the age of Pontiac is far more remote from us than the age of Clovis or the age of Agamemnon. When barbaric society is overwhelmed by advancing waves of civilization, its vanishing is final; the thread of tradition is cut off forever with the shears of Fate. Where are Montezuma's Aztecs? Their physical offspring still dwell on the table-land of Mexico and their ancient speech is still heard in the streets, but that old society is as extinct as the dinosaurs, and has to be painfully studied in fossil fragments of custom and tradition. So with the red men of the North; it is not true that they are dying out physically, but their stage of society is fast disappearing, and soon it will have vanished forever. Soon their race will be swallowed up and forgotten, just as we overlook and ignore to-day the existence of five thousand Iroquois farmers in the State of New York.

Now the study of comparative ethnology has begun to teach us that the red Indian is one of the most interesting of men. He represents a stage of evolution through which civilized men

¹ Pontiac, ii. 237.

have once passed, — a stage far more ancient and primitive than that which is depicted in the *Odyssey* or in the book of *Genesis*. When Champlain and Frontenac met the feathered chieftains of the St. Lawrence, they talked with men of the stone age face to face. Phases of life that had vanished from Europe long before Rome was built survived in America long enough to be seen and studied by modern men. Behind Mr. Parkman's picturesqueness, therefore, there lies a significance far more profound than one at first would suspect. He has portrayed for us a wondrous and forever fascinating stage in the evolution of humanity. We may well thank Heaven for sending us such a scholar, such an artist, such a genius, before it was too late. As we look at the changes wrought in the last fifty years, we realize that already the opportunities by which he profited in youth are in large measure lost. He came not a moment too soon to catch the fleeting light and fix it upon his immortal canvas.

Thus Parkman is to be regarded as first of all the historian of primitive society. No other great historian has dealt intelligently and consecutively with such phases of barbarism as he describes with such loving minuteness. To the older historians, all races of men very far below the European grade of culture seemed alike; all were ignorantly grouped together as "savages." Mr. Lewis Morgan first showed the wide difference between true savages, like the Apaches and Bannocks on the one hand, and barbarians with developed village life, like the Five Nations and the Cherokees. The latter tribes, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, exhibited social phenomena such as were probably witnessed about the shores of the Mediterranean some seven thousand years earlier. If we carry our thoughts back to the time that saw the building of the Great Pyramid, and imagine civilized Egypt looking northward and eastward

upon tribes of white men with social and political ideas not much more advanced than those of Frontenac's red men, our picture will be in its most essential features a correct one. What would we not give for an historian who, with a pen like that of Herodotus, could bring before us the scenes of that primeval Greek world before the cyclopean works at Tiryns were built, when the ancestors of Solon and Aristides did not yet dwell in neatly joinered houses and fasten their door-latches with a thong, when the sacred city-state was still unknown, and the countryman had not yet become a bucolic or "tender of cows," and butter and cheese were still in the future! No written records can ever take us back to that time in that place, for there as everywhere the art of writing came many ages later than the domestication of animals, and some ages later than the first building of towns. But in spite of the lack of written records, the comparative study of institutions, especially comparative jurisprudence, throws back upon those prehistoric times a light that is often dim, but sometimes wonderfully suggestive and instructive. It is a light that reveals among primeval Greeks ideas and customs essentially similar to those of the Iroquois. It is a light that grows steadier and brighter as it leads us to the conclusion that four or five thousand years before Christ white men around the Ægean Sea had advanced about as far as the red men in the Mohawk Valley two centuries ago. The one phase of this primitive society illuminates the other, though extreme caution is necessary in drawing our inferences. Now, Parkman's minute and vivid description of primitive society among red men is full of lessons that may be applied with profit to the study of pre-classic antiquity in the Old World. No other historian has brought us into such close and familiar contact with human life in such ancient stages of its progress. In Park-

man's great book we have a record of vanished conditions such as exists hardly anywhere else in all literature.

I say his "great book," using the singular number, for, with the exception of that breezy bit of autobiography, *The Oregon Trail*, all Parkman's books are the closely related volumes of a single comprehensive work. From the adventures of the *Pioneers of France* a consecutive story is developed through the Jesuits in North America and the *Discovery of the Great West*. In the *Old Régime in Canada* it is continued with a masterly analysis of French methods of colonization in this their greatest colony; and then from *Frontenac* and *New France under Louis XIV.* we are led through *A Half-Century of Conflict* to the grand climax in the volumes on *Montcalm* and *Wolfe*, after which *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* brings the long narrative to a noble and brilliant close. In the first volume we see the men of the stone age at that brief moment when they were disposed to adore the bearded new-comers as Children of the Sun; in the last we read the bloody story of their last and most desperate concerted effort to loosen the iron grasp with which these palefaces had seized and were holding the continent. It is a well-rounded tale, and as complete as anything in real history, where completeness and finality are things unknown. And between the beginning and end of this well-rounded tale a mighty drama is wrought out in all its scenes. The struggle between France and England for the soil of North America was one of the great critical moments in the career of mankind, — no less important than the struggle between Greece and Persia, or between Rome and Carthage. Out of the long and complicated interaction between Roman and Teutonic institutions which made up the history of the Middle Ages two strongly contrasted forms of political society had grown up, and acquired

aggressive strength, when, in the course of the sixteenth century, a New World beyond the sea was laid open for colonization. The maritime nations of Europe were, naturally, the ones to be attracted to this new arena of enterprise; and Spain, Portugal, France, England, and Holland each played its interesting and characteristic part. Spain at first claimed the whole, excepting only that Brazilian coast which Borgia's decree gave to Portugal. But Spain's methods, as well as her early failure of strength, prevented her from making good her claim. Spain's methods were limited to stepping into the place formerly occupied by the conquering races of half-civilized Indians. She made aboriginal tribes work for her, just as the Aztec Confederacy and the Inca dynasty had done. Where she was brought into direct contact with American barbarism, without the intermediation of half-civilized native races, she made little or no headway. Her early failure of strength, on the other hand, was due to her total absorption in the fight against civil and religious liberty in Europe. The failure became apparent as soon as the absorption had begun to be complete. Spain's last aggressive effort in the New World was the destruction of the little Huguenot colony in Florida, in 1565, and it is at that point that Parkman's great work appropriately begins. From that moment Spain simply beat her strength to pieces against the rocks of Netherland courage and resourcefulness. As for the Netherlands, their energies were so far absorbed in taking over and managing the great eastern empire of the Portuguese that their work in the New World was confined to seizing upon the most imperial geographical position, and planting a cosmopolitan colony there that, in the absence of adequate support, was sure to fall into the hands of one or the other of the competitors more actively engaged upon the scene.

The two competitors thus more ac-

tively engaged were France and England, and from an early period it was felt between the two to be a combat in which no quarter was to be given or accepted. These two strongly contrasted forms of political society had each its distinct ideal, and that ideal was to be made to prevail to the utter exclusion and destruction of the other. Probably the French felt this way somewhat earlier than the English; they felt it to be necessary to stamp out the English before the latter had more than realized the necessity of defending themselves against the French. For the type of political society represented by Louis XIV. was preëminently militant, as the English type was preëminently industrial. The aggressiveness of the former was more distinctly conscious of its own narrower aims, and was more deliberately set at work to attain them; while the English, on the other hand, rather drifted into a tremendous world fight without distinct consciousness of their purpose. Yet after the final issue had been joined, the refrain *Carthago delenda est* was heard from the English side, and it came fraught with impending doom from the lips of Pitt as in days of old from the lips of Cato.

The French idea, had it prevailed in the strife, would not have been capable of building up a pacific union of partially independent states, covering this vast continent from ocean to ocean. Within that rigid and rigorous bureaucratic system there was no room for spontaneous individuality, no room for local self-government, and no chance for a flexible federalism to grow up. A well-known phrase of Louis XIV. was "The state is myself." That phrase represented his ideal. It was approximately true in Old France, realized as far as sundry adverse conditions would allow. The *Grand Monarque* intended that in New France it should be absolutely true. Upon that fresh soil was to be built up a pure monarchy, without concession to

human weaknesses and limitations. It was a pet scheme of Louis XIV., and never did a philanthropic world-mender contemplate his grotesque phalanstery or pantarchy with greater pleasure than this master of kingcraft looked forward to the construction of a perfect Christian state in America.

The pages of our great historian are full of examples which prove that if the French idea failed of realization, and the state it founded was overwhelmed, it was not from any lack of lofty qualities in individual Frenchmen. In all the history of the American continent no names stand higher than some of the French names. For courage, for fortitude and high resolve, for sagacious leadership, statesmanlike wisdom, unswerving integrity, devoted loyalty, for all the qualities which make life heroic, we may learn lessons innumerable from the noble Frenchmen who throng in Mr. Parkman's pages. The difficulty was not in the individuals, but in the system; not in the units, but in the way they were put together. For while it is true — though many people do not know it — that by no imaginable artifice can you make a society that is better than the human units you put into it, it is also true that nothing is easier than to make a society that is worse than its units. So it was with the colony of New France.

Nowhere can we find a description of despotic government more careful and thoughtful, or more graphic and lifelike, than Parkman has given us in his volume on the Old Régime in Canada. Seldom, too, will one find a book fuller of political wisdom. The author never preaches like Carlyle, nor does he hurl huge generalizations at our heads like Buckle; he simply describes a state of society that has been. But I hardly need say that his description is not — like the Dryasdust descriptions we are sometimes asked to accept as history — a mere mass of pigments flung at random upon a canvas. It is a picture

painted with consummate art; and in this instance the art consists in so handling the relations of cause and effect as to make them speak for themselves. These pages are alive with political philosophy, and teem with object lessons of extraordinary value. It would be hard to point to any book where history more fully discharges her high function of gathering friendly lessons of caution from the errors of the past.

Of all the societies that have been composed of European men, probably none was ever so despotically organized as New France, unless it may have been the later Byzantine Empire, which it resembled in the minuteness of elaborate supervision over all the pettiest details of life. In Canada, the protective, paternal, socialistic, or nationalistic theory of government — it is the same old cloven hoof, under whatever specious name you introduce it — was more fully carried into operation than in any other community known to history, except ancient Peru. No room was left for individual initiative or enterprise. All undertakings were nationalized. Government looked after every man's interests in this world and the next: baptized and schooled him; married him and paid the bride's dowry; gave him a bounty with every child that was born to him; stocked his cupboard with garden seeds and compelled him to plant them; prescribed the size of his house, and the number of horses and cattle he might keep, and the exact percentages of profit he might be allowed to make, how his chimneys should be swept, how many servants he might employ, what theological doctrines he might believe, what sort of bread the bakers might bake, and where goods might be bought and how much might be paid for them; and if, in a society so well cared for, it were possible to find indigent persons, such paupers were duly relieved from a fund established by government. Unmitigated benevolence was the theory of Louis XIV.'s

Canadian colony, and heartless political economy had no place there. Nor was there any room for free-thinkers: when the king, after 1685, sent out word that no mercy must be shown to heretics, the governor, Denonville, with a pious ejaculation, replied that not so much as a single heretic could be found in all Canada.

Such was the community whose career our historian has delineated with perfect soundness of judgment and unrivaled wealth of knowledge. The fate of this nationalistic experiment, set on foot by one of the most absolute of monarchs, and fostered by one of the most devoted and powerful of religious organizations, is traced to the operation of causes inherent in its very nature. The hopeless paralysis, the woeful corruption, the intellectual and moral torpor, resulting from the suppression of individualism, are vividly portrayed; yet there is no discursive generalizing, and from moment to moment the development of the story proceeds from within itself. It is the whole national life of New France that is displayed before us. Historians of ordinary calibre exhibit their subject in fragments, or they show us some phases of life and neglect others. Some have no eyes save for events that are startling, such as battles and sieges, or decorative, such as coronations and court balls; others give abundant details of manners and customs; others have their attention absorbed by economics; others, again, feel such interest in the history of ideas as to lose sight of mere material incidents. Parkman, on the other hand, conceives and presents his subject as a whole. He forgets nothing, overlooks nothing; but whether it is a bloody battle, or a theological pamphlet, or an exploring journey through the forest, or a code for the discipline of nunneries, each event grows out of its context as a feature in the total development that is going on before our eyes. It is only the historian who is also phi-

losopher and artist who can thus deal in block with the great and complex life of a whole society. The requisite combination is realized only in certain rare and high types of mind, and there has been no more brilliant illustration of it than Parkman's volumes afford.

The struggle between the machine-like socialistic despotism of New France and the free and spontaneous political vitality of New England is one of the most instructive object lessons with which the experience of mankind has furnished us. The depth of its significance is equaled by the vastness of its consequences. Never did destiny preside over a more fateful contest; for it determined which kind of political seed should be sown all over the widest and richest political garden plot left untilled in the world. Free industrial England pitted against despotic militant France for the possession of an ancient continent reserved for this decisive struggle, and dragging into the conflict the belated barbarism of the stone age, — such is the wonderful theme which Parkman has treated. When the vividly contrasted modern ideas and personages are set

off against the romantic though lurid background of Indian life, the artistic effect becomes simply magnificent. Never has historian grappled with another such epic theme, save when Herodotus told the story of Greece and Persia, or when Gibbon's pages resounded with the solemn tread of marshaled hosts through a thousand years of change.

Thus great in his natural powers and great in the use he made of them, Parkman was no less great in his occasion and in his theme. Of all American historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan. The book which depicts at once the social life of the stone age and the victory of the English political ideal over the ideal which France inherited from imperial Rome is a book for all mankind and for all time. The more adequately men's historic perspective gets adjusted, the greater will it seem. Strong in its individuality and like to nothing beside, it clearly belongs, I think, among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank, along with the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Gibbon.

John Fiske.

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE political instincts of the people of the United States have led them to seek the best possible system of public schools, and the supreme motive for the expenditure of the vast sums of money that have been voted with great willingness for their foundation and their continued support has been the education of the youth of the country for citizenship. The final test of all citizenship must be an ethical one; and especially is this true in a democracy where the stability of its life depends upon the character of its citizens. With this fact in view, it is perti-

nent to ask whether the public schools are fulfilling the mission for which they were founded.

There has been for some time an increasing interest in the moral aspect of the public school problem. One indication of this is seen in the appearance during the last two years of seven rather notable textbooks upon ethics, especially designed for schools of lower grade. The question that is now asked, however, does not find its answer in any reply given to the query raised as to the wisdom of publishing these books, for it seeks to go

behind the inquiry, Should ethics be taught at all to boys and girls of the age of those in the public schools? It asks whether the problem of public morals is involved in the very nature of the system as such.

No one denies that the education of the thirteen million children in these schools has much to do with the destiny of the republic, nor that the country has placed its future, for good or evil, in the hands of the public school teacher.

The church may have the capacity for the moral training of the youth of the country; but, great as is its influence, the ethico-religious movement is not at present far reaching enough to fashion even the majority of these thirteen million pupils into citizens in whom righteousness shall be the controlling element; and there is no reason for thinking that it will be in the immediate future.

The home comes much nearer meeting the need; but doubtless Mr. G. H. Palmer's statement is correct, in his article *Can Moral Conduct be Taught in Schools?* "The home," he says, "which has hitherto been the fundamental agency for fostering morality in the young, is just now in sore need of repair. We can no longer depend upon it alone for moral guardianship. It must be supplemented, possibly reconstructed." It still does, and always will, train the choice few for leadership; but after enumerating the homes in which the best that was in Puritanism still is the controlling element, and those that develop morality by means of the self-respect engendered by intellectual and æsthetic culture, — in fact, all those in which high ideals predominate, — there is still left a vast number where self-seeking is the main principle of life. If to the number of children in these latter homes are added the thousands who exist with scarcely any trace of home life to shelter them, we shall be forced to admit that there would be a moral crisis if the public school were not doing its beneficent work.

The question still awaits us, however, What is the public school system achieving for public morals?

Just at present there is a movement in various quarters to introduce instruction in the theory of morals into even the lower grades of the schools; but no one seems to be sure that this will not produce self-conscious prigs, or encourage morbid introspection rather than sturdy morality. But all are agreed that it is the function of the public schools — not to say of all schools, for that matter — to produce what some one calls "unconscious rectitude" in these thirteen million children. All appear to believe that development of morality is essential, and few that the teaching of mere ethical theories will be of much value.

The problem involves, then, the study of the system as a system from the standpoint of practical morality, to see if it is a moral force in and of itself. Its power for righteousness depends upon what it is by virtue of its plan, purpose, and scope; upon its spirit, genius, and the manner in which it is realizing the ideal that has brought it into existence.

It is not possible at present to make a comprehensive and accurate study of the moral value of the public school system. The method of examination must be inductive, and the conditions vary so greatly in different communities that it is exceedingly difficult to reach conclusions that are drawn from a sufficiently large number of facts to make one's deductions satisfactory. The literature upon the subject, and in fact upon the general subject of the public schools, especially from a sociological and economic point of view, is exceedingly meagre. A good illustration of this point is the article in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where, in over one hundred of its large and closely printed pages upon the United States, less than quarter of a page is devoted to this institution, and even what is written is of no special value. Such papers as the articles of Dr. Rice

which have lately appeared in *The Forum* will furnish the basis of other work, and encouragement should be given to such critical examinations of the system; and much more work of this nature must be done before a comprehensive and discriminating thesis can be written upon the real influence of the public schools upon the morals of the country.

Certain conclusions, however, in regard to their power can be reached, and these ought to be stated in an article attempting to give a judicial opinion of their ethical merits. First there should be indicated the points both of direct and of indirect ethical value, and then the lines of weakness or of positive failure.

Modern psychology, leading to the study of the objective manifestations of mind, tells us that "habit covers a very large part of life;" that instincts are simply habits to which there is an innate tendency; and that these habits are due to what is characterized as the "plasticity" of brain matter to outward influences. Whether, for example, as one of our distinguished writers upon psychophysics has told us, the habit of putting one's hands into one's pockets is mechanically nothing but the reflex discharge, or not, the fact remains that "the walking bundle of habits of later years" does spin his fate for good or evil in that plastic state which covers the time when the child is usually a pupil in the public schools. If this is true, there is reason for saying that there is ethical value in the systematic order and discipline that are found in the majority of these schools. The constant and punctual attendance, the orderly arrangement of pupils, together with strict requirements in connection with these matters, fit one for successful business life, and create a sense of responsibility in regard to the use of time. The system of the public schools tends to make the pupil systematic, and helps to produce the accurate and methodical man or woman of later years. The testimony in regard to this is incontrovertible.

More than this, however, there is ethical value in the very conception from which the movement started, and the idea along which it has developed. The notion of self-improvement for a high end has in itself moral worth; for it demands that the youth of the country shall be upright not only because excellence of character is a good in itself, but because it promotes the good of the state. The expenditure of such a large proportion of the public revenues, the erection of so many buildings, the employment of such large numbers of high-minded persons, the creation and constant support of such an elaborate scheme, for the one purpose of producing good citizens, are object lessons that must have great influence upon the public.

What has been said indicates some of the lines in which the schools exert a direct moral influence; but in addition to this a large amount of testimony shows that, especially where there is a compulsory school law, a sense of responsibility has been developed in parents, making them recognize their own obligations. This, the reflex influence of the public schools upon the communities in which the system is at its best, is shown in many ways. Parents whose education has been meagre and faulty have become learners themselves, and have been led for the first time to consider seriously the duties and future of their children; and this thought for the welfare of others has had a wholesome reaction upon their own lives.

In naming the elements that give moral value to the public schools mention should be made of the indirect good accomplished by keeping large numbers of children from the haphazard companionship of the streets, and from idleness and degrading influences. Especially in the larger towns and cities has this been true. To this negative protective good should be added the positive advantage derived from the acquisition of habits of neatness, personal cleanliness, and, in many schools, good manners.

After enumerating these things, which are more or less incidental to the system, and others that might and ought to be considered, it still remains to be said that the greatest ethical value in the public school system is, and must ever be, the intellectual work that is accomplished by it. There can be no doubt that there is a great amount of teaching that is not only unmoral, but positively immoral, in its direct or indirect influence. Recent publications demonstrate this fact, and show that the public schools will be at their best as a moral force when their work is thoroughly scientific.

Their success, then, in achieving the purpose for which they have been created depends primarily upon the character of the instruction that is given in them. It may be true that "pupils will not learn their lessons in arithmetic if they have not already made some progress in concentration, in self-forgetfulness, in acceptance of duty;" but it is equally true that mental exactitude and thoroughness of work, under the influence of a teacher whose method is scientific and whose spirit is earnest, will develop the elements that produce concentration, self-forgetfulness, and dutifulness. The tendency of mechanical, unscientific instruction is towards immorality. Schools that are under the control of selfish officials, with incompetent supervision and antiquated methods of teaching, have no power to quicken those springs of action which are the sources of morality. On the other hand, ethical capacity and moral strength can and ought to be produced by a high-minded instructor in and through the very process of teaching arithmetic, grammar, and geography. Mental activity and intellectual self-respect are important factors in the truest morality. Habits of attention and observation may be developed into self-control, and the power of judgment into capacity for distinguishing between right and wrong. The ability to hold one's self uninterruptedly to any task may

be power for resisting wrong or for the performance of duty.

In this connection mention should be made of a certain force of character which may be produced by the element of continuity in the courses of study through which the pupils are required to pass. So far as these are fitted to the normal, natural method of mental growth in the pupil they have ethical value. Obedience to the laws of mental development is essential to the highest type of manhood, and abnormal, restricted, unnatural mental growth is apt to produce immorality.

The things that have been mentioned lie on the hopeful side of this problem, and on the whole they make the outlook encouraging. They lead, however, to the question, How can an institution which is fraught with so much good, and which is necessary to the life of the state, be still further improved, and how can certain evils within it be eradicated? To do a little in the effort to answer this question, and also that this statement of the moral problem of the public schools may not be one-sided, an examination must be made of the evils that at least modify their usefulness.

Dr. Rice says, in his last article on Our Public School System, "One half the work of placing the schools upon a healthful foundation has been accomplished when the members of the boards of education become endowed with the desire to improve the schools." To accept as final the opinion that they are perfect always results in the evil elements' becoming conspicuous. The most dangerous official is the one who regards no criticism as valid simply because it is uttered against the public schools. Neglect of such an essential institution is not worse than bigoted satisfaction with it and all that pertains to it.

The pride of its friends is that it is a great *system* of education. Mention has already been made of the value of the element of continuity in a course of study,

but there is also a difficulty connected with it that cannot be ignored. The fixed schedule of study is fixed for all; the long courses are, with few exceptions, unmodified for the slow or the quick minds. The only reply the writer has been able to secure to the question, "*What can be done to remedy this?*" has been, "There is no escape from it, except in a few cases where very unusually bright children are promoted more rapidly than the others." The time taken for many children of more than average ability to complete a subject is unreasonably long; but the nature of the child must bend to the system, the system little or not at all to the peculiarities of the pupil. Now, nothing is more important, in creating and preserving "unconscious rectitude," than the element of spontaneity, and there can be no doubt that many children who pass through the long years spent in the public schools lose in this respect rather than gain. The kindergarten is obviating this danger somewhat; but wherever there is a suppressed mental life there must exist, in some degree at least, a suppressed moral nature: there is a logical connection between the inflexible system that holds a responsive, sensitive child in its grasp for years, and mental reactions that too often develop into moral weakness, and occasionally into vice. This tendency is, no doubt, not entirely the fault of the system, as a hard-and-fast system, but in a large degree of those unscientific methods which merely tax the memory, stunt rather than develop the reasoning faculty, and usually make the child unhappy, and sometimes morbid. President Eliot has shown that there is a waste of time in the student life by keeping pupils too long on subjects that should be covered in a much shorter period. But this loss of time has a more important bearing than the one which he considers. The attempt to save time is important; the attempt to save the moral nature is far more important. The destruction of interest and enthusiasm in a child has

more than an intellectual significance; it interferes as well with his moral development. If one believes that there are certain definite laws for the growth of the soul, which have been discovered by the world's great teachers, he ought also to believe that the violation of these laws in the training of children must react on the moral as well as on the mental life of those who can least afford to pay the penalty. The destruction of individuality brutalizes a nature, and there is constant danger of this where mere system is conspicuous and becomes the controlling element. It is exceedingly difficult for an instructor to hold the interest and develop the enthusiasm of a pupil after an appropriate amount of time has been given to any one subject; and although it is true that the teacher is the most important factor in connection with the system, and that sing-song recitations and pure memorizing will, under any condition of affairs, produce unscientific results, yet the best teacher is influenced by the system under which he teaches. There can be no doubt that many children who pass through the long years of continuous school life lose in some degree the quality of spontaneity, and that the loss of it is accountable for the lack of some of those finer sentiments that have always been the glory and the beauty of human life.

No discussion of the moral problems of the public school system would be satisfactory if reference were not made to what has, perhaps somewhat exaggeratedly, been called "the pauperizing tendency of the public school system." Free tuition has led to free textbooks, until the principle has been clearly laid down that the State must furnish, without charge, to all its children whatever education they desire. Especially in the West has this been carried to its logical extreme, and the state university is asked to provide the highest special education not only without charge for tuition, use of buildings and apparatus, but in

some cases with free rooms that are furnished and warmed at the expense of the State. In other words, it is claimed that no money equivalent should be given for the benefit received and the service rendered. Parent and pupil can take from the State, but, except in what the pupil may return through his better preparation for citizenship, nothing is to be given for that which has been bestowed; and with large numbers of persons there is no sense of obligation whatever in the matter. It is said by those who oppose the extreme form which this theory has taken that it carries the paternal feature of government to a dangerous extent; that it makes the citizen selfish and grasping; that it may, and in many cases undoubtedly does, minister to that spirit which characterizes much of our American life, — the spirit that ever asks, What shall we have? and seldom, What shall we give? and which is the bane of our present social order. It is further claimed that the results of this are already apparent in our national life; that the spirit which made our pension system is encouraged and developed by the "pauperizing tendency in the public school system."

Although it has been difficult to secure accurate information in regard to the results of this "free element" in education, it has become only too evident that many parents look upon the teachers as if they were servants; demanding everything from the school without any idea that they owe anything in return. Such facts as these — and there are many others which might be cited — indicate some of the evil results of the plan, and make it very clear that here is an actual danger to the higher ethical conditions. We should carefully guard our national life at this point.

There seems to be no escape from this free element and its logical results. All that can be done is to ward off the possible danger by constantly holding before the pupils the idea that they must repay the State in good citizenship.

Impurity may not be a greater evil in public than in private schools; but there are certain conditions in the democratic commingling of children in the former which make it more than a possible evil. There can be little or no social distinction except that growing out of the location of the school buildings. There is the "up town" and the "down town" school; but if a pupil is admitted into the schools at all, there can be no law requiring him to be in one building rather than in another, except the regulation that arises from residence in a particular locality; and even this is not enforced in some cities and towns. The very idea of the public school makes any classification upon social and ethical grounds an impossibility. There are localities where this evil of impurity is nothing more than a potential danger; but there are very many others where it is a real evil. On the part of teachers there is a growing intelligence concerning it, and a greater vigilance in guarding against it. Those who do realize its enormity, and meet it aright, have secured results that ought to encourage all others; but there should be a most stringent requirement in this matter in defining the teacher's duties. In some of the best normal schools the students have the plainest and clearest instruction upon this subject. They are told the habits for which they are to watch, and the best ways to meet the evil of impurity in whatever form it is present among children. But such preparation is far from universal. Not many years ago, a graduate of one of these schools said that the teacher who gave her class instruction on this subject asked its members how many of them had not known of at least the existence of a vile vocabulary of words among their schoolmates. All but two of the large class replied that during their early life in the public schools they had heard what they could never forget, though no words could express the longing they felt to blot it from their memo-

ries ; and in looking back from their more mature standpoint, it seemed to them that the teachers must have felt no special duty in the matter. These were young women from the public schools of one of the older States. There is no doubt, however, that each year our public school teachers have an increasing sense of responsibility for purity in thought and word of the children under their care.

The difficulties with which they have to contend are very great. The two or three children who, with an air of mystery, bring information in regard to forms of impurity have great power for mischief, especially when they put a base interpretation upon things that are in themselves pure ; and the quick imagination of a child, together with the fact that this information is not guarded, as it would be if it came from an older and a wise person, makes it doubly dangerous. The testimony of one teacher, which has been repeated by many, is to the effect that the large majority of children in the public schools know, theoretically, as much about the forms of impurity at twelve and fourteen as they ever will. Thus the situation calls for teachers wise in heart and head, watchful in regard to this danger, and skillful in meeting it ; for the sense of disgrace that comes to many children from the mere acquisition of this information is a blow to that peculiar delicacy of feeling which exists with the highest morality. In many cases the inherent force of home training preserves the child from radical injury ; but some children never escape the wrong that is done them, others are led into practices that seriously modify their usefulness, while still others are ruined.

The public school is a normal outgrowth of our social and political order, and its tendencies are the logical outcome of this order. Its dangers are those that exist in this democratic state, but it lies in the power of the schools to eradicate much of the evil in the state.

It is difficult to say how this is to be accomplished, but certainly the most effective method will be along the line of the general improvement of the system.

This improvement will be brought about by the divorce of the control of the schools from partisan politics ; by the appointment of teachers for merit only, merit in which force of character should be regarded as a *sine qua non* ; by the introduction of scientific instruction to the exclusion of mechanical methods ; and by constantly making prominent the idea that the pupils are being fitted for citizenship and actual service. Something could also be said in regard to the necessity of a larger number of teachers, in order that the element of personal influence may be greater and more immediate.

As this paper is only a statement of the ethical problem of the public schools, and not an attempt to solve it, it is not within its province to discuss the many possible remedies that have been suggested by teachers and others who are studying this question. Few hesitate to say that there are defects in the system, and possible moral dangers associated with it, against which our national life should be guarded with great wisdom and persistence.

The public school stands in close relationship to every moral problem in the republic. The problem of municipal government is pressing upon thoughtful citizens to-day, and many schemes are devised to make it impossible for dishonest politicians to practice their dishonesty and selfishness ; but a radical cure of this and all other evils in the body politic can be effected only by the creation of upright citizens. A majority of the voters receive their only training in the public schools. If low and selfish aims rule their conduct ; if they lack the possibility of enthusiasm for a high purpose ; if, in short, their lives are wanting in principle, it is not enough to say that demoralizing influences overthrow the good wrought within the

schools, because the business of the schools is so to establish morality that it cannot be overthrown by evil circumstances in after life. For, as has already been pointed out, the church and the home of the present day are not able to perform this work, and therefore the schools, because of the very idea which underlies their foundation and secures their continued support, and because of the amount of time which the child necessarily spends in them, must be held largely responsible for the foundation of character; in other words, for the training of upright and patriotic citizens. This, as has just been said, is their *business*. School boards and teachers are needed who realize this important fact, and who are willing and able to make the development of principle the central point in their work.

No one who examines carefully the present political and social order can fail to notice that there is a spirit of self-seeking abroad that is destructive of the noblest virtues and the highest ethical conditions; that vast numbers of citizens are controlled by the passion for getting rather than for giving. This is the dan-

gerous element in the social problem. It is the bane of that partisanship that is ever willing to sacrifice the state for party supremacy; it is the moral obliquity of the pauper and the criminal, who are ever seeking to get something without rendering a fair and just equivalent. Is the public school laying its foundation deep enough? Has it struck its roots into the moral nature of these thirteen million children? These are the questions that serious and earnest people are asking. There is a striking similarity between the excellencies in our national life and the excellencies in our public school system. There is also a striking similarity between the evils in both. Can it not then be said that the eradication of the evils in the public schools will have very much to do with their eradication in the life of the state?

To touch the springs of action in these pupils is to touch the very sources of power in the national life; and there is no opportunity to be compared with that offered by the public schools. The institution is so sacred, so far reaching in its influence, that it must be rescued from political strife and partisan narrowness.

William Frederick Slocum, Jr.

HENRY VAUGHAN THE SILURIST.

IN his own person Henry Vaughan left no trace in society. His life seemed to slip by like the running water on which he was forever gazing and moralizing, and his memory met early with the fate which he hardly foresaw. Descended from the royal chiefs of southern Wales, whom Tacitus mentions, and whose abode, in the day of Roman domination, was in the district called Siluria, he styled himself the Silurist upon his title-pages; and he keeps the distinctive name in the humblest of epitaphs, close by his lifelong home in the glorious valley of the

Usk and the little Honddu, under the shadow of Tretower, the ruined castle of his race, and of Pen-y-Fan and his kindred peaks. What we know of him is a sort of pastoral: how he was born, the son of a poor gentleman, in 1621, at Newton St. Bridget, in the old house yet asleep on the road between Brecon and Crickhowel; how he went up to Oxford, Laud's Oxford, with Thomas, his twin, as a boy of sixteen, to be entered at Jesus College; how he took his degree (just where and when no one can discover), and came back, after a London

revel, to be the village physician, though he was meant for the law, in what had become his brother's parish of Llansaint-fread; to write books full of sequestered beauty, to watch the most tragic of wars, to look into the faces of love and loss, and to spend his thoughtful age on the bowery banks of the river he had always known, his *Isca parens florum*, to which he consecrated many a sweet English line. And the ripple of the not unthankful Usk was "distinctly audible over its pebbles," as was the Tweed to the failing sense of Sir Walter Scott, in the room where Henry Vaughan drew his last breath, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1695. He died exactly seventy-nine years after Shakespeare, exactly one hundred and fifty-five years before Wordsworth.

Circumstances had their way with him as with most poets. He knew the touch of disappointment and renunciation not only in life, but in his civic hopes and in his art. He broke his career in twain, and began over, before he had passed thirty; and he showed great æsthetic discretion, as well as disinterestedness, in replacing his graceful early verses by the deep dedications of his prime. Religious faith and meditation seem so much a part of his innermost nature, it is a little difficult to remember that Vaughan considered himself a brand snatched from the burning, a lawless Cavalier brought by the best of chances to the quiet life, and the feet of the moral Muse. Some time between 1645 and 1653 he was seized by a sorely protracted and nearly fatal illness; and during its progress his dearest friends were taken from him. Nor was the execution of the king a light event to so sensitive a poet and so passionate a partisan. Meanwhile Vaughan read George Herbert, and his theory of proportional values began to change. It was a season of transition and silent crises, when men bared their breasts to great issues, and when it was easy for a childlike soul

Vaughan, in his new fervor, did his best to suppress the numbers written in his youth, thus clearing the field for what he afterwards called his "hagiography;" and a critic wonders what he found in his first tiny volume of 1646 or in Olor Iscanus to regret or cancel. The turn in his life which brought him lasting peace, in a world rocking between the cant of the Parliament and resurgent audacity and riot, achieved for us a body of work which, small as it is, has rare interest, and an out-of-door beauty, as of the natural dusk, "breathless with adoration," which is almost without parallel. Once he had shaken off secular ambitions, Vaughan's voice grew at once free and more forceful. In him a marked intellectual gain sprang from an apparently slight spiritual readjustment, even as it did, three centuries later, in one greater than he, John Henry Newman.

He was, in the only liberal sense, a learned man, full of lifelong curiosity for the fruit of the Eden Tree. His lines beginning,

"Quite spent with thought I left my cell,"
show the acutest thirst for hidden knowledge; he would "most gladly die," if death might buy him intellectual growth. He looks forward to eternity as to the unsealing and disclosing of mysteries. He makes the soul sing joyously to the body:

"I that here saw darkly, in a glass,
But mists and shadows pass,
And by their own weak shine did search the
springs
And source of things,
Shall, with inlighted rays,
Pierce all their ways!"

His occupation as a resident physician must have fostered his fine eye and ear for the green earth, and furnished him, day by day, with musings in sylvan solitudes and rides abroad over the fresh hill-paths. The breath of the mountains is about his books. An early riser, he uttered a constant invocation to whoever would listen, that

"Weary of her vain search below, above,
In the first Fair to find the immortal Love."

"manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers."

He was hospitable on a limited income. His verses of invitation To his Retired Friend, which are not without their thrusts at passing events, have a classic jollity fit to remind the reader of Randolph's ringing ode to Master Anthony Stafford. Again and again Vaughan reiterates the Socratic song of content: that he has enough lands and money, that there are a thousand things he does not want, that he is blessed in what he has. All this does not prevent him from recording the phenomenal ebb tides of his purse, and from whimsically synthesizing on "the threadbare, goldless genealogie" of bards! No sour zealot in anything, he enjoyed an evening now and then at the Globe Tavern, in London, where he consumed his sack with relish, that he might be "possessor of more soul," and "after full cups have dreams poetical." But he was no lover of the town. Country life was his joy and pride; the only thing which seemed, in his own most vivid phrase, to "fill his breast with home." A literary acquaintance, one unrecognized N. W., congratulates Vaughan that he is able to "give his Muse the swing in an hereditary shade." He was an angler, need it be added? Nay, the autoerat of anglers, — he was a salmon-catcher.

The poets who did not fight for the king were commonly supposed to redeem their reputation by dying of grief, like Drummond of Hawthornden, at his overthrow. Yet Vaughan did not fight, and Vaughan did not die of grief. It is so sure that he suffered some privation, and it may be imprisonment, for his allegiance that shrewd guesses, before now, have equipped him, and placed him in the ranks of the losing cause, where he might have had choice company. His generous, erratic brother (an alchemist, an Orientalist, and a Rosierucian, who was ejected from his vicarage in 1654, and died, either of the plague or of inhaling the fumes of a caldron, at Albury, in 1665, while the court was at Oxford) had been a recruit, and

a brave one. But Henry Vaughan explicitly tells us, in his *Ad Posteror*, and in a prayer in the second part of *Silex Scintillans*, that he had no personal share in the constitutional struggle, that he shed no blood. Again, he cries, in a third lyric, —

"O accept

Of his vowed heart, whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men!"

This painstaking record of a fact by one so loyal as he goes far to prove, to an inductive mind not thoroughly familiar with his circumstances, that he considered war the worst of current evils, and was willing, for this first principle of his philosophy, to lay himself open to the charge, not indeed of cowardice (was he not a Vaughan?), but of lack of appreciation for the one romantic opportunity of his life. His withdrawal from the turmoil which so became his colleagues may be counted in with his known moral courage and right sentiment; and one's fancy is ready to fasten on Vaughan's sad neutrality the passionate "ingemination" for "peace, peace," which "took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart," such as Clarendon tells us of in his ever-beautiful passage touching the young Lord Falkland. But it is greatly to be feared that Vaughan, despite all the abstract reasoning which arrays itself against so babyish and barbarous a thing as a battle, would have swung himself into a saddle against the existing government as readily as any, had not "God's finger touched him." A comparison of dates will show that he was bedridden, while his hot heart was afield with the shouting gentlemen whom Mr. Browning heard in a vision: —

"King Charles! and who'll do him right, now?
King Charles! and who's ripe for fight, now?
Give a rouse: here's in Hell's despite, now,
King Charles!"

This is the secret of Vaughan's blood-guiltlessness. Of course he thanked Heaven, after, that he was kept clean of carnage; he would have thanked Heaven

for anything that happened to him. It was providential that we of posterity lost a soldier in the Silurist, and gained a poet. As the great confusion cleared, his spirit cleared, too, and the Vaughan we know,

"Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,"

comes in, like a protesting angel, with the Commonwealth. Perhaps he lived long enough to sum up the vanity of statecraft and the instability of public choice, driven from tyranny to license, from absolute monarchy to absolute anarchy, and to turn once more to his "loud brook's incessant fall" as an object much worthier of a rational man's regard. Born while James I. was vain-gloriously reigning, Henry Vaughan survived the Civil War, the two Protectorates, the orgies of the Restoration (which he did not fail to satirize), and the Revolution of "Meenie the daughter," as the old Scots song slyly calls her. He had seen the Stuarts in and out, in and out again, and his seventy-four years, on-lookers at a tragedy, were not forced to sit through the dull Georgian farce which began almost as soon as his grave was green.

Moreover, he was thoroughly out of touch with his times. While all the world was either devil-may-care or Calvin-colored, he had for his characteristic a rapt, inexhaustible joy, buoying him up and sweeping him away. He might well have said, like Dr. Henry More, his twin's rival and challenger in metaphysics, that he was "most of his time mad with pleasure." While

"every burgess foots

The mortal pavement in eternal boots,"

Vaughan lay indolently along a bank, like a shepherd swain, pondering upon the brood of "green-heads" who denied miracles to have been or to be, and wishing the noisy passengers on the highways of life could be taught the value of

"A sweet self-privacy in a right soul."

His mind turned to paradoxes and inverted meanings, and the analysis of his

own tenacious dreams, in an England of pikes and bludgeons, and hock carts and wassail cakes. All through his pages one can trace the affecting struggle between things desired and things forborne. It is only a brave philosopher who can afford to pen a stanza intimate as this:—

"O Thou who didst deny to me

The world's adored felicity!

Keep still my weak eyes from the shine

Of those gay things which are not Thine."

He had better possessions than glory under his hand in the health and peace of his middle age and in his cheerful home. He was twice married, and must have lost his first wife, nameless to us, but most tenderly mourned, in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year. She seems to have been the mother of five of his six children. Vaughan was rich in friends. He had known Davenant and Cartwright, but it is quite characteristic of him that the two great authors to whom he was especially attached were Jonson and John Fletcher, both only a memory at the time of his first going to London. Of Randolph, Jonson's strong "son," who so beggared English literature by dying young in 1634, Vaughan sweetly says somewhere that he will hereafter

"Look for Randolph in those holy meads."

Mention of his actual fellow-workers is very infrequent, nor does he mention the Shakespeare who had "dwelt on earth unguessed at," and who is believed to have visited the estates of the Vaughans at Seethrog, and to have picked up the name of his merry fellow Puck from goblin traditions of the neighborhood.

While Henry Vaughan was preparing for publication the first half of *Silex Scintillans*, as the token of his arrested and uplifted youth, Rev. Mr. Thomas Vaughan, backed by a few other sanguine Oxonians, and disregarding of his twin's exaggerated remorse for the fruits of his profaner years, brought out the "formerly written and newly named" *Olor Iscanus*, over the author's head, in 1650, and gave to it a motto from the

Georgics. The preface is in Eugenius Philalethes' own gallant style, and offers a haughty commendation to "beauty from the light retired." Perhaps Vaughan's earliest and most partial editor felt, like Thoreau on a certain occasion, that it were well to make an extreme statement, if only so he might make an emphatic one. The clerical brother writes very much as Lord Edward Herbert might be supposed to write for George under like conditions, for he knew, according to an ancient adage, that there is great folly in pointing out the shortcomings of a work of art to eyes uneducated to its beauties. It was just as well to insist disproportionately upon the principle at stake, that Henry Vaughan's least book was unique and precious. He was not, like the majority of the happy lyrists of his time, a writer by accident; he was strictly a man of letters, and his sign manual is large and plain upon everything which bears his name. He indites like a Roman, with evenness, and without a superfluous syllable. One cannot italicize him; every word is a congested force, packed to bursting with meaning and insistence, — the utterance of a man who has been thinking all his life upon his own chosen subjects, and who unerringly dispatches a language about its business, as if he had just created it. Like Andrew Marvell's excellent father, "he never broached what he had never brewed." It follows that his work, to which second editions were well-nigh unknown, shows scarcely any variation from itself. It carries with it a testimony that, such as it stands, it is the very best its author can do. Its faults are not slips; they are quite as radical and congenital as its virtues. Vaughan (to transfer a fine phrase of Mr. W. T. Arnold) is "enamored of perfection," but he is fully so before he makes up his mind to write, and from the first every stroke of his pen is fatal. It transfixes a noun or a verb, pins it to the page, and challenges a reformer to move or replace it. His

modest Muse is as sure as Shakespeare, as nice as Pope; she is incapable of scruples and apprehensions once she has spoken. What Vaughan says of Cartwright may well be applied to his own deliberate grace of diction: —

"Thou thy thoughts hast drest in such a strain
As doth not only speak, but rule and reign."

His verses have the tone of a Vandyck portrait, with all its firm, pensive elegance and lack of shadow. Those of Vaughan's figures not drawn from the open air, where he was happiest, are indeed too bold and too many, and they come from strange corners, from finance, medicine, mills, the nursery, and the mechanism of watches and clocks. In no one instance, however, does he start wrong, like the great influencee, Donne, in *The Valediction*, and finish by turning such impediments as "stiff twin-compasses" into images of memorable beauty. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, like Campbell, finds Vaughan "untunable," and so he is very often. But poets who crowd their lines with thought do not always succeed in metaphysics and in music too. The lute which has the clearest and most enticing twang under the laurel boughs is Herrick's, and not Donne's; Mr. Swinburne's, and not Mr. Browning's. It is to be observed that when Vaughan lets go of his regrets, his advice, and his growls over the bad times, he falls into instant melody, as if in that, and not in a rough impressiveness, were his real strength. His blessing for the river Usk flows sweetly as the tide it hangs upon:

"Garlands, and songs, and roundelays,
And dewy nights, and sunshine days,
The turtle's voice, joy without fear,
Dwell on thy bosom all the year!
To thee the wind from far shall bring
The odors of the scattered spring,
And, loaden with the rich arrear,
Spend it in spicy whispers here."

Vaughan played habitually with his pauses, and unconsciously threw the metrical stress on words least able to bear it; but no sensitive ear can be otherwise than

pleased at the broken sequence of such lines as,

"These birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on a tree,"

and

"As if his liquid loose retinue stayed
Lingering, and were of this steep place
afraid."

The word "perspective," which he introduced with the accent upon the first syllable, was a favorite with him; and Wordsworth thought well enough of that usage to employ it in the majestic opening of the sonnet on King's College Chapel.

Vaughan was a born observer, and in his poetry may be found the pioneer expression of the nineteenth-century feeling for landscape. His canvas is not often large; he had an indifference towards the exquisite presence of autumn, and an inland ignorance of the sea. But he could portray depth and distance at a stroke, as in the buoyant lines,

"It was high spring, and all the way
Primrosed, and hung with shade,"

which etches for you the whole winding lane, roofed and floored with beauty; he carries a reader over half a continent in his

"Paths that are hidden from the vulture's eyes,"

and suspends him above man's planet altogether with his audacious eagle, which

"in the clear height and upmost air
Doth face the sun, and his dispersèd hair!"

That Vaughan's pages should furnish this patient specification of natural objects is remarkable in a man whose mind was set upon things invisible. His gaze is upon the remote inaccessible ether, but he seems to detect everything between himself and heaven. He sighs over the inattentive rustic, whom, perhaps, he catches scowling by the pasture bars of the wild Welsh downs:—

"O that he would hear
The world read to him!"

Whatever is in that pleasant world he himself sees and hears; and his interrupted chronicle is always terse, graphic,

straight from life. He has the inevitable phrase for every phenomenon, — a little low-comedy phrase, sometimes, such as Carew had used before him:—

"Deep snow
Candies our country's woody brow."

It seems never to have entered the primitive mind of Henry Vaughan to love, or serve, art and nature for themselves. His cue was to walk abroad circumspectly and with incessant reverence, because in all things he found God. His prayer is that he may not forget that physical beauty is a great symbol, but only a symbol; a "hid ascent" through "masks and shadows" to the divine; or, as Mr. Lowell said in one of his last poems,

"a tent
Pitched for an Inmate far more excellent."

Vaughan, a humanist of the school of Assisi, was full of out-of-door meeknesses and pieties, nowhere sweeter in their expression than in this all-embracing valedictory:—

"O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,
Give him among Thy works a place
Who in them loved and sought Thy face."

"I saw," he says suddenly,

"I saw Eternity the other night;"

and he is forever seeing things almost as startling and as bright: the "edges and the bordering light" of lost infancy; the processional grandeur of old books, which he fearlessly calls

"The track of fled souls, and their Milky
Way;"

and visions of the Judgment, when

"from the right
The white sheep pass into a whiter light."

Here the figure beautifully forecasts a famous one of Rossetti. Light, indeed, is Vaughan's distinctive word, and the favorite source of his similes and illustrations.

Vaughan's meek reputation began to renew itself about 1828, when four critics perfectly fitted to appraise his worth were in their prime; but, curiously enough, none of these, not even the best

of them, the same Charles Lamb who said a just and generous word for Wither, had the satisfaction of rescuing his sunken name. Eight little books inclose all of the *Silurist's* work. He began to publish in 1646, and he practically ceased in 1655, breaking his after-silence but twice, — with *Thalia Rediviva* in 1678, and a translation of *Nieremberg's Meditations* in 1682. It is commonly supposed that his verses were forgotten up to the date, 1847, of the faulty edition of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, and until the appearance of Dr. Grosart's inestimable quartos; but Mr. Carew Hazlitt has been fortunate enough to discover the advertisement of an eighteenth-century Vaughan reprint. As the results of Dr. Grosart's patient service to our elder choir are necessarily semi-private, it may be said with truth that the real Vaughan is still debarred from the general reader, who is, indeed, the identical person least concerned about that state of affairs. His name is not irrecoverable nor unfamiliar to scholars. His mind, on the whole, might pass for the product of yesterday; and he, who needs no glossary, may handsomely cede the honors of one to Mr. William Morris. It is at least certain that had Vaughan lately lifted up his unique and sylvan voice out of Brecknockshire, he would not so readily be accused of having modeled himself unduly upon George Herbert. He has gone into eclipse behind that gracious name.

Henry Vaughan was a child of thirteen when Herbert, a stranger to him, died at Bemerton, and he read him first in the sick-chamber to which the five years' distresses of his early manhood confined him. The reading could not have been prior to 1647, for *Olor Iscanus*, Vaughan's second volume, was lying ready for the press that year, as we know from the date of its dedication to Lord Kildare Digby. As no novice poet, therefore, he fell under the spell of a sweet and elect soul, who was also a lover of vanquished royalty, a convert who had

looked upon the vanities of the court and the city, a Welshman born, and not unconnected with Vaughan's own ancient and patrician house. These were slight coincidences, but they served to strengthen a forming tie. The *Silurist* somewhere thanks Herbert's "holy ever-living lines" for checking his blood; and it was perhaps the only service rendered of which he was conscious. But his endless iambs and his vague allegorical titles are cast thoroughly in the manner of Herbert, and he takes from the same source the heaped categorical epithets, the didactic tone, and the introspectiveness which are his most obvious failings. Vaughan's intellectual debt to Herbert resolves itself into somewhat less than nothing; for in following him with zeal to the Missionary College of the Muses he lost rather than gained, and he is altogether delightful and persuasive only where he is altogether himself. Nevertheless, a certain spirit of conformity and filial piety towards Herbert has betrayed Vaughan into frequent and flagrant imitations. It seems as if these must have been voluntary, and rooted in an intention to enforce the same truths in all but the same words; for the moment Vaughan breaks into invective, or comes upon his distinctive topics, such as childhood, natural beauty (for which Herbert had an imperfect sense), friendship, early death, spiritual expectation, he is off and away, free of any predecessor, as his thrilling and unforgettable self. There was, indeed, in English letters, up to Queen Anne's reign, an open communism of ideas and idioms astonishing to look upon; there is less confiscation at present, because, outside the pale of the sciences, there is less thinking. If any one thing can be closer to another than even Drummond's sonnet on Sleep is to Sidney's, it is the dress of Vaughan's morality to that of George Herbert's. Mr. Simcox is the only critic who has taken the trouble to contrast them, and he does so in so random a fashion as to

suggest that his scrutiny, in some cases, has been confined to the rival titles. It is certain that no other mind, however bent upon identifications, can find a likeness between *The Quip* and *The Queer*, or between *The Tempest* and *Providence*. Vaughan's *Mutiny*, like *The Col-lar*, ends in a use of the word "child," after a scene of strife; and if ever it were meant to match Herbert's poem, distinctly falls behind it, and deals, besides, with a much weaker rebelliousness. *Rules and Lessons* is so unmistakably modeled upon

HERBERT.

"A throbbing conscience, spurred by remorse,
Hath a strange force."

"My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart."

"And trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave."

"Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee!"

"I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay till we have done,
A willing shiner, that will shine as gladly
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both
so twine
Till even his beams sing, and my music shine."

(*Of prayer.*)

"Heaven in ordinary, man well-drest,
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise."

"Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown-imperial: sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell."

"But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be,
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a king."

"Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys,
But griefs without a noise;
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears:
What is so shrill as silent tears?"

The Church Porch that it scarcely calls for comment. Herbert's admonitions, however, are continued, but nowhere repeated; and Vaughan's succeed in being poetic, which the others are not. Beyond these replicas Vaughan's structural genius is in no wise beholden to Herbert's. But numerous phrases and turns of thought descend from the master to the disciple, undergoing such subtle and peculiar changes that it may well be submitted whether, in this casual list, every borrowing, save two, be not a bettering.

VAUGHAN.

"A darting conscience, full of stabs and fears."

"And wrap us in imaginary flights
Wide of a faithful grave."

"That in these masks and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way,
And by these hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee
Who art in all things, though invisibly!"

"O would I were a bird or star
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird would be
Shining or singing still to Thee!"

(*Of books.*)

"The track of fled souls, and their Milky
Way."

"I walked the other day to spend my hour
Into a field,
Where I sometime had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower."

"A silent tear can pierce Thy throne
When loud joys want a wing;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan
Than any arted string."

"At first Thou gavest me milk and sweet-
nesses,
I had my wish and way;
My days were strewed with flowers and hap-
piness;
There was no month but May."

"Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write
of Love."

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought Thy sweets along with Thee."

"O come! for Thou dost know the way:
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
'Drop from above.'"

"Sure Thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee."

To arraign Vaughan is to vindicate him. In the too liberal courts of literature, an idea becomes the property of him who best expresses it. Herbert's odd and fresh metaphors, his homing bees and pricks of conscience and silent tears, the adoring star and his comrade bird, even his famous female scarf, go over bodily to the spoiler. In many an instance something involved and difficult still characterizes Herbert's diction; and it is diverting to watch how the interfering hand sorts and settles it at one touch, and sends it, as Mr. Arnold would say, to the "centre." Vaughan's mind, despite its mysticism, was full of dispatch and impetuosity. Like Herbert, he alludes to himself more than once as "fierce;" and the adjective undoubtedly belongs to him. There was in Vaughan, at his height, a rush and fire which Herbert never knew, a greater clarity and conciseness, a far greater restraint, a keener sense both of color and form, and so much more deference for what Mr. Ruskin calls "the peerage of words" that the younger man could never have been content to send forth a line which might mean its opposite, such as occurs in the fine stanza about

"Follow the cry no more! There is
An ancient way,
All strewed with flowers and happiness,
And fresh as May!"

"Feverish souls
Sick with a scarf or glove."

"I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cull me boughs off many a tree;
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers and welcome Thee."

"Either disperse these mists, which blot and
fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass!"

"Thy grave, to which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive."

glory in the beautiful Quip. It is only on middle ground that the better poet and the better saint collide. Vaughan never could have written, —

"O that I once past changing were
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can
wither!"

or the tranquil confession of faith, —

"Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there:
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere!"

For his best is not Herbert's best, nor his worst Herbert's worst. It is not Vaughan who reminds us that "filth" lies under a fair face. He does the "fiercer" thing: he goes to the pit's mouth in a trance, and "hears them yell." Herbert's noblest and most winning art still has its stand upon the altar steps of The Temple; but Vaughan is always on the roof, under the stars, like a somnambulist, or actually above and out of sight, "pinnacled dim in the intense inane;" absorbed in larger and wilder things, and stretching the spirits of all who try to follow him. The homelier and more restful writer has had his reward in the world's lasting appreciation; and although Vaughan had a favorable

opinion of his own staying powers, nothing would have grieved him less than to step aside, if the choice had lain between him and his exemplar.

Vaughan, then, owes something to Herbert, although it was by no means the best which Herbert could give; but he himself is, what Herbert is not, an ancestor. He leans forward to touch Cowper and Keble; and Mr. Churton Collins has taken the pains to trace him in Tennyson.

The angels who

"familiarily confer
Beneath the oak and juniper,"

invoke an instant thought of the Milton of the *Allegro*; and the fragrant winds which linger by Usk, "loaden with the rich arrear," appear to be Milton's, too. His austere music first sounded in the public ear in 1645, one year before Vaughan, much his junior, began to print. It would seem very unlikely that a Welsh physician should be beholden to the close-kept manuscripts of the Puritan stripling at Cambridge and Horton; but it is interesting to find the prototype of Vaughan's charming lines about Rachel, the wife of Jacob,

"With native looks that knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid,"

in the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, dating from 1631. Vaughan's dramatic Fleet Street,

"Where the loud whip and coach scolds all the way,"

might as well be Swift's; and his salutation to the lark,

"And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing,"

is like a quotation from some tender sonnet of Bowles, or from his admirer, the young Coleridge who instantly outstepped him. Olor, Silex, and Thalia establish unexpected relationships with genius the most remote from them and from each other. The animated melody of poor Rochester's best songs seems deflected from

"If I were dead and in my place,"

addressed to Amoret, in the *Poems* of 1646. The delicate simile,

"As some blind dial, when the day is done,
Can tell us at midnight there was a sun,"

and

"But I am sadly loose and stray,
A giddy blast each way.
O let me not thus range:
Thou canst not change!"

(a verse of a poem headed by an extract, in the *Vulgate*, from the eighth chapter of *Romans*), come home with a smile to the lover of Clough. Vaughan was that dangerous person, an original thinker; and the consequence is that he compromises a great many authors who may never have heard of him. It is admitted now that we owe to his prophetic lyre one of the boasts of modern literature. Dr. Grosart has handled so well the obvious debt of Wordsworth in *The Intimations of Immortality*, and has proven so conclusively that Vaughan figured in the library at Rydal Mount, that little need be said here on that theme. In *Corruption*, *Childhood*, *Looking Back*, and *The Retreat*, most markedly in the first, lie the whole point and pathos of

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From Heaven, which is our home."

Few studies are more fascinating than that of the liquidation, so to speak, of Vaughan's brief, tense, impassioned monodies into "the mighty waters rolling evermore" of the great Ode. Yet it is no unpardonable heresy to be jealous that the "first sprightly runnings" of an English classic should not be better known, and to prefer their touching simplicity to the grandly adult and theory-burdened lines which everybody quotes.

Vaughan's elegies are so exquisite and endearing, they haunt one with the conviction that they stop short of immortality, not because their author had too little skill, but because, between his repressed speech and his extreme emotions, no art could make out to live. He had a deep heart, such as deep hearts will always recognize and reverence:—

"And thy two wings were grief and love." His thoughts jostle him hard at all times; but in the face of eternity he seems so to accord with the event which all but destroys him that sorrow inexpressible becomes suddenly unexpressed, and his funeral music ends in a high enthusiasm and serenity open to no misconception. Distance, and the lapse of time, and his own utter reconciliation to the play of events make small difference in his utterance upon the old topic. The thought of his friend, forty years after, is the same mystical rapture:—

"O could I track them! but souls must
Track one the other;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother:
Yet I have one pearl by whose light
All things I see,
And in the heart of death and night
Find Heaven and thee."

Daphnis, the eclogue to the memory of Thomas Vaughan, is the only one of these elegies which, possessing a surplus of beautiful lines, is not even in the least satisfying. "R. Hall," "no woolsack soldier," who was slain at the siege of Pontefract, won from Henry Vaughan a passionate requiem, which opens with a gush of agony,—"I knew it would be thus!"—as affecting as anything in the early ballads; and the battle of Rowton Heath took from him "R. W.," the comrade of his youth. But it was in one who bore his sovereign's name (hitherto unidentified, although he is said to have been the subject of a "public sorrow") that Vaughan lost the friend upon whom his whole nature seemed to lean. The soldier-heart in himself spoke out firmly in the cry he consecrated To the Pious Memory of C. W. Its masculine dignity; the pride and soft triumph which it gathers about it, advancing; the plain heroic ending which sweeps away all images of remoteness and night, in

"Good-morrow to dear Charles! for it is day," can be compared to nothing but a concord of mounting strings, slowing to

their major chord with a courage and cheer that bring tears to the eyes. Vaughan's tender threnodies would make a small but precious volume. To the Pious Memory, with Thou that Knowest for Whom I Mourn, Silence and Stealth of Days, I Walked the Other Day to Spend my Hour, The Morning Watch, and Beyond the Veil are alone enough to give him rank forever as a genius and a good man.

"C. W.'s" death was one of the things which turned him from temporal pursuits and pleasures,

"Home from their dust to empty his own glass."

His thoughts centred henceforward, in their full intensity, on the supernatural world; nay, if he were irremediably depressed, not only on the persistence of resolved matter, by means of which buried men come forth again in the color of flowers and the fragrance of the wind, but even on the physical damp and dark which confine our mortality. It is the poet of dawn and of crisp mountain air who can pack horror on horror into his nervous quatrains about Death:—

"A nest of nights; a gloomy sphere
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud."

This is masterly; but here again there is reserve, the curbing hand of a man who holds, with Plato, a willful indulgence in the "realism" of sadness to be an actual crime. Vaughan's dead dwell, indeed, as his own mind does, in "the world of light."

Chambers' Encyclopædia made an epic blunder, long ago, when it ascribed to this gentlest of Anglicans a "gloomy sectarianism." He, of all religious poets, makes the most charming secular reading, and may well be a favorite with the heathen for whom Herbert is too decorative, Crashaw too hectic and intense, Cowper too fearful, and Faber too fluent, *Lyra Apostolica* a treatise, though a glo-

rious one, on Things which Must be Revived, and Hymns Ancient and Modern an exceeding weariness to the spirit. It is a saw of Dr. Johnson's that it is difficult for theology to clothe itself in attractive numbers; but then Dr. Johnson was ignorant of Vaughan. It is not in human nature to refuse to cherish the "holy, happy, healthy Heaven" which he has left us (in a graded alliteration which smacks of the physician rather than of the "gloomy sectarian"), his very social "angels talking to a man," and his bright saints hovering and smiling nigh, who

"are indeed our pillar-fires
Seen as we go;
They are the city's shining spires
We travel to."

All this liberal sweetness and charity heighten Vaughan's poetic quality, as they deepen the impression of his prac-

tical Christianity. The nimbus is about his laic songs. When he talks affectionately of moss and rocks or of dumb animals, it is as if they were incorporated into the ritual. He has the genius of prayer, and may be recognized by "those graces which walk in a veil and a silence." He is full of distinction, and of a sort of golden idiosyncrasy. Vaughan's true "note" is—Vaughan. To read him is like coming alone to a village churchyard with trees, where the west is dying in lilac and rose behind the low ivied Norman tower. The young choir is within, the south windows are open, and the organist, with many a hushed, unconventional interlude of his own, is rehearsing the psalm of "pleasures for evermore."

"I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel. . . . I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ENCYCLICALS OF POPE LEO XIII.

FROM the commencement of his pontificate Leo XIII. has evinced an anxious interest in the tendencies of his times. His exceptional powers of observation have been devoted to the social problems of this half-century with a solicitude which has seldom been surpassed.

The most perfect expression of his thoughts, the best evidence of the working of his mind, is to be found in the Encyclical Letters,¹ which are his principal literary achievements since coming to the throne. At the different periods of their appearance these letters have given rise to a variety of comments, but the commentators have been, for the most part, either unhesitatingly eulogistic because inspired by reverential feelings, or harshly critical from hostility to Catholic

doctrine or to received religion. Now, therefore, that the papal bullary forms a volume, it is opportune to examine it from an unsectarian point of view.

The Encyclicals embody the present sentiments of Catholicism towards passing events; in addition to which they are examples of theological reasoning and of modern Latinity. They are the voice of a voluntary prisoner who has sacrificed his liberty to the immutable principles of the great institution which he governs, and who, in the silence of his cabinet, views and judges by the standard of his faith the current of men's thoughts.

Each Encyclical which issues from the Vatican is an event in the life of the Church. The bishops to whom these letters are usually addressed find in them the keynote of their future teach-

¹ *Leonis XIII. Pontificis Maximi Epistolæ Encyclicæ, etc.* Augustæ Taurinorum. 1892.

ings; they also learn whether their past acts have been in harmony with the wishes of the pontiff. Scattered in almost every country of the world, the bishops are like military leaders who, having acted as their judgment prompted them, await an expression of opinion from their chief. The Encyclicals are that expression of opinion, and they are of the greatest value as evidences of the Church's views. They record definitively the present state of doctrine, and sophistry cannot alter the assertions they contain. Biblical texts may be variously interpreted, and the utterances of ecclesiastics may be, and often are questioned, but when the Pope has spoken all discussion ends.

As models of felicitous style, of smoothness and serenity of diction, the Encyclicals are beyond criticism. They are composed like the choicest mosaics, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence: first, as is well known, in Italian, from notes made by the Pope in his daily readings and musings, and then in Latin, the language of all others most apt for the majestic dignity of phraseology which is one of the traditions of the Vatican. The text itself is the work of the cardinal secretaries rather than of the pontiff, but the import and general style are his exclusively, and many beauties of expression are traceable to the delicate refinement of his taste. The final revision, also, is made by him, but, with the prudence which characterizes the methods of the Church, the imprimatur is given only after every shade of meaning has been duly considered; and not always even then, until in the Pope's opinion the fitting time has come.

The Pope's Latinity has been termed "natural" by his admirers; and without endeavoring to discuss whether a truly natural style is attainable in a dead language, there is no doubt that we have from his pen some very graceful lines, of which the following faithful expression of his feelings is a good example:—

"Justiciam colui: certamina longa labores
Ludibria, insidias, aspera quaeque tuli
At fidei vindex non flectar: pro grege Christi
Dulce pati, ipsoque in carcere dulce mori."

The style of the Encyclicals (and I assume that they represent the style of the pontiff) has been compared to that of Cicero and Tacitus, but they possess a special style, half ecclesiastical, half classical, which at one moment recalls the manner of St. Augustine, and at another the concentrated periods of the introductions of Sallust or the reasonings of Seneca. Sometimes the language is but that of an ordinary sermon which points out evils, and indicates the invariable panacea for them, while it often rises to considerable heights of calm sublimity. It is needless to say, however, that in compositions which are chiefly admonitory, and in which precision is the most essential quality, there is not a very great scope for literary display. The sentences, as a rule, are long and charged with words of meaning, but they flow harmoniously, and it is clear that no pains have been spared to avoid the slightest angularity or ambiguity. The ecclesiastical Latinity of the present day, indeed, has claims to rivalry with the most elaborate compositions of the pagan masters who wrote two thousand years ago. Occasionally a confliction of antiquity and modernness is to be noticed in the Latin text, which no doubt is unavoidable when it is necessary to clothe modern ideas in the idiom of a former civilization.

The predilection of Leo XIII. for generalization was shown when he was Bishop of Perugia, and only a possible candidate for the chair of St. Peter. It was then that he made his early efforts to reconcile faith with the conditions of the times, and the origin of the dominant thoughts of the Encyclicals may easily be traced to his episcopal sermons. "Is it true," he inquired on one occasion, "that civilization cannot bear its fruits in a society which lives by the spirit of

Jesus Christ, and in which the Catholic Church speaks in the tone of a mother and a mistress?"

"Religion is sorely attacked," he said to a French Catholic writer whom he received a short time after his election; "it must be defended. Upon that everything depends. Society is to be saved by defending the principles of religion."

The germ of the idea which subsequently inspired the famous Encyclical on the labor question is to be found in one of his discourses while still Bishop of Perugia, in which he argued that manual labor, which had been despised throughout antiquity, and disdained by Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Terence, had always been befriended by the Church. The Church had always been the solace and the helper of the working-man. "Go to the people," he said, on a later occasion, to a bishop; and thus he has been called the workman's Pope and the great peacemaker.

A spirit of continuity is observable in all his words and acts before and after his assumption of the supreme dignity, but the ineffableness of papal honors seems to have had its effect upon his character, and to have caused the language of Leo XIII. to be still more moderate than that of Monsignore Pecci. Compared with his predecessor, the confirmator of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and promulgator of the dogma of Infallibility, Leo XIII. is a less doctrinal Pope. He has doubtless thought that Pius IX. did enough for the things of doctrine, and that the last Œcumenical Council completed the links in the chain of Catholicity. It does not seem, indeed, if we consider the mass of tenets which the Church has evolved, that future popes are likely to originate more, although in matters of faith there are few limits to inspiration or improvisation, and one of the leading characteristics of the Church has always been a gradual evolution from the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. But the

Encyclicals must be passed in review, if it is desired to form a judgment as to their bearing on the questions which most affect society in general.

The first Encyclical was published two months after the Conclave had chosen its author for the pontificate (in the spring of 1878). Its title was *Inscrutabili Dei*, in accordance with the ancient custom which, I need hardly say, prescribes that these compositions shall be named after their initial word or words, — a method which usually causes an eloquent commencement to be selected. In this inaugural epistle — for these letters are in reality epistles after the manner of the early apostles — it is evident that the mind of the Pope is troubled by the moral disintegration of the times, the falling away from faith, the callousness of some and the hostility of others, the loss of authority over the conduct of society, and the decrease of spiritual utility. He is overwhelmed with the ills of the human race, and the spectacle which meets his eyes on all sides is a subversion of truth, defiance of the laws, suicides, an insatiable desire for earthly things, and a forgetfulness of spiritual ones. He is convinced that these evils proceed from the growing disregard for the authority of the Church, of which the enemies of order take advantage. Hence the laws which shake the constitution of the Church in the majority of countries; it is thus that the episcopal authority is set at naught, that the religious orders have been dispersed, and that the temporal command is lost. If a man of sound mind, he says (and in several passages true health of intellect is exclusively associated with belief), compare the age in which we live with that in which the Church was respected as a mother by peoples, he must see that it is hurrying to its destruction.

The tone of this first Encyclical is regretful, and the same tone will be found to pervade almost the whole series. We no longer find the authoritative language

of Pius IX., who defied the liberal aspirations of Europe by an increase of dogma, but a sorrowful acknowledgment of the magnitude of the evil which confronts the Church. This strain prevails throughout, — society is menaced, and the Church alone can save it from ruin. The whole aim of the pontiff is to reconcile the one with the other.

At the end of 1878, the spread of socialistic doctrines, the increasing number and importance of socialistic publications, called forth the Encyclical *Quod Apostolici*, which is a condemnation of that *lethifera pestis* known, it says, under the barbarous names of Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism. It is stigmatized as a new impiety, unknown even to pagan peoples; for would not its advocates banish religion from its place in schools, and admit unbounded license in every institution? Socialism, with which unbelief is somewhat too liberally confounded in this Encyclical, is, in its political and ethical aspect, one of the most formidable of dissolvents the Church has ever met with, and therefore stress is laid upon the Church's efficacy to combat the hateful doctrines. To the argument of the division of property, which is perhaps more seriously considered than it deserves to be, the Encyclical opposes the natural necessity of inequality among men, and of an unequal division of their property, which is as natural a law as that by which the forces of the mind and body are unequally distributed. The Church does not neglect the poor, we are informed; but we know, unfortunately, that the method of alleviation it adopts is beginning to belong to another age, and that those who were once humble are so no longer.

In the bull *Æterni Patris* (1879) the theological attainments of the pontiff are displayed. We are told at its commencement that a fruitful cause of the evil of the times is a misconception of

divine and human things and of philosophic systems. From this departure we are prepared for one of those perilous arguments in favor of a reconciliation of doctrine with human reason which have always fascinated Christian thinkers, and we are told that human philosophy is beneficial when rightly used, and is by no means to be despised.¹ From the time of the early Fathers the Church has claimed a right to select from pagan writers those processes of reasoning which do not come in conflict with Christian doctrine, but which, on the contrary, are capable of being brought into harmony with it. This, of course, is the principle of adaptation which has been made use of by the Church in its terminology, its language, and, to a certain extent, in its architecture. It is greatly to the praise of philosophy, says the Encyclical, that it is a protection to faith and a firm stronghold of religion. The early Fathers who examined the books of ancient philosophy accepted those which were in harmony with Christian feeling, rejecting or amending the remainder; and we are reminded of the various apologists who have carried on the succession from the celebrated academies of the Greeks, until the "Angelic Doctor" of the Middle Ages — Thomas Aquinas — is reached. It is to praise his system of philosophy, necessarily Christocentric, and to advocate its general adoption, that the *Æterni Patris* is composed. Its object is to restore the scholastic discipline which endeavored to place under theological subjection all human thought, which was the last great effort in the true life of faith, the strangest waste of intellect perhaps ever witnessed, and which, with vexatious sophistry, endeavored to prove the doctrines of the Christian faith; accepting revelation as the source of truth, and chaining reason in the bonds of Plato and Aristotle subject to the mys-

¹ "Neque spernenda nec posthabita sunt naturalia adjumenta quæ divinæ sapientiæ be-

neficio, fortiter suaviterque omnia disponentis, hominum generi suppetunt."

tic science of theology. It is enjoined upon all Catholic academies to expound the writings of this prince of mediæval sophists.

In an apostolic letter on the same subject, the Pope reiterates his advocacy of the Aquinasian writings, which he declares suited for the necessities of all times;¹ and in support of his judgment, in a further letter he orders the publication of the great mass of literature bequeathed by Thomas Aquinas, together with the comments of the best commentators, — a monumental work, produced with the greatest care and typographical magnificence.

Pursuing his theme of social amelioration, the pontiff issued, in 1880, the bull entitled *Arcanum Divinæ Sapientiæ*, which contains an historical account of the marriage rite from the constitution of society to the present day, and a condemnation of divorce. He judges the marriage system of the Jews and pagan peoples from the standpoint of Western Christianity; observing that the marriage sacrament was established at Cana, and that the Church, having the true welfare of society at heart, has always maintained the indissolubility of the marriage tie, even when besought by kings and emperors to break it. The beauty of the state of matrimony and the position of woman in a monogamous society are shown with a profusion of argument, until the real purport of the Encyclical becomes evident, — a condemnation of the divorce laws which so many European states have admitted into their code, in obedience to the doctrines of the "naturalists," says the Encyclical, but rather in deference to the consensus of public opinion, against which ecclesiastical restraint is powerless. There are many passages of great elevation and beauty in this homily, such as

¹ "Etenim Episcopi, Academicæ, doctores decuriales Lyceorum atque ex omni terrarum regione cultores artium optimarum se Nobis dicto audientes et esse et futuros una pene voce et consentientibus animis testati sunt: imo velle se in tradendis philosophicis ac theologi-

that in which it is claimed for marriage that its object is to render the life of the married better and happier by mutual assistance in supporting the trials of life, by constant love, by common enjoyment of all property, and by the grace which flows from the sacrament. Divorce, it says, impairs mutual affection, causing prejudice to education and to the protection of children. It is a means of dissolution of domestic society; it spreads the germs of discord in families, and lessens the dignity of woman, who finds herself exposed to abandonment after having served the passions of man. The effect of the divorce laws, the pontiff considers, has been rapidly to increase quarrels and separations, and so great has been the ignominy of life (*tanta est vivenda turpitudine consecuta*) that those who were at first in favor of divorce have since repented. The pontiffs have earned the gratitude of all peoples, says Leo XIII., by their constant solicitude for the sanctity of marriage; and by resisting the desires of Henry VIII. and of Napoleon, they served the cause not only of the Church, but of humanity. Then, in conclusion, we find one of the most striking examples of the persuasive method of the pontiff in the following sentence in support of a good understanding between the civil and religious authority: "Just as the intelligence of men, when it accepts the Catholic creed, derives from it a great increase and a considerable power to repel errors, so faith receives from intelligence an important increment." The pontiff stretches out his hand to rulers (*vires principes*), and offers them his aid; all the more necessary, he says, in these times when the right of command, "as if it had received a wound," has lost its force in public estimation. These are the chief features

cis disciplinis sancti Thomæ vestigiis penitus insistere; sibi enim non secus ac Nobis, exploratum esse affirmant, in doctrinis, Thomisticis eximiam quandam inesse præstantiam et ad sananda mala, quibus nostra premitur ætas vim virtutemque singularem."

of the Encyclical on marriage, or rather, on divorce. It has had no visible effect on legislation, and it has estranged from the Church many Catholics for whom the marriage tie has become intolerable, but who, despairing more than ever of obtaining the Church's sanction to loosen it, have dispensed with that sanction, or, in some cases, have adopted another faith.

In 1884, the pontiff reverted to an old evil which had been pointed out by no less than seven of his predecessors, and the Encyclical *Humanum Genus*, on freemasonry, which ever since its origin has excited the animosity of the Church, is little more than a repetition of previous animadversions against this rival power, which claims on secular grounds what the Church claims on spiritual ones, — the subordination of individuality to the interests of an institution. The principles of freemasonry, it says, are so contrary to reason and evidence that nothing can be more perverse (*ut nihil possit esse perversius*). To wish to destroy religion, and to resuscitate pagan customs after a lapse of twenty-two centuries, is a mark of folly and of the most audacious impiety. The bishops are exhorted to extirpate the pernicious doctrine, which is said to have many points in common with socialism and communism. It is an old quarrel, which will never, probably, be adjusted.

The Encyclical *Immortale Dei* (1885) has been considered the most remarkable of the present pontificate; and certainly, for elegance of expression, choiceness and sobriety of language, it has not been surpassed by any. It is a sequel to the *Diuturnam*, published four years previously, which upheld the principle of respect for established government. This one tells us that wherever the Church has penetrated, the face of things has been changed, public manners have been invested with a new civilization, and the nations which have accepted Catholicism have been distinguished for the amenity of their manners, the equity and

glory of their enterprises. From the earliest time, it is said, the Church has been accused unjustly of secret enmity towards the institutions of the state; and now the real enemy is the *jus novum* to which it has become necessary, in the opinion of the pontiff, to oppose Christian doctrine. Then we read that, as men are not born to lead solitary lives, Providence has given them civil and domestic society; but as human society has a divine origin, its master must be divine, and all power emanates from God. This divine sovereignty — and here we have the first indication of the reconciliation of the Church with democracy — can make an alliance with any form of government, so long as it be just. It is not lawful to resist a power of this nature: sedition, therefore, is a crime not only against human majesty, but against divine. Again, just as it is permitted to no one to dispense with a religious creed, and as the greatest of all duties is to embrace the faith of Catholics, political societies cannot, without sin, act as if there were no God. The chiefs of states are accordingly forced to guard religion, on which the supreme felicity of man depends. It is not difficult to perceive which is the true religion, for abundant proofs exist that the Church is the depository of the principles of Christianity. Princes and rulers have recognized its sovereignty. There should be well-organized relations between the civil and the religious power; for the theory of Christian organization has nothing to offend susceptibilities, and all men, "in the uncertain and painful journey towards the eternal city," know that they have sure guides to lead them. Thus, the subjection of men to princes, in a Christian state, is not a subjection of man to man, but a submission to the divine will. There was once a time, says the Encyclical sorrowfully, when the philosophy of the gospel governed states, when all institutions were imbued with Christian wisdom; and this state of things

would still exist if the understanding between the powers had continued, and if the sixteenth century, after throwing confusion into the Christian faith, had not laid the foundations of the new law, by which each man thinks as he pleases, and acts as it pleases him to act. In a society founded on the new principles, the pontiff says, public authority is but the will of the people;¹ and it is evident that the hardest fact which the papacy has to face is the constant spread of liberty, — liberty to worship or not to worship, unlimited license of thought and of publicity. This is a condition inimical to the ideal of life which the Church has always loved to form, — a life in which society is under the direct influence of its guidance, — paternal to the submissive, but disciplinarian to the independent. The Church cannot resign itself to become what the modern tendencies towards specialization are forcing it to be, an organization existing solely for the spiritual wants of its adherents.

The Church, pursues the Encyclical, always consistent, has extended its patronage to every movement which contributes to the common good, and has never been opposed to progress. But — and here we find the constant claim for the right of veto — it is necessary for Catholics to abide by what the pontiffs teach, especially in all that appertains to human liberty, though they must not refrain from interference in politics, so that a check may be placed on anarchy.

Continuing the theme of liberty, which of all themes would appear to be the most difficult of definition by the Church, the Encyclical *Libertas* (1888) is meant to prove, by an elaborate process of a somewhat Aristotelian character, that moral liberty flows from natural liberty, which is the attribute of those who possess intelligence to discriminate between various kinds of good. The abuse of

liberty, we are told, is equivalent to a desertion of the laws of reason; and the option of sinning is not a liberty, but a slavery. The conclusion is that human liberty needs the protection of religion. As regards the liberty of society, the arguments converge towards the same centre around which all the reasonings are grouped, — obedience to ecclesiastical guidance. One of the concluding passages of this Encyclical indicates its tone, and we quote it for that reason: "It is by no means lawful to ask, defend, or concede promiscuous liberty of thought, writing, teaching, and religion, as if these were so many rights which nature had given to man." Thus we see that, no matter how ingenious the reasoning or how secular its form may be, the conclusions revert to the same point as inevitably as the magnet to the pole. Liberty, however, is a principle which has admitted so many interpretations in history that this bull, which conveys the Church's definition of it, is a human document of interest. Liberty of thought and speech, with which the Church unfailingly associates license, offends that inherent sensitiveness which Christianity, always apt to apprehend disrespect or disregard, has displayed since its origin, and which is accentuated in Catholicism.

We pass by the *Sapientia Christiana*, concerning the duties of Catholics in society, because it possesses little of an extra-Catholic nature. The case is different with the *Rerum Novarum* (1891), the long and exhaustive Encyclical on the condition of the working classes and the social question. Its style is simple, and compares favorably with the complexity, bordering on obscurity, of the *Libertas*. A difficult problem, the Pope admits, is that of adjusting the respective rights of capital and labor. The ancient corporations have disappeared, religion has no place in legislation, the la-
people judges worthy of reward or punishment is what Heaven wishes to punish and reward."

¹ It is curious to contrast with this the saying of Confucius: "What Heaven sees and hears is but what the people sees and hears. What the

borers are isolated and under an almost servile yoke (*prope servile jugum*). The socialists take advantage of the situation to foster enmity between the two classes, and the solution they propose of the division of property is unjust, because (as an illustration) it is evident that if a laborer, by his economy, has succeeded in becoming the proprietor of a field which he has rendered fertile by his labor, he has an undoubted right to own it. This principle of property is a natural and human law. It is the basis of the family, whose chief must needs possess the substance necessary to maintain and educate his children. As children are the image of their parents, it is the parents' duty to assure the children's future and to create for them a patrimony. Has not the Church always advocated just relations between masters and their men, and has it not defined the respective rights of each, teaching the rich to use their wealth wisely, and the poor to respect their labor? On the subject of charity the principle of St. Thomas is adopted, and we are told that only the surplus of individual fortunes is to be distributed to alleviate the condition of the poor, — *nullus enim inconvenienter vivere debet*, — a precept clearly necessary to the present constitution of society, but of somewhat doubtful concordance with Christian tenets. The state, we are told, should be unfailingly just towards the working classes; it should maintain the respect for property, prevent the occurrence of strikes by a wise regulation of wages and conditions of labor; it should favor economy and Sunday rest. This important Encyclical refers favorably to the associations of workmen, which the state, it says, cannot prohibit, because they are founded on the human principle of sociability. With regard to the religious corporations despoiled of their rights, notably in France, the Encyclical contains a passage the logic of which is irresistible, whatever social democrats may say. That which is refused to Catholic societies of peaceable men, it

remarks, who have the welfare of mankind at heart, is conceded to those who entertain subversive designs against religion and the state.

The Encyclical *Au Milieu des Sollicitudes*, addressed to the Catholics of France, and written in French (by a rare exception to the rule) with the same choiceness of expression that pervades the series, is of the greatest political importance, and its effect has been to spread dismay in the monarchical party, which, from long association, had, naturally, considered itself the representative of the only form of government agreeable to the Vatican. Several warnings had been given of the change, but the French nobility, less far-sighted than the Pope, who scrutinizes so narrowly the tendencies of men, were unable to reconcile themselves to the new attitude. A vast plot, the Pope thinks, is on foot to annihilate Christianity in France, — in that France whose "noble people have increased their affection for the papacy since they have seen it abandoned." All Frenchmen are invited to unite for the pacification of their country, for the maintenance of religious feeling and morality, of which latter virtue we have the following definition: "The idea of morality carries with it, above all things, a dependence towards truth which is the light of the mind, and towards righteousness which is the aim of the will." The Church does not desire a political domination over the state, and all forms of government are good which tend towards the common weal. That is the lesson of this epoch-making Encyclical, to the terms of which the Pope adheres, in spite of the many overtures which have been made to him to change them. All individuals, it says, are bound to accept governments founded on just principles, and to do nothing to alter them (*de ne rien faire pour les renverser ou pour en changer la forme*). By this phrase the disappointment of the royalists was completed.

To the objection that the French republic is animated by anti-Christian sentiments, and is therefore incompatible by its nature with the Church, the Pope's answer is far from clear, and has given rise to a variety of interpretations. It rests chiefly on the assertion that there is a distinction between constituted and legislative power, but its statements are contradictory. The clearest of its deductions is that the respect due to the men in office does not imply obedience to the anti-religious laws they may originate. "Atheism is so monstrous an error that it can never, be it said to the honor of humanity, annihilate the conscience of the rights of God, to substitute for it the idolatry of the state." The separation of Church and State, advocated by some Catholics, is weighed and found wanting, because it is at variance with the eternal claims of the Church to retain a voice in the conduct of human affairs. To wish for separation, says the Encyclical, would, by a logical consequence, be to wish that the Church should be reduced to the liberty of living common to all citizens. In Catholic France this system is inadmissible; it is the negation of the Church's existence.

The French Encyclical has offered many opportunities of noticing the application of the papal precepts. Its text has given rise to the most divergent of interpretations, and it has many times been found in the highest degree difficult to steer an even course between such obstinate opponents as capital and labor. The least concession made to one is soon resented by the other, and the conciliatory and prudent language of the pontiff is often irksome to the Catholic orators who use it. If a Catholic royalist side too openly with democratic claims, he is accused of raising discord and sedition. If he favor capital and order solely, he does not then fulfill the Pope's intentions. The part he has to play is full of opportunities for error, because the teaching of the French Encyclical is delicate and

brittle. It is too subtle for the artisan, and too elastic for the cultured sophist.

It is, of course, assumed that these political Encyclicals are published in the interest of peace and justice; not, as has been lately said, exclusively in furtherance of combinations to advance the Church's welfare. Were it thought otherwise, whatever power of conviction they may be considered to possess would be seriously impaired.

Besides these notable Encyclicals there are many others, on the propagation of faith, the veneration of saints, the practice of dueling, and the question of slavery,—all of minor importance.

After this too brief examination of the papal bulls, the question may naturally be asked, What has been their influence on modern thought and on the policy of governments? The pontiff has attempted to solve the problems which affect the welfare of society; he has given his Encyclicals a dialectic rather than an imperative form, seeking to convince the mind by argument; but though in every sense an innovator, he has not found a novel weapon to combat the new developments of reason. His undisputed talent is continually confined within the limits of the Roman dogma; and, as a natural result, he is induced to seek an aid in retrogression, in the patristic and the Aquinasian writings, whose reasonings were so far unlike the Greek models they sought chiefly to imitate that they added mystical assumptions to what were but the early efforts of the human mind to elucidate the secrets of the universe.

Undoubtedly, it is the duty of the pontiff to raise his voice against the various expressions of combative liberalism, and were he to be silent his silence would certainly be attributed, by the critics of the papacy, to the weakness of his cause; but a system of theological argument which has lost its force before the progress of historical research is doomed to negative results, and although it has been made use of largely

in recent pulpit oratory, it is doubtful whether it does not furnish a dangerous subject of discussion, even for believers, rather than act as a preservative of doctrine. A new enthusiasm cannot thus be established; the vitality of faith cannot thus be restored.

What is the pervading lesson of the Pope's Encyclicals? What does the pontiff mainly seek to urge upon his readers? It is that the Church he governs is the true possessor of reason, wisdom, charity, and justice; that all peoples should turn to her for guidance, as to a wise, far-seeing mother.

That is the desire, the claim, put forward by Leo XIII.; but if we glance around we do not see that it has been granted. Socialism and its variants are far beyond the reach of bishops, whose power to uproot them is infinitesimal; freemasonry is not less flourishing than previously; the divorce laws have nowhere been repealed, and strikes of workmen have not grown less frequent. The *jus novum* is as violently preached as heretofore, and the condition of the artisan has in no way been affected. Everywhere the socialistic element gains ground in politics, and the dictates of the Pope are so distant from the sphere of stern reality that few statesmen would attempt to quote them as arguments against the steadily advancing wave which threatens to transform society. The publication of an Encyclical, it may be contended, has far less weight in the scale of current thought than that of a remarkable or brilliant social essay which finds its way into the hands of readers in all classes, of all creeds.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the interests of Catholics are first considered in these letters, and that their influence on Catholic opinion is theoretically supreme. Authority and infallibility both conspire to make it so; although it must not be inferred that, for this reason, the Pope is absolutely free, because

his authority, like that of all others, rests upon the submission of the governed to the governing.

The practical results of the Encyclicals are thus obtained within the Church itself, but they are not seen to have appreciable effects on modern politics. In his last two letters the Pope has befriended two causes which did not claim his championship, — that of the proletariat and of the French republic. Neither of these wisely conceived measures in the interests of peace and of the papacy has changed existing things. The letter on the proletariat, doubtless, has apprised the artisans that a mediator is at hand, should they ever bring themselves to place their confidence, not in his conscientiousness, but in his competency to negotiate for them; and the second epistle has contented those Republicans (and they are many) who suffered in their conscience that their political persuasions should be open to the Church's censure. On the other hand, it has occasioned a strange phase in the relations between the clergy (who were at first unable or unwilling to understand the bull, but who have since assimilated its teaching) and the laity, some of whom have organized a secret movement hostile to it.

These are the facts which must be faced in an impartial notice; and the inference they lead to seems to be that the influence of the papal writings on the collective activity of modern tendencies is very slight. If, however, the theistic and political efficacy of the Encyclicals is unapparent, there still remains their moral side, in which resides a great part of their merit. Moral good retains a leading place throughout their pages. The reader feels that it is advocated by an author who is himself its best exponent, and whose existence in the world is a safeguard for the maintenance of restraint in a society which already feels the subversiveness of half-enlightened doctrinarians.

POETRY IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR.

THERE is no brief maxim so incontrovertible as that *poeta nascitur, non fit*; but we suspect the force of the maxim is weakened by an insistence upon the second member of the phrase. It is the spontaneity of poetry which is its essential quality; the ever fresh miracle of poetic efflorescence obeys, doubtless, some spiritual law, but to the common mind transcends law. There is an uneasy sense that a school of poetry is a contradiction in terms, and that as a school of the prophets intimates an evaporation of prophecy, so the moment we seek to reduce poetry to a system of laws we have suffered the essential quality to escape. If all this were designed to make poets, the apprehension might have some foundation, but in truth we may almost say that *lector fit, non nascitur*; for, however one may be more sensitive than another in response to poetry, the cultivation of a taste for poetry certainly is possible, and a very great service is done when one gives hints of that higher freedom in poetry which moves along the lines of necessary law, so that the reader is not at the beck of his own caprice, nor led astray by the vagrant whims of a lawless poetic magic. Such a service is rendered by Mr. Stedman in the book which contains the first series of lectures delivered upon the new and important foundation at Johns Hopkins University of the Percy Trumbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry.¹ Mr. Stedman well says, in his Introduction, that in poetry "the simplest laws and constituents, those most patent to common apprehension, are also the most profound and abiding;" and he justifies his right to seek for the very nature and elements of poetry by discarding in advance the

treacherous notion that a great work loses its power as time goes on. In truth, there is nothing more enduring than great poetry, and no subject of human endeavor offers a fairer field to the philosophic inquirer after fundamental laws of the spirit. The reason for this is evident when one considers the enormous advantage which poetry has over the fictile arts in the fact that the instrument which poetry uses is, in its lowest terms, common to all who attend it; but although every one has thought and speech, not every one has thought and the art, even rudely, of expression through line and form.

It is for this reason, also, that there are so many futile attempts at poetic expression, and another service which Mr. Stedman renders is in steadily presenting poetry in its large and universal forms, so that he furnishes not petty measures, but great principles by which to try the spirit; for many false poets are gone out into the world. It is not enough to recognize in general terms the worth and dignity of poetry, but one needs to make such spectrum analysis as will disclose those elements of beauty, truth, imagination, passion, insight, genius, and faith, which make up the glory of the whole; and as this book is an inspiration to the genuine lover and to the creator of poetry, so it offers no superficial tests to the idle reader of verse, nor mechanical guide to the would-be manufacturer. It would be a most wholesome exercise for those young students of either sex who are tempted to write poetry if they would first make a survey of the subject by means of this treatise, to see how a poet who has made a study of poetry speaks of his art not only in its nature, but through the exponents of the art in all time.

Yet, after all, the volume, as we have

¹ *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.* By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

intimated, belongs most to the readers of poetry, and it will do much, wherever it is attentively studied, to deepen one's sense of that connection between poetry and life which is the finest result of criticism. To note how, in every age, that which is enduring in human experience and aspiration has found expression in an art, and how the human voice which has thus sung has been free in its range, yet obedient to laws which it has discerned, not made; that personality, when it is strongest, still owns a larger, comprehensive spirit, and is not a mere caprice of intelligence, is to enter into that noble delight in poetry which is at once the inspiration of the reader and the stern discouragement of the trifler with this divine art. It is the virtue of Mr. Stedman's book that it does not stray from this great purpose, and yet in the most friendly manner leads the reader through the range of poetic performance, so that principle is constantly illustrated by example, and example suggests principle.

It is with no change of venue that one comes to the specific inquiry into the laws governing Greek poetry, under the guidance of Professor Jebb.¹ In the brief introduction which serves to connect the Hellenic life with that which antedates it, Mr. Jebb strikes at once the keynote of the race, and reveals the secret of the preëminence which attaches to Greek poetry as to Greek sculpture, when he says: "Now leave the monuments of the Egyptian temple or the Assyrian palace, and turn to the pages of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. At once we are in the open air, and in the sunshine of a natural life. The human faculties have free play in word and deed. All the movement, all the beauty and the joy of the outward world are observed with a spontaneous freshness of interest and delight. . . . Achilles, . . .

Andromache, . . . Nausicaa, . . . Odysseus and Penelope, — these are creations that have held the world ever since with a charm which, so far as we know, they first revealed, — the charm of truth to nature, united with an artistic sense of what is beautiful and pathetic in human life. The Hellene may not have been the first of mankind who felt these things, but he was the first who, feeling them, was able to express them."

Mr. Jebb's task is to show how the development of Greek poetry kept pace with the development of Greek life, and his study leads him more or less directly into the interesting inquiry how far poetry at any one time is an evolution from earlier forms, and what the force of individuality may be. He maintains, with much clearness of judgment, that a marked distinction exists between Greek poetry and English in this matter of a direct relation between the growth of poetry and the development of life. Literary development can be traced, he holds, in English poetry from Spenser to Wordsworth, to the causes which connect it with the intellectual progress of the nation, but is not, as in Greek literature, a "spontaneous and continuous expression of national life." He sees in the successive epic, lyric, and dramatic expression of Greek poetry a normal growth coincident with phases of Hellenic progress in civilization. We are not sure that this distinction may not be due in part to the great advantage which the position of the student gives him in one case over the other. Hellenic civilization in the five hundred years covered in this study unquestionably is more composed for us than is English civil progress in the shorter period between Spenser and Wordsworth. The notion of entirety is more readily grasped, and the points which mark progress are more clearly perceived, because of the obscurity which veils multitudes of details; whereas the student, looking back over English history, not only gets a less ob-

¹ *The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.* By R. C. JEBB. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

jective view of it, but has to make a deliberate selection of salient points, and never feels quite sure that his generalizations may not be strongly affected by his own personality. Yet it remains that the individualism of modern life has broken up the masses of literature, so to speak; each voice is more expressive of a single self, and one has to discover a pervading harmony by a species of composite phonology. In Greece, the process of nature appears to have been through the precipitation of a vaporous poetry residing in religion, in myth, and in folk-lore into a human voice speaking through Homer or Pindar or Æschylus with such consummate and satisfying art as to render idle and unnecessary any secondary forms.

There are many interesting questions started in the course of Mr. Jebb's treatment of his great theme, but the reader will, after all, take his greatest pleasure in putting himself alongside the author and appropriating the fine spirit in which Greek poetry is viewed. The sureness of movement in the progress from the early epos to the late drama is that of one whose knowledge is held generously, and not in academic measure. It is noticeable that though, especially in the last chapter, Mr. Jebb discloses a familiarity with English poetry which en-

ables him to draw comparisons with Greek forms, there is no suggestion of reading one by the light of the other. Both are referred, in his mind, to a common source in nature, and in each case it is a definite knowledge which permits him to take delight in the thing itself, independent of the intellectual pleasure which springs from the exercise of analysis. This, we think, is the really important contribution which Mr. Jebb makes to the interpretation of Greek poetry. It is itself hardly susceptible of analysis, only of statement; but it is communicated to the generous reader who takes the book simply and freely, and its tendency is to make one eager to read the poetry discussed, and to acquire for himself that mellow mind which is so well expressed by Keats in one of his letters when he says: "I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner; let him on a certain day read a certain page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, . . . and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale — but when will it be so? Never! When man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all the 'two and thirty Palaces.'"

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. David Balfour, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) "It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them," says Mr. Stevenson in the Dedication of this extraordinary sequel which does not disappoint. It would have been all too easy for it to fall upon the common fate, in spite of the fact that as David grows out of the boyhood period of Kidnapped into the days of falling in love, he has every right to grow more completely

attractive. Mr. Stevenson gives him all his rights. Indeed, once safely out of the complications of the murder trial, in the first part of the book, the young hero takes triumphant possession of the reader's interest, yet shares the triumph equally with the charming Highland heroine, Catriona Drummond. A serviceable knowledge of women was needed for the writing of *Virginibus Puerisque*, but there can be nothing so convincing in the abstractions of an

essay as in the portrayal of a living person like Catriona. One feels the very genius of womanhood in her. Uncommonly real, too, is the air of eighteenth-century Scotland which fills the narrative. To the whole work Mr. Stevenson has brought the old romantic spirit and the modern faithfulness of workmanship: these, with his native gifts of imagination and understanding, have made a story of rare charm. — Horace Chase, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) A strong impression is left by this last of Miss Woolson's stories that there was still power in the writer for a long continuance of good work; that it was done by a person who had mastered much of the technique of her art, and in future years might have put it to yet greater use. The story is concerned with the marriage of a hard-headed "hustler" with a beautiful young woman controlled wholly by impulse, and conquered in the end by an unhappy love for another man. The characters of these and of the amusing minor persons of the tale were very clear in the writer's eyes, and consequently the reader sees them unblurred. So, too, is it with the scenes of the story, laid in Southern winter resorts of twenty years ago. The work in hand was admirably grasped, and the appearance of the novel as a book so nearly at the time of Miss Woolson's death emphasizes strongly the reality of her loss from the list of American novelists. — *Ships That Pass in the Night*, by Beatrice Haraden. (Putnams.) This easily readable tale is marked by no small measure of cleverness, insight, and originality. The sketches of life at an Alpine health resort are drawn with a quick, sure touch, and are at once full of vitality and notably free from exaggeration; while the love story of Bernardine Holme, which in an older day might almost have been called her conversion, — a term that very modern and advanced young woman would hardly have recognized, — is told with delicate perception and sincere feeling. The author is least successful in the final catastrophe, which is out of tone with the rest of the book, and so will impress some readers as an uncalled-for interference on the narrator's part with the course of events. If this is the first work of, as it would seem, a young writer, it is full of promise. — *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, by A. Conan

Doyle. (Harpers.) There are hours when detective stories have a power to charm, and in our day there are no tales of the kind, written in English, equaling in ingenuity and interest the chronicles of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes; so that the narrative of his last exploit, which closes this volume, wherein he sacrifices his own life rather than let a great criminal escape him, will be received regretfully by his numerous friends. We trust that no idle words from some unappreciative reader, such as led to the sudden taking-off of Mrs. Proudie, has brought about this catastrophe. Though no one of the new tales is quite so thrilling as *The Speckled Band*, yet, generally speaking, they compare favorably with their predecessors. An exception is *The Yellow Face*, but perhaps the extreme improbability of the incidents on which this story rests will be less apparent to English than to American readers. — *The Bailiff of Tewkesbury*, by C. E. D. Phelps and Leigh North. (McClurg.) The hero of this tale is a friend of Shakespeare, Will Helpes of Tewkesbury, assumed to be the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets, while the heroine is one of the Lucys of Charle-cote; so the opening chapters are naturally devoted to the traditional deer-stealing, and the youthful Shakespeare appears on the scene with considerable impressiveness; for though he says little, one look from his eyes takes from Sir Thomas strength and speech, that doughty magnate recovering himself, "with a gasp like a spent diver's," only when the glance is withdrawn. The authors have taken great pains to give the color and tone of the time and place to their narrative, but they have hardly succeeded in imparting much vitality to the characters who play their parts therein. — *Evening Tales*, Done into English from the French of Frédéric Ortolé, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Scribners.) Mr. Harris's preface tells how the French version of the *Tar Baby* came into his hands, and how, from hearing "the lady of the house" relate it and its companion tales to the children, he was led to put the stories into English, and then to print them. They are readable, even amusing bits of folk-lore, of a strange kinship with Uncle Remus and Grandfather Æsop, — if anything may still be thought strange in discovering the close and distant relationships of traditional tales.

—The Princess Margarethe, by John D. Barry. Illustrated by Thomas McIlvaine. (Geo. M. Allen Co., New York.) A pretty fancy of a princess who was not wanted because she could not be queen, and, left to herself, hungered for childish companionship, with the awakening finally of the king and queen to the situation, and the death of the child after all. The story has a certain grace about it, but falls between a youthful and a mature audience, and lacks the saving salt of humor. — Garrick's Pupil, by Augustin Filon. Translated by J. V. Prichard. (McClurg.) Among the walking ladies and gentlemen in this rather brief tale are a considerable number of the principal personages of the London of 1780, while many more are casually alluded to, a neat descriptive label being affixed to each and all. Manners and customs are also noted, and such space as remains is devoted to the history of the brilliant young actress who gives the book its title, certain religious zealots, her relatives, and her two admirers, the wicked nobleman and the virtuous poor man, who, we at once recognize, were changed at nurse; all culminating in the smoke and flame of the Gordon Riots. Naturally, the result is artificial and conventional. — Parisian Points of View, by Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews. (Harpers.) Nine short stories and sketches selected from the twoscore M. Halévy has written, and so well translated that the effervescence and sparkle of the originals are not lost in the process, nor their charming readable quality. In his excellent introduction, Mr. Brander Matthews indicates very cleverly the characteristics of M. Halévy's work, justly laying stress upon the fact that even as a story-teller the author's methods are always those of the accomplished dramatist.

Literature and Literary History. Fanny Burney's Cecilia has been published in three tidy volumes by J. M. Dent & Co., of London, a house that is fast engaging the affections of the lovers of English literature, especially of that of the eighteenth century, by the well-planned editions which it is bringing out. The mingling of etchings or photogravures with process cuts is to be deprecated, but the designs are good, and the general consent of type, paper, and binding heartily to be commended. The editor, Mr. R. Brinley Johnson, has been fru-

gal, and there is little to detain the reader from entering upon the sleepy delights of a novel which transports one into a world which is so far off in manners as to seem almost to have its own code of morals. — The tenth volume of the Works of Henry Fielding, edited by George Saintsbury (J. M. Dent & Co., London), is given up to Jonathan Wild. It needs almost a course of eighteenth-century history and literature to set one right in reading this book, but after one gets the key in which it is pitched he sees more clearly the masterly consistency. Still, it takes a pretty strong stomach to withstand some of the scenes. — The same publishers have conferred a favor on the public by bringing out, in two very pretty volumes, Charles Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. Lamb's own brief comments are touched with his fine critical and humorous sense, and the selections are the cream of the drama, so far as that was independent of construction. The introduction and notes by Israel Gollanez add decidedly to the value of the edition. — Two little volumes in the Elizabethan Library, edited by A. B. Grosart, are published here by A. C. McClurg & Co.: Nicholas Breton's A Bower of Delights, where the old title is made to cover a new arrangement of material, and Thoughts that Breathe and Words that Burn, a selection from the writings of Bacon. The volumes are quaintly antique in paper and print, and coquettish in their dress. — The Ariel Shakespeare (Putnam's) is a series of diminutive volumes, each play by itself, printed in surprisingly large and clear type when one considers the small page, without notes, but with outline illustrations reduced from those by Frank Howard, much after the manner of Flaxman's outlines to Homer. There is a general assurance that the text has been made to conform to that of the latest scholarly editions; and perhaps more is not needed, for the books will find their place naturally in Shakespeare Clubs, where the play's the thing, and not the *apparatus criticus*. — Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness, a Short Historical and Critical Review of Literature, Art, and Education in Canada, by J. G. Bourinot. (Foster Brown & Co., Montreal; Bernard Quaritch, London.) The full title of this book defines it so completely that it seems hardly necessary to add that it is No. 1 of the

Royal Society of Canada Series, and is a reprint, with notes, of an address by the president of the society, which was founded twelve years ago, at the instance of the Marquis of Lorne. The address is dignified and comprehensive. — Messrs. McClurg & Co. have republished Miss Sheppard's *Counterparts and Rumour* in uniform style with their edition of Charles Auchester. The first has an introduction by George P. Upton, the latter one by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. It is interesting to note that time has not chilled Mrs. Spofford's enthusiasm for the writer whom she so warmly eulogized in this magazine more than thirty years ago. — In a garb uniform with that of the Harper's American Essayists, two new little books are, *The Work of John Ruskin, its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life*, by Charles Waldstein, and *As We Go*, a second batch of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's observations, mainly regarding his fellow-countrymen, in Harper's Monthly. — Two more volumes have been added to the uniform edition of William Black's works (Harpers): *The New Prince Fortunatus*, the interesting history of the rise, fall, and restoration of the popular young singer, Lionel Moore; and *The Penance of John Logan*, and *Two Other Tales*, rather good specimens of the author's shorter stories.

Minor Criticism. Essays about Men, Women, and Books, by Augustine Birrell. (Scribners.) These little papers, on topics so various as to include Marie Bashkirtseff and Book-Binding, bear rather clearly the stamp of the periodical press. Many of them, indeed, are directly suggested by new books or new editions. Mr. Birrell's rôle is always that of a sayer of good things, and here he keeps on saying them. If the result is rather less spontaneous and satisfactory than, for instance, in the first of the *Obiter Dicta* papers, may not that periodical press, at the door of which so much is laid, be somewhat to blame? — *At Long and Short Range*, by William Armstrong Collins. (Lippincott.) In the ordinary course of living, most men and women have to become possessed of a portion, great or small, of the general stock of human knowledge. The author of this book gives expression to his share of our common wisdom in a series of disconnected observations on a variety of every-day topics. In a few cases the truths are not of the more obvious sort,

and therefore are welcome; more often they are familiar. Sometimes they are rather well expressed, but more than once there are such unfortunate remarks as that "Old Dr. Sam. J. and T. Carlyle, Esq., did not preëempt the whole fair earth."

History and Biography. Outlines of Roman History, by H. F. Pelham, M. A., F. S. A. (Putnams.) This book is a reprint, "with many additions and alterations," of the author's article, *Roman History*, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and it need hardly be said that it differs as widely as may be from the ordinary historical compendium to which the title Outlines is given. It is a masterly summary of the course of Roman history from its beginnings to the extinction of the Western Empire, and especially is it a well-digested and lucid commentary, in the light of the latest researches, on that history in its constitutional and administrative aspects. The volume is carefully annotated and fully supplied with references; and the work, while it will revive the intelligent reader's half-forgotten knowledge, revising and extending it as well, will prove an admirable incentive and guide to further study. — *In the Footprints of Charles Lamb*, by Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. (Scribners.) One need not quarrel with any lover of Charles Lamb for finding a pretext for writing a new life of him. Mr. Martin knows his London well, and chooses, as his plan of procedure in what is practically a short biography, to follow Lamb and his sister through the circumstances and surroundings of their successive places of abode. Mr. Railton's pencil is, of course, extremely useful in making these places real to the reader; and adding a distinct scholarly value to the book comes at the end Mr. Ernest D. Worth's very complete bibliography, covering not only the many editions of Lamb's own books, but all that great body of writing known by the rather foolish-looking name of *Lambiana*. — *The Days of Lamb and Coleridge, a Historical Romance*, by Alice E. Lord. (Holt.) Why romance, and why not biographical, we do not quite understand. The book is an attempt to follow, in a form remotely like that of fiction, the lives of Coleridge and Lamb, with something about nearly every conspicuous

man of letters at the beginning of the century. Into the mouths of all these persons a great deal of poor talk is put, so that neither as fiction nor as fact is the narrative very convincing. Poor Lamb, after all these years, has a fresh burden put upon him,—the nickname "Cholley."—The plan of the Men of Achievement Series (Scribners) permits a more satisfactory treatment of the subjects of its four volumes than is possible under the conditions of the usual biographical dictionary. A single writer treats each of the groups into which the achieving ones are divided, and the result is not only a clearer view—by reason of the space at the writer's command—of individual careers and characters, but also a cumulative force in the examples of qualities all making for success of one sort. The Men of Business are treated by W. O. Stoddard, who claims personal acquaintance with most of the men considered; the Explorers and Travelers by General A. W. Greely, who naturally shows a preference for Polar careers; the Inventors by P. G. Hubert, Jr.; and the Statesmen by Noah Brooks. As books of reference and as stimulants of young imagination, the four volumes seem to us well designed to succeed.—*An Old Town by the Sea*, by T. B. Aldrich. (Houghton.) An agreeable series of sketches of the town of Portsmouth, N. H., in which Mr. Aldrich's wit plays in and out among the tombstones; the best of all is to be found in those pages which deal with his own reminiscences.

Poetry. A Symphony of the Spirit, compiled by George S. Merriam. (Houghton.) The sources from which the poems of death and separation making up this volume are drawn show forth a broad field of choice, ranging from Vaughan and Herbert to Emerson and even more purely contemporary singers. The feeling of the collection is not all a feeling of sadness; indeed, the book is remarkable for its poems of courage, its strong words bidding men and women add beauty and bravery to their lives through the very sorrows that seem to leave behind them nothing but blackness.—*Wayside Music, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets*, by Charles H. Crandall. (Putnams.) Many of the verses in this book have served a good purpose in the magazines. Pleasantly and sincerely enough they express their pleasant thoughts.

Joined with them there is, unhappily, rather a goodly number of rhymes which from their very nature are ephemeral, and therefore cannot strengthen that hope of permanence to which a book is expected to aspire.—*Lyrics, Idyls, and Fragments*, by Joseph H. Armstrong. (Publishers' Printing Co., New York.) The editor of this book reminds the friends of the writer, who died at twenty-three, that it is intended primarily for them, yet cannot repress the hope that it "may add a few fragrant blossoms to the Southern nosegay." Some of the verses are quite good enough to be imagined as helping to fill the first pages—the *Juvenilia*—of a volume of positive value in its maturer portions.—*Fleeting Thoughts*, by Caroline Edwards Prentiss. (Putnams.) The title justifies us in regarding the verses in this book as fugitive; and the fact that nearly every one of them may be read on a page of its own—not one attaining to two full pages—points a beautiful moral of condensation for minor bards.

Travel and Nature. The Land of Poco Tiempo, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) Poco Tiempo is "pretty soon," and the land Mr. Lummis calls by its name is New Mexico. The well-illustrated articles which make up his book give an extremely clear picture of some phases of life in the Territory which has so foreign a quality that one can hardly think of it as waiting for the day, perhaps not long distant, when it shall be as fairly a State of the Union as New York or New Hampshire. Mr. Lummis's style—as such terms as "sun-lasso" for "camera" will testify—is rather Southwestern, but he has the gift of vividness, and the description of the Penitent Brothers, the New Mexican order of Flagellants, whose Good Friday rites he saw and photographed three years ago, is not easy to forget. The subject, to be sure, is memorable enough in itself.—*Mineral Resources of the United States for the Calendar Years 1891 and 1892*, by David T. Day. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) The series of which these are the latest volumes is planned in such a way that the reader may have definite information of the increase of production year by year, or diminution, as the case may be. The summary is very compact, and each mineral is then treated at length and in a free manner by different specialists.—In the series of University

Extension Manuals (Scribners), *The Earth's History*, an Introduction to Modern Geology, by R. D. Roberts, has recently found a place. The geology of Great Britain is taken as a specific illustration of the history of the building of the earth. The great diversity of age in the formation of the island, as well as the facility afforded students by the limited area, serves to make the illustration a convenient one. — *Where To Go Abroad*, edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (Blacks, London), deals, of course, with the continent, and is defined as "a Guide to the Watering-Places and Health Resorts of Europe, the Mediterranean," etc. — More specific in its intention is *Carlsbad, a Medico-Practical Guide*, by Dr. Emil Kleen, a practicing physician at Carlsbad. (Putnams.) — *Therapeutics of Cholera*, by P. C. Majumdár, a homœopathic physician of India, is a small book published by Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia.

Education and Textbooks. *Dynamic Breathing and Harmonic Gymnastics*, a Complete System of Psychical, Æsthetic, and Physical Culture, by Genevieve Stebbins. (Werner.) The writer goes pretty far afield for her illustration of the principles underlying gymnastics, and the reader who has been floundering about in the philosophy of the opening chapters gets his reward when he, or more properly she, comes to the exercises of vibrating leg, waist twist, leg stretch, and trunk vibration. — *The Educational Labors of Henry Barnard*, by Will S. Monroe. (Bardeen.) A brief sketch, closing with a bibliography, of an able man who was almost a voice crying in the wilderness. — *First Course in Science*, by John F. Woodhull. (Holt.) The science is physical science, and the course is in two companion volumes: one a book of experiments, intended to be accompanied by an inexpensive set of apparatus, the other a textbook. — *Drawing in the Public Schools, a Manual for Teachers*, by Anson K. Cross. (The Author, Normal Art School, Boston.) — *The Seventh Book of Vergil's Æneid*, edited, for the Use of Schools, by W. C. Collier. (Ginn.) A step in the right direction, since it supposes that the reader wants to read Latin poetry, and not to illustrate a grammar.

Illustrated Publications. *The Book of the Fair*. (The Baneroff Co., Chicago.) The fifth, sixth, and seventh parts of this serial

publication have reached us, covering pages 161–280. Every page has several illustrations, and there are frequent full-page representations of the greater features of the Fair. The editor has done what few in his place would have done: he has skillfully adjusted his text so that the designs illustrating it appear always on the same opening. The text itself is a sort of catalogue *raisonné* of the exhibits, in which there is particularity without too tedious detail. The subjects in these parts cover some of the educational exhibits, the German, Norwegian, Swiss, and a part of the Woman's Exhibit. There is a procession of interesting facts. Unlike the Fair, the facts do the walking here across the page. — *Some Artists at the Fair*. (Scribners.) Now that the Fair is over, and the American people can think about it in their homes, the supreme recollection is of its art; so that this brochure, with its exquisite illustrations and its text by artists, writing of what was to them a joyous holiday of work, is a most fitting souvenir and Aid to Reflection. The Decoration of the Exposition is by Frank D. Millet, Types and People at the Fair by J. A. Mitchell, The Art of the White City by Will H. Low, Foreground and Vista at the Fair by W. Hamilton Gibson, and The Picturesque Side by F. Hopkinson Smith, an admirable grouping of subjects and writers. — The last four or five numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan) seem, for some reason, to have less richness than usual. The etchings, indeed, include an admirable copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Miss Frances Harris, and there are several reproductions of portraits and subjects by John Russell. These represent English schools. There is also a striking paper on old bindings, and there are some sketchy notes on the Chicago Exhibition. A fine portrait of Gounod is given in the musical bulletin, and there are some copies of museum rarities, but the editor draws pretty freely upon current illustrated books for subject and for designs. — *The Hanging of the Crane, and Other Poems of the Home*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Houghton.) A little book of very attractive appearance, and excellent in its selections. The illustrations, pretty as they are, raise a question which we do not attempt to answer. Is the artist justified in presenting the young people of whose crane the poet saw the hanging as persons eminently of to-

day, sitting under a "banquet lamp" which they might have brought out of the pages of *Life with them*, and all unsuggestive of the Golden Wedding for which their board will have to be expanded in 1944? Or does a familiar poem become so broadly generalized in its relations to time that its characters may be assigned to any part of any century?

Decoration and Architecture. *Indoors*, by Samuel How. (Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.) The publishers of this book are dealers in wall papers and interior decorators. This handsome volume is frankly from the side of the manufacturer; but it is so interesting as a display, through abundant illustrations, of what interiors are and may be that one readily comes to regard it as a very attractive collection of designs, accompanied by a readable text which does not obtrude the shop, though it leaves the door ajar. — *Household Art*, edited by Candace Wheeler. (Harpers.) As we have already mentioned the purpose of the Distaff Series, to which this volume belongs, it is necessary to say of the book in hand only that the pieces of which it is composed have to do with interior decoration and kindred topics. — *Homes in City and Country*. (Scribners.) A collection of half a dozen papers on the city house in the East, South, and West, the suburban house, the country house, small country places, and building and loan associations, by Messrs. Sturgis, Root, Price, Mitchell, Parsons, and Linn. The illustrations are very attractive and effective, and the reader gets a quick perception of such differences as exist between various sections of the country, — differences which really intimate something of the local phases of life. The writers, where it is possible, point out the historical features of the subject and the development which has taken place. It may be said, in brief, that the more intelligent builders to-day overleap an intervening period, and evolve their houses from types of a century or more ago which really gave rise to a succession of new forms since that time. — *Garden Design and Architects' Gardens*, by W. Robinson. (Imported by Scribners.) We have to thank Messrs. Blomfield & Thomas and Mr. Sedding for producing books which have called out this indignant review, crowded as it is with delightful examples of English art in gardening, and with vigorous

protests against false art. Mr. Robinson is right in claiming for England preëminence in the art which expresses itself in gardens. He could have reinforced his position by a reference to the poets who have had so much to do with designs for gardens.

Economics. *Socialism, its Growth and Outcome*, by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. (Scribners.) An interesting and readable book which will put one quickly in possession of that notion of socialism which is dominated, we may say, by the sense of beauty in living. The authors look upon England as almost hopelessly under the dominion of a dull middle class, and seek for escape in new conditions to be brought about by socialism. It is curious to see how, with all their detestation of commercialism, when they come to treat of marriage and the family in the new state, they fall back upon that conception of the relation which is implied in contract. But the sacramental idea is far profounder, more elemental, and, we suspect, more lasting; and a socialism which is based on a free contract will come very rapidly to an inglorious death. — *The History and Theory of Money*, by Sidney Sherwood. (Lippincott.) An interesting piece of conglomerate. The main structure is a dozen lectures given by the author as a part of a University Extension course. But upon the inauguration of the series of lectures various persons, like Provost Pepper, Mr. Trenholm, Mr. Joseph Wharton, and Professor James, made short speeches, and at the close of each lecture a brief discussion followed. Lecture, speech, and discussion are all pointed, and an appendix gives a syllabus of the course. The book is, besides, well indexed, and the solitary student who reads it through will certainly feel that he has been in an audience.

Philosophy and Religion. *Primary Convictions*, being Discussions, of which the greater part were delivered in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, before the President, Faculties, and Students of Columbia College, by William Alexander, Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. (Harpers.) These lectures on the evidences of Christianity, though marked by a reasonable logic and an affluence of learning, make their appeal to the reader primarily through a fervor of literary expression; the themes are charged with a fine feeling, and the orator (for orator the bishop certainly is) is listened to for

the charm of his voice, the impassioned tone with which he gives utterance to beliefs which have taken to themselves, in his mind, a large measure of richness drawn from the confirmation of poetry and philosophy as seen in great literature. — An Interpretation of Philosophy, by John Bascom. (Putnam's.) This book is more suggestive than lucid. It is a discussion of prominent philosophers, with some reference to their historical and geographical relations. One chapter is headed *Transitional Persons*. Under this head appear the names of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, the fountains of modern thinking. The word "transitional" seems to be used in the sense of the German "epoch-making." As no references are given to the works of the authors discussed, the doubt arises whether the writer has studied the German or French authors in the original, or is giving interpretations from translations. Singular fig-

ures occur in the discussion. Speaking of Hume, the author says, "Nihilism is suicide, and the philosophy that sinks into nihilism should find no hand to pluck it up again by its drowned locks." Apropos of Taine and French thought we have the following: "There is not enough weight in the gymnast's body to give importance to his somersets." Sometimes it is difficult to grasp the meaning; as, for instance, when we learn of Spinoza that "this character was swallowed up in his philosophy, and bore the same simple, direct, constant impress." The book is dedicated to the graduates of the University of Wisconsin, with whom the authors were discussed. It will be interesting to them, as it is the kind of treatment that might hold the attention of the average senior when enforced by the presence of the master; but for the ordinary reader, with all its vigor and insight, it is obscure, and for philosophical scholars much too general.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Letter to a
Friend from
the Far West.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I take this method of addressing you, first, because I have something to say to you, and when we have met you have never seemed to give me a chance; secondly, because you live in so many places, and are, as you say yourself, such a great people, and I suspect that if I addressed you an individual letter to Omaha, say, or Fargo, the part of you which lives in Fort Scott or Port Blakeley would never get it. Yet I have the same things to say to you wherever you are, for I find you always saying the same things to me, however many there are of you, and however varied our place of meeting.

Let me say first that I thoroughly believe you to be a good fellow; you are earnest, warm-hearted, and straightforward. It is encouraging to meet you, not only on account of what you show of yourself, but of the way you treat me; you offer me a voice, a hand-shake, which if I met in one of my neighbors I should say he meant to give me a hearty welcome; and I have tried to show you that I was glad to make your acquaintance, as you seemed to be to make

mine. And as I said that you always say the same thing to me, and greet me in the same way, there is one convenience about it, at all events: when I had met one of you, I had met the whole of you. If I encounter an Englishman, a New Yorker, a German, a South Carolinian, although certainly I recognize the type of the respective nationality at once, I feel I have still the acquaintance of each individual to make. I may recognize in advance the German eye and the English intonation; I may distinguish the New York dignity in every case from the Carolina reserve or the Philadelphia push: but these disposed of, there is still the man to learn, with his idiosyncrasy.

But you, my dear friend from the West, I know in any dress and under any circumstances. Tall or short, dark or light, whether living in Leavenworth or in Bismarck, whether sprung from Vermont or Kentucky, it is you, and I know beforehand exactly what you are going to say to me. And while you are saying it, the same question is always rising in my mind, — "What will you expect me to say when my turn comes? Or would you rather I did not say

anything?" I have some friends who obviously think conversation should be confined to two persons, the one always speaking, the other always listening. "I had a delightful dinner-party the other day," said an old gourmand. "We had a beautiful turkey, perfectly cooked; it was just enough for us." "How large was the party?" "Only two." "Only two!" "Yes: I and the turkey." I have passed the time with friends who apparently expected me to take about as much share in the talk as the turkey did in this dinner of two. But I do not think it is quite so with you. You treat me to a variety of statements in a tone of insistence that seems to demand some reply. You inform me with almost passionate emphasis that the State of Osark is undoubtedly the most remarkable in the Union; that your wheatfields extend as far as the eye can reach; that the mineral resources of the Arapahoe Valley far surpass those of Australia and Spain combined; that you can get out of Platte City by fourteen different trunk lines of railroad (a friend of mine, who lived there, wished she could get out by all fourteen at once); that there is a dentist at Fort Buell who will make me such a set of teeth as no city east of the Alleghanies can furnish. Well, when you pause, — as you do sometimes, — what do you expect me to say? Would you care to have me deny it all, and provoke you into giving me chapter and verse, and reiterating still louder and more fiercely, as you have already done two or three times, that I do not know your country or how great you are? I do not wish to deny it; I cannot, as you truly say. Neither can I deny what Professor Holden tells me about the distance and number of the fixed stars. I am perfectly willing to take his enormous figures on his word, and so I am yours on your word. Or would you like to have me draw you out with intelligent questions, and invite you to go into details? I am not unwilling to do this, but you do not respond. I can get no details from you, — nothing but big numbers. You are ready and willing to tell me that you have the biggest cornfields, the largest hogs, the most flourishing cities, the handsomest schoolhouses, the most enterprising inhabitants, and an abundant supply of other persons and things; but the moment it comes to character instead of quantity, or to kind instead of num-

ber, I hear nothing but increased iteration of bigness.

Now, I seem to see in this no advance or progress to the great goal of a perfect humanity, but rather a retrogression. You do not tell me of anything special that you produce or make which the world has never seen before; you only tell me that you produce more of the old things: therefore your first few sentences tell me all you have to say, and after a few questions, only eliciting more figures, I find no resources for talk. To put it in the language of Herbert Spencer, you appear to differentiate nothing. If you will allow a homely illustration, I have no doubt you can raise hams larger and more numerous than any other country; but have you developed any peculiar, any choice variety, like the delicious Westphalia and Virginia hams? I remember eating, at three different dinners, these two kinds and a Western ham. The comparative flatness of the last was amazing. It was, as the boy said of half his dog's breed, "just dog," — or rather, just hog.

And with this is connected the reason why I cannot adopt the third form of conversation, which perhaps you desire, — throwing in from time to time enthusiastic expressions of surprise and eulogy, and taking a modest second to your strain of exaltation. It is a painful fact that I am not overwhelmed with the accounts you give me. I cannot see in mere bigness anything that rises to greatness, to grandeur. Let me illustrate what I mean by a foreign instance which cannot wound the local susceptibilities of any American. When we travel in Italy, there are many cities — at least six, if not eight — which invite our study. Each one of them has its own peculiar attractions; something that it alone can show, and the lack of which is recognized not only by its sisters, but by the whole world. Each offers reasons for visiting its own illustrious precincts entirely independent of glories elsewhere. Of these half dozen cities, Florence is undoubtedly the smallest in population, and Naples and Milan are the two largest. The most progressive, the most modern, the one which is most steadily adding to its population and wealth, is Milan, and it has been emphatically called for centuries "*Milano la grande*," when other cities have had the titles of "*the beautiful*," "*the rich*," "*the proud*," etc. Yet Florence,

the smallest, is richer in everything that draws a visitor, except Rome, and not poorer than she is. At the same time, Milan, though possessing certain definite treasures, is on the whole the poorest in them; and though Naples certainly exhibits matchless beauties, they are rather outside than inside, and far the greater part of the teeming hive of humanity which properly bears that name never feels the tread of a visitor. So true is it that what is merely big is rarely interesting as such. The Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley are attractive because their scenery is peculiar in character and grand in outline, as well as extensive in proportions. But a wheatfield of a thousand acres is nothing more than ten wheatfields of a hundred acres. It merely shows that agriculture is conducted in large farms instead of small ones; and I could show you historical evidence, if I thought you cared for it, that large farms have more than once proved a curse rather than a blessing to the land wherein they were found.

You furnished, the other day, in Washington, a ludicrous proof that bigness is not greatness. The repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman Act was discussed with great eagerness and force, especially by you. One of you, Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, made a very powerful speech, which no one on the other side, however strong his convictions, could possibly answer without great thought and preparation. It exhibited study, logic, and rhetoric. It took between two and three hours, but, as the subject was so important, it ought not to be called too long. Its admirers generally called it "a great speech," and even those who disagreed with it acquiesced in the name. Later on, Senator Allen, of the same State, spoke on the same subject between fourteen and fifteen hours. It was the longest continuous occupancy of the floor in the annals of Congress. It broke the record. It was a "big thing," I suppose, in the minds of such as admire a big thing; and the bigger it was, the farther it was from greatness.

If your ideas and your resources are to dominate the country, as you say they are bound to, it will be by their producing some man who, in force of character and power of influence, surpasses other men: not because he is physically big himself; no, nor even because he is morally big, in the sense of large talk and broad ideas; nor yet because

he represents States whose products run up into big figures. You surely do not think Mr. Lincoln owes his mighty fame to his being six feet four? In that generation, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, beyond question the ablest man of his own section, was perhaps the frailest mortal in the United States. It is said that the Mamelukes of Egypt were bitterly disappointed by the utterly insignificant appearance of Bonaparte. They admired infinitely more the big, showy trooper Murat, who, as a man, in the real sense of the word, was simply nothing beside his master.

I confess, also, I am not greatly moved by what you tell me, that in fifty years the centre of population will be west of the Missouri, and then the Far West will necessarily control the Union. In the first place, what occurs fifty years hence is hardly going to affect me. I shall scarcely be here to see it; I certainly shall take no active part in it. I cannot alter what it seems to me is emphatically my duty or my pleasure now, because something is going to happen in 1944 which you see at present more clearly than I do. It appears to me that the bays of San Francisco and New York are likely to retain their paramount influence, no matter in what part of the intervening continent the "centre of population" lies. But most certainly, if I am to avert my eyes from the present, I care much more about the past than the future; and there we differ. We both, no doubt, are immensely interested in the present. But I think it my duty to study the past, of which I really may know the facts, to guide me in the present, which must be tentative. You use this experimental present as a guide to the future, which must be exceedingly visionary.

I look back fifty years. I see that the two greatest men of our race were Daniel Webster and Sir Robert Peel. Unquestionably, they lived in the past much more than you think public men ought to. Unquestionably, they had only the most indistinct vision of the future of their respective countries. Daniel Webster certainly did not dream in 1844 of what the Northwest is now. Sir Robert did not have the faintest inkling of what his pupil Gladstone would become. Each had in that day great national problems to solve immediately. Daniel Webster had to save the United States from

war ; Sir Robert Peel had to save England from financial ruin. They both did their work in direct opposition to the wishes of their closest friends, without gaining the support of their enemies, and with the immediate assurance of losing power. Yet they did it so as to avert misery not only for the time they did foresee, but for years they did not dream of forecasting, and did it in the way which enabled opponents and successors to do their special work, in their turn, by following out the lines of Peel and Webster, whom they had opposed at the time. That in 1894 Puget Sound is ours, and the Bank of England still solvent, is owing to what they did in 1844. And they did it not because they lived in a great country or a small one, but because, being naturally beyond ordinary men, they used their extraordinary powers to do the best they could for their countries as they then saw them, in the light of knowledge of what they had been,—modified, no doubt, and still further enlightened by the spirit of prophecy ; but the spirit of prophecy is nothing without the spirit of counsel and might. Moreover, they did these mighty things largely because each knew that his country, though great, was not the only one on earth, and because both recognized that every nation must act with reference to others, or it will assuredly be upset in its course.

And now I come to the remaining form of conversation, which I think perhaps you might expect me to adopt, and wonder I do not, namely, that of booming my own part of the Union, and capping all your wonderful stories about the State of Osark by as wonderful stories about the State of Norumbega. I could do so, I assure you, in the intervals when you take breath. You have already made out that I come from one of the three districts still called *New*, though they are so old. Never mind if it is New Jersey, New York, or New England,—you call us all the East. To be sure, that name used to mean India, China, and Japan ; but you have changed the English language, among other things, and these are now, in your tongue, “the Orient,” and your Atlantic brethren are “the East.” I can assure you, there is still a great deal “new” about us,—a great deal that is fresh, advancing, progressive, awake. As I say, I could boom my own section and State, if I wanted to ; I could name many good things

which we have, and which you would like to have, but do not, and never will. But I shall not take up this method of talk. I shall not try to cap you ; and for this one reason,—I do not think it is a nice way of talking. That is, my very dear fellow, in a nutshell, why you do not find me the completely sympathetic companion that you so heartily seek. You can talk of nothing but yourself, your State, your resources, your destiny. The whole range of human wit and human knowledge seems a sealed book to you, except as a brief text on which you can draw out this long tale of your own present and future glories. I went to church in one of your greatest cities. There was a very charming boy choir. I met you in the course of the afternoon, and told you what I had heard at St. Luke's. What did you say ? “Their choir does n't cost nearly as much as ours at St. Peter's ; we've one singer to whom we pay five thousand dollars.” My dear man, are not even the house of God, and the holy day, and the song of praise sacred from your brag ?

You are not the only man in the world who is proud of himself and his surroundings ; and it is to your credit that your pride is so much in yourself as a people, and so little in yourself as a person. And yet perhaps if you were a little less absorbed in your section, if you paid more attention to developing your varieties, and less to your numbers, you might be more entertaining. But one would be loath to censure such real unselfishness of person. I say, you are not the only conceited man in the world. I from the East am conceited ; so is our brother from the South ; so is the inhabitant of every European nation. But none of us all make the grandeur and progress of our community the sole and unvarying topic of our discourse. There are other interests than our own glory which have their place in our time, our thought, and our speech. Some men have elevated tastes, and can talk about them ; some seem only to know what is base ; some care for art or music, some for nothing but field sports or adventure ; some can talk about politics, or science, or history ; some can think only of business pursuits, and some only about society. There is an endless range of subjects about which men of all nations succeed in making conversation ; and they do not make them

all invariably turn on the superiority in each and every respect of their own people. They do recognize that the world is old and that it is wide, and that what happened elsewhere and at other times is not only worth talking about and thinking about, but that it is absolutely necessary, if men are to enjoy one another's company. I think very likely you will say that you have found plenty of men outside the Far West, Americans and Europeans, who talk a good deal about their own achievements of one kind or another, and bring themselves a good deal into the conversation. Undoubtedly, and some of them are liked and sought after, in spite of this self-laudation. But the vainest and most conceited man generally tells his story as something wherein you and I will find sympathy or enjoyment; he treats us as his brothers, capable of appreciating, or, if occasion were, even sharing his triumphs; he talks, that is, to exalt himself, but not to depress us. Moreover, it is individual, not national egotism which makes such talk amusing, notwithstanding its conceit. But you, my dear Western friend, do not favor us with your own striking adventures or performances as something we shall appreciate. I have already told you that when I try to get at you, to know you, I cannot find the individual friend. You only tell me about the big things you are doing as a people; and you tell them for my depression, not your own exaltation, — or at least it has that tone.

Now, my friend, this is not the way to talk; it is very tedious, and it is very uncivil. It is tedious, because, like the prairie landscape, although fertile and beautiful, it has no variety; and it is uncivil, because no man likes to have it implied incessantly that he belongs to an inferior race. I wonder if those eminent divines of yours, whose eloquence, logic, and devotion are unmatched in the East, ever ventured to preach to you from such texts as, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips;" "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;" "In honour preferring one another;" and a score of the like, from both Testaments.

I think it very possible that you will draw, as the conclusion from all this, that I am envious or jealous. You are mistaken, but I could probably not convince you of

it. I have not written this letter to you on the deep matters of the heart; I should handle them in a different way. I am writing solely about our intercourse in conversation. I believe I can rely on you, as you can on me, to discharge the deeper duties of friendship and patriotism. If I were sick, or poor, or oppressed, I doubt not your hand and your purse would be at my service. But those are the exceptions; ordinary familiar intercourse is the rule; and I ask you now whether, at our next meeting, you cannot find some other subject of conversation besides the boundless glories of the Far West.

Do I hold, then, that you and I have nothing better to think of, when we meet, than how to have a pleasant talk? Very far from it, my countryman; we have got to think how we can unite to do the best for America. But in order to accomplish this end we must consider the means. We have none but mutual intercourse. If we can get to like each other and enjoy each other, we shall learn to coöperate; but I do not believe we can ever work together in our respective fields till we enjoy living together when we meet. I have tried to show you why, after encountering once or twice your hearty voice and open manner, I am not so eager to greet them a third time; for the message they bring me is too much like a challenge, — such as I should resent from a foreigner, but which from a countryman I am unwilling to regard as an offense, yet cannot take as a kindness.

Your friend and countryman,

FRANKLIN EASTMAN.

The Carpets of the Year. — We find but slight allusion to carpets in that literature which refers to the interior domestic life of the ancients; indeed, the flighty gyrations attributed to these fabrics on a certain Eve of St. Agnes would go to show their primitive character at this period. Although Virgil, in the *Æneid*, speaks of costly carpets in a way that should bring a flutter of delighted interest to the breast of a young housekeeper intent on Eastlake and Colonial bricabrac, still the subject must be considered a comparatively modern one, whose origin is wrapped in mysterious uncertainty. We have all thrilled with sympathetic horror over the murder of Thomas à Becket, a victim of his taste for sinful luxury in that he had his floor spread with

rushes, the nearest approach to British carpeting feasible in that day. Had the worthy prelate contented himself with the sentiment that the groves were God's first temples, he might have been spared so much of martyrdom as was to be fairly attributable to the alleged specification.

Walking over the fields of our native province, be that province anywhere on this fair continent, it would seem as though such decoration, such sumptuary *ameublement*, as the carpet would have been among the first suggestions that Nature would offer to Art. If we owe to pine-tree and rifted rock the Gothic shapes which impart severity to sacerdotal or ecclesiastical ornamentation, it is fair to suppose that man would be ready also to take account of the benign colors of the fields he trod, and to bring them, so far as art would permit, into the warp and woof of home decoration.

There are certain privileges vouchsafed to him whose mantle is the sky, whose "lamp yon star," and whose carpet is the surface of the broad fields, — privileges withheld from all who abide constantly in man's dwellings, be those dwellings the houses of princes. In the wide palace of Nature one luxury has always been my especial delight, — the play and blending of pale hues in the flowers that go to form the spring carpet. Every floral color-chord, foiled by the stronger tones of the vigorous grass, whispers of "youth, and hope, and gladness," spring's "wind-winged emblems." And as if to leave nothing undone to secure that unflinching consistency which is Nature's charm, the very skies stoop down to add further softness and freshness to these vernal tints. Our spring carpet presents, in places, an almost uniform diversity of recurring patterns; say, violet, buttercup, cress, claytonia. As we go along, there will be a preponderance of one line of color, deepening in hollow, lightening on hillock; calling in the aid of flowers hitherto unnoticed, but now struggling through and informing the groundwork: all which change is so subtly accomplished as to suggest to a musician the chord of the diminished ninth. The violet still accompanies us, contentedly ranging by high ground and low, through sun and shade. I know not why violets that grow upon the hillsides are so often paler than those whose abiding-place is the moister lowland, nor

why their odor is of a more delicate character, resembling rather that of the wood-violet. Yet such has been my observation of this flower.

As we descend toward the brook or the marsh, we notice how the green of our carpet deepens, and the suggestion of irrigation is borne out by the addition of small, weak-stemmed, lissom weeds that smile upon us as if yon alien element, the water, would meet us halfway to welcome us. Down and down, until the grass becomes sedge, rushes, flags; until the flowers, now amphibious, assume a semi-nautical character; until, finally, the supremacy of the liquid element is confessed in that royal combination of fragrance, richness, and purity, the water lily. Once here, we find ourselves inclined to pause, saying, This is better than the upland; surely, Nature is here the more affluent; leaf and flower are fresher, perfume is more intense; or is it that our appreciation is quickened by the pervasive coolness of the place?

Yet let us consider the carpet of the upland: the airy flame of the sorrel, the sprinkled gold of the buttercup, the dimpling laughter of the daisy patch, now implore the pausing step. Even while we pause, the high noon of ardent summer is upon us, presenting evidences of all too rapid combustion. And now an adust thread is gradually woven into the warp of our carpet. Here and there the carpet is turned to hay; giving off a perfume fainter, but more subtle, than that of the mown hay so fragrant to all the world. Such flowers only as can well resist the sun now bedeck our living floor. Yet even these, when they have borne the burthen and heat of the day, have often a frayed and weary look, like the wings of a wrecked butterfly, and recover themselves only by the dewy bath of evening. Prominent among these summer flowers is the wild rose which adorns our fields at that period the Spaniard refers to as *el sol de medio día*. There is of the gracious family of untamed roses a modest member, of paler mood, which is wont to descend from the bushy elevation of its fellows and add itself to the pattern of our carpet. Our step must needs be the daintier for this presence. If, as the most sensitive of poets avers,

"A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,"

it must follow that a wild rose is entitled to kindred immunity.

The autumn has come. The joyous foliage of summer is being slowly replaced by hues of russet and dull wine. With a changing of the tapestries — and what is tapestry but a hanging carpet? — there comes an altered tint in the fields below. The yearning goldenrod, the asters blonde or dark, the crimson of the sumac, the bronzed gold of the withering fern, go to form a fabric which might worthily have adorned King Solomon's temple: a congeries of dyes so mad in fantastic revel as to hint that now Nature is holding her carnival of color, in view of the approaching season of penitential sackcloth and hodge-gray "retreat." Thus reinforced as by the *purpureos flores* sprinkled in Virgil's *Æneid*, our carpet is prepared to survive the earlier frosts and outstay the fleeing birds; and there are moments when a scene of almost supra-mortal beauty is lighted up by the splendor of our autumnal sunsets, — moments in which earth and sky vie hue for hue with each other.

But now the days so melancholy to all but the nut-gathering schoolboy have overtaken us. It is no longer the pathos of departing summer, but the chill apprehension of coming winter, that pervades our spirits. The frost has penetrated the heart of the season. A soddening rain falls upon the dead leaves, blackening the trunks of the trees. Our color-chords are now of charred embers and extinguished fires. If the vernal harmony had power to waken in us a gladness and a content that were as much physical as spiritual, the color-chords of autumn bring a more than balancing degree of depression and discomfort. He whose sensitiveness makes him the slave of all fantastic impressions will often find himself almost absurdly subject to the psychic influences of color; and these influences will usually possess the quality of being inexplicable. There is surely no reason why yellow leaves scattered upon a chocolate ground should make a strong man of athletic habits dizzy almost to the extent of illness; yet so it is. There is no reason why certain other sequences of color should produce a mood exultant, hopeful; yet so it is. The dun and russet floor of the fields and woodsidcs seems to swim in the "charmed eddies of the autumnal wind."

The carpet and its hues no longer rest the eye. A brief interval, and the drop curtain of the snow covers all with white, echoless silence, as welcome to the disturbed sense of color as to the fields that lie wrapped in secure and soft neutrality until the dawn of a new springtime.

The Enmities — Says Macaulay in the essay of *Literature* on Dryden: "At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist our political adversaries to drink with us of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities."

When he wrote, the illustration was comically false in fact, but prophetically true. It foretold a coming millennium to which the end of this century is much closer than was the beginning. For Macaulay himself was hardly a pattern observer of this pleasing sentiment. There were times when his honor's way of pronouncing sentence from the critical bench savored greatly of the urbane suavity of Jeffreys combined with the exquisite science of a Grand Inquisitor presiding over the infliction of the rack, and gauging to the breadth of a nerve the exact amount of torture which the victim could endure and live.

Take the essays on "Satan Montgomery," on Barère, on the work of Croker in editing Boswell's Johnson, and the image which is suggested to the mind's eye is rather that of the Irish infantry dashing into the ranks of the old guard of Napoleon than of the same warriors amicably exchanging canteens and cups over the rivulet of Talavera.

The late Edmund Quincy once said that the sight of brethren who agreed might be pleasant, but the sight of brethren who disagreed was infinitely more amusing. It is quite sure that the animosities of authors have lent much piquancy to the literature of the world. It is by no means certain that not a little of what seems perfectly harmless and impersonal does not owe its fire and brilliancy to spites carefully concealed under glittering generalities. In Milton's *Lycidas* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*

Progress, one suspects that the authors could, if they had chosen, have put names to the priests and magistrates on whom their pointed passages are sharpened. It is more than likely that Cowper had sat under the preachers who, "reading what they never wrote," "with a well-bred whisper close the scene." In fact, the lightning of literary indignation does not waste itself in the vague immensity, but requires a point on which to concentrate and explode.

But, as a rule, the *irritable genus* of pen-wielders will not often want a mark at which to aim. Probably some ill-conditioned Ionian who had caused old Homer's dog to wander out of the smooth way sat for the portrait of Thersites. Evidently, Aristophanes not only had a strong sense of the fitness of Socrates to figure in comedy, but also felt that to all right-thinking and conservative Athenians the husband of Xanthippe was personally obnoxious. The implied satire in making Strepsiades the disciple of the philosopher was a most skillful touch of the lash on the tenderest spot. It was as if the author of the Potiphar Papers had sent Mr. Potiphar to sit admiringly at the feet of Emerson, or as if Thackeray had pictured Charles Honeyman as a devotee of Ruskin. But, as the much-to-be-regretted *Reminiscences of my Own Time*, by Alcibiades, have not survived, this must remain conjectural. One need not press the point, especially since later literature gives ample illustration of the position here taken.

There can be no doubt that Horace and Juvenal freely used their dislikes and enmities to sharpen their verses. Nobody imagines that Dante was aiming at abstract personifications when he filled the circles of the *Inferno* with the men who had driven him to taste the bitterness of another's bread, and feel the weariness of climbing another's stairs. The story-tellers of the *Canterbury Tales*, the Miller, the Reve, the Frere, and the Sompnour, pay each other off in stories whereof the wit and jovial malice half condone the coarseness.

Shakespeare never forgot the bad quarter of an hour he suffered at the hands of Sir Thomas Lucy, and avenged it most thoroughly in his *Justice Shallow*. Who does not know how Dryden dealt with his foes, how Swift repaid the slights and disappointments of his early life? Did not Pope pillory all Grub Street, and requite

the fancied treachery of Addison with lines which cut as deeply as the knout of Russia? Did Churchill spare the men who offended him, from Hogarth down to Murphy? Was Junius merciful, was Johnson just, was Sheridan forbearing?

Turn the corner of the eighteenth century, and what a splendid tournament of the paladins and peers of literature! There is young Lord Byron, like Ivanhoe, with "*Desdichado*" on his shield, dashing into the *mêlée* at English bards and Scotch reviewers. There is Wilson marshaling the "*Clan North*." There are Sydney Smith and Jeffrey and Brougham on the one side, Lockhart and Canning and Croker on the other; Moore, with the instinct of Donnybrook, hitting a head wherever he sees it; Southey and Coleridge and Shelley, and even Hood and Lamb, ready, aye ready for the field. The English man of letters, like the English gentleman of social life, was expected to take off his coat and put up his fists whenever an opponent faced him. As the early Victorian era dawns, there is still plenty of fighting. Bulwer and Lever, Disraeli and Dickens, Trollope and Thackeray, Tennyson and Aytoun, Macaulay and Carlyle, Freeman and Ruskin, Hughes and Kingsley, are seen stepping into the ring when the challenge comes. They wear, indeed, the gloves which a more fastidious and refining age demands, but they are of the "four ounce" pattern which the Marquis of Queensbury's rules sanction, and the blows are given with right good will and sufficient science.

So, on this side the Atlantic, Irving and Cooper, Paulding and Halleck, Willis and Poe, and, a little later on, Holmes and Lowell and Whittier, were all proper men of their parts, and none the less liked and cherished because they hit fairly above the belt, and (mostly) took their punishment without flinching.

I have done little more than give suggestive names, without stopping to chronicle or criticise the particular battles in which these champions did their especial devoir and won their pugnacious fame. Every reader of general literature can recall them. But so much the more is it evident that the "delight of battle" is growing to be one of the lost pleasures which the author no longer drinks with his peers. For this there are many combining causes. Publishers are

more wary; and this, in turn, comes from the fact that readers are more indifferent to controversy. Newspapers and magazines discourage truculence. The rapid march of events, the crowding of news items monopolized by the wire and ocean cable, the faster fashion in which life is lived, all give less and less of room for the keeping up of bitter strifes.

Then, too,—and this is advanced with some hesitation,—there is perhaps a deeper feeling for the rights of others, a heightened consciousness of the pain which sharp words may give. There is less of that insensibility which lies at the root of much offensiveness. The thick-skinned nature which cannot understand small trials is less frequent. Men have learned that

“A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.”

There is a wider considerateness, and a dying out of that which peoples in their childhood so recklessly display, pleasure in others' pain. There is a greater desire to relieve, as there is less of the temper which inflicts.

Another cause is the wider spread of knowledge, and the consequent weakening of the intensity of conviction. Political partisanship, religious bigotry, scientific dogmatism, have all had their once immutable lines broken through. Men who are no longer willing to be burnt alive for their beliefs are less ready to send others to the stake. The number of those who say, “I do well to be angry,” is less than it was.

So, too, the vast development of travel and intercourse has smoothed away the antipathies of nationality and the prejudices of provincialism, as it has also helped the leveling of the barriers of social rank.

It certainly seems as if men now have fewer excuses than formerly for hating one another with a clear conscience. The clever and reckless author is less disposed to ridicule his rivals, and he knows that he can no longer count on the pleasure of making the laughter of the town applaud his periods. There is also as a deterrent principle the sentiment, dear to all the men of Anglo-Saxon lineage, that it is essentially unmanly to use words of provocation for which no reckoning can be taken. To bandy ill names in public, when the aggrieved is precluded from knocking one down or calling a policeman, is justly felt

to be the course of a bully or a coward. In the elder time, it was understood that Robert Acres, Esq., was fully free to summon his maligner or mocker to the field of single combat. Or if the culprit was below the social rank entitled to the use of sword or pistol, he could be cited in the courts, which would heal the hurts of honor by the infliction of fine, imprisonment, and pillory. But for the mercenary the age of exemplary damages has passed, and public sentiment, as well as the statute book, has banished the duel. Hence, men of spirit, who shrink from giving provocation they cannot stand up to, are slower still to resent injuries where the only issue is a scolding-match.

Yet we have not lost our relish for witty satire and eloquent invective. We still delight in the combats of old, just as we enjoy reading the ballad of Chevy Chase and the story of the “gentle passage at arms of Ashby de la Zouche,” though we should hardly care to witness the actual scene, could it be reproduced in all its rough reality. We say with Emerson:—

“Why should the vest on him allure
I could not yet on me endure?”

We may admire and read till we know it by heart that unsurpassable diatribe which begins,—

“Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;”

but hardly one in a thousand of the present writers in the English tongue would be willing to have on his conscience such a sin against a second Addison. We chuckle over Wilson's reckless fun in the *Noctes*, but not even to claim with right as our own the Ettrick Shepherd's exquisite songs would we be willing to father the coarse attacks upon Hunt and Hazlitt, and the leading literati of the Whigs.

The plain truth is that we are no longer capable of feeling toward men of different opinions from our own as we should have felt a century ago. We should hardly name upon our list of friends the man who would needlessly set foot upon a—nihilist. We have learned the lesson of separating men from their opinions. We are even tolerant, too, of whatever manifests artistic merit, though we have to put some canons of morality in our pockets. We hold it bad form to be overearnest or overconfident.

We live in an era of crumbling certainties. A science which admits the possibility of a fourth dimension, which stands ever ready to eat at need its own terms of finality, is necessarily careful not to make its words too difficult of digestion.

All this brings to pass, in literature as in most other matters, the recognition that dwellers in plate-glass-fronted mansions must not encourage "base-ballers in the public streets" in the practice of indiscriminate pitching and batting. We are all aware as never before of the fragility of our environments. One must be indeed a dunce inane not to discover that when Birnam wood is bearing down on the fortress of self-esteem, behind it are marching Macduff and Malcolm.

Whether modern literature is the gainer because of this is another question. It is fortunate, perhaps, that while human nature remains as it is, there is an outlet for those whose temperament bids them enjoy the breaking of literary lances and the unhorsing of parading knights, in studying the havoc and the splendor of the battlefields of the past, without being tempted to reproduce and rival those departed glories.

Under a Blue Umbrella. — "Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight,"
hummed itself in my brain, on one of those rare turquoise days which Switzerland, like a capricious gray-veiled lady, sometimes holds out to the happy traveler. All at once my attention was attracted to a quaint figure by the roadside, in front of a broad-eaved brown chalet. It was a very small tow-headed boy, in a blue shirt, under a very big blue umbrella, soberly plying innumerable lace bobbins over a cushion set on a stand before him. All about the sunshine played, but this was a little spot of sobriety in the midst of general brightness, half comical, half pathetic. There had been scores of brisk maidens and gray old women making lace by the wayside, and, as I passed, each one of them had either coaxingly displayed her cheapest bit, or run along the road by me to excite my cupidity for her finer wares. This was the first time I had seen the masculine mind applied to lace-

making; and judging by this small instance, I should say the masculine mind was steady-going. Little Blue Shirt did not lift his eyes nor try to beguile transient custom; he was making lace, and — he was likewise making a picture. There was no feminine volatility in the firm way the weather-beaten umbrella was planted at the side of the small, dumpy workman, and I am sure it was with no base eye to modern æsthetics that he had allowed his shirt to fade to that particular hue, though he could not have done better for a speculation.

A train of wonderment stirred in my idle mind. Is it his idea or his mother's? Does he feel the pride of his labor, or is his sense of male dignity bowed by the femininity of it? Does this fidgety, patient female occupation weigh upon his spirit as the garments of his seven dead sisters did upon that of "Lamentations-of-Jeremiah Johnson"? What is public opinion among the boy-world of the Valley of Springs? Does the solemn German Swiss (in the germ) ever unbend to cutting youthful jokes and derision of Blue Shirt and his lace pillow? Is it choice, chance, or fate which chains him to it? While I wonder, another footsore mile is passed, and little Hercules is hidden by the shoulder of a great mountain. Then I know that, in lazy reverie, I have lost my chance for masculine lace. My first childish love, long ago, was a china *boy* doll with a sky-blue jacket and a flaxen head. His companion, a girl in a pink dress and a speckled apron, had for me none of his gallant, peculiar charm. One day, while performing some of those fantastic persecutions (of the pink girl!) in which children secretly delight, I snapped off the head of my beloved Blue Jacket, and felt a sudden sense of disappointment and desolation which I cannot describe. That lurking weakness first roused by my small doll was waked once more in this year '93, when little Blue Shirt was lost to sight, and I realized with a pang that my lace was woven by one of the voluble pink sisterhood, and *not* by the serious-minded, wee personage under the blue umbrella.